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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
VAILIMA EDITION

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THE WORKS OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
VAILIMA EDITION
VOLUME XXVI

The Owl.

Chapter I.

He had no sooner quenched the light than all thought of slumber fled from him and he turned instead, and by a mere instinct, to the window of the room. Of the danger of his situation, repeated experiences had made him careless; it ~~served~~ served but as a relish to those extraordinary joys which he came so far and risked so much to taste and to renew. And now the adventure had been once more achieved; once more he had seen her, and she had smiled upon him; once more he was to sleep ~~under the same roof~~ with all that he held precious; and he stood there, steeped in the sense of her late presence, ~~in one of these hours of one~~ sunk in that unfathomed physical content which only love can ~~give~~ bring and which even love brings so rarely. On the impenetrable inky blackness of the night and forest, his eyes recreated the lamp-lit supper table and the speaking looks and gestures of his mistress; through the profound silence, his ears followed the melody of her voice.

How long he had stood there, looking upon dreams and marrying the past and future, himself could not have guessed, when there arose – from that gross blackness in which the castle, the garden, the inclosing forest and the whole face of night and nature were confounded – the sudden hooting of an owl. In the ears of one placed as he was, a republican officer sleeping under a disguise in the house of Croquelouf, no sound could be more ominous. To tell the true owl from the false that then hooted night by night in all the skirts of Brittany, was beyond the fineness of man's hearing. It might be the innocent bird, the hunter of mice; as it might be the challenging picklets of that intangible army that lay infused through all the forests of the west, that bode faith of a sudden in the night with ~~an~~ outcries and the flames of conflagration, and (the blow dealt) was gone again before the morning. Not even the bravest, and this man was brave, could think upon such enemies ~~and such a place~~ ~~not be shocked~~ without a qualm. The current of his mind was changed; the lover disappeared, the astute campaigner took his place; he remembered his homeward journey of the marrow between hedge and ditch and through a land of spies; he remembered it were well he should be early asleep and early afoot again; ~~the lover~~ and fully

Facsimile of first page of unfinished story,
The Owl

MISCELLANEA

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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MISCELLANEA

EDITORIAL NOTE

The concluding volume of the Vailima Edition would be incomplete without some expression of my gratitude to Will D. Howe, who has been associated with me in the editorship.

To the following we are indebted for loan of manuscripts or photographs and for information which has been an assistance in giving the Vailima Edition the completeness which it possesses: W. Harris Arnold, the Bibliophile Society of America, Henry A. Colgate, Arnold F. Dauncey, Frank N. Doubleday, Garrett Droppers, Byrne Hackett, John D. Hamilton, Walter M. Hill, John Howell, Flora V. Livingston, W. MacDonald Mackay, Pierpont Morgan Library, Frank M. Morris, George Hewitt Myers, Marchesa Cecilia Nerli, Sydney Pawling, Francis S. Peabody, A. S. W. Rosenbach, Gabriel Wells, Widener Library of Harvard University.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

May, 1923.

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DIOGENES

I. DIOGENES IN LONDON

II. DIOGENES AT THE SAVILE CLUB

Diogenes in London was privately printed in 1920 for John Howell, San Francisco; *Diogenes at the Savile Club* was privately printed in 1921 for David G. Joyce, Chicago.

It is probable that the present scene at the Savile Club was intended to follow the Police Scene at no great distance, but of this we cannot be certain.

DIOGENES

I. DIOGENES IN LONDON

POLICE SCENE

AT this moment a hasty ejaculation in an ancient tongue escaped the lips of the cynic.

"My lantern!" he cried. "It is gone—after centuries, gone."

"Ha," observed the poet. "Chipe? you surprise me. The loss, however, might have been . . . More light, perhaps, than sweetness."

"Damn it, sir," exclaimed D., "the thing has been stolen!"

"Precisely," returned Mr. Arnold, "stolen; and by a circumstance, possibly fortuitous, but surely notable, opposite to Scotland Yard and the office of my friend Vincent. Follow me," he continued, leading the way, "it is but a step; there you will find all the benefits of system, sir —of system. For," and he tapped the sage upon the bosom, "for we have organised the police. One step in the right direction. You will, I believe, be delighted with my friend Vincent. Quite the Cosmopolite."

Mr. Arnold gave his card to an attendant,

and the pair were speedily admitted to the seat of criminal investigation. At the end of the apartment, which was perfectly unpretentious, the great Criminal Investigator sat upon a dais, slightly raised, with his knees under a table. A remarkable array of speaking tubes, like the beer taps of a public house, moved.

"This gentleman's lantern has been stolen," said Mr. Arnold.

"Ha!" said Vincent.

"Plucked from his hand upon the street, immediately in front of Scotland Yard. I brought him immediately to you. The lantern is of small intrinsic value; but dear to the philosopher from old association."

"Number 3,566,783," wrote the investigator. "Ha, very, very gratifying."

"What is gratifying?" inquired the sage.

"The percentage," returned Vincent briefly.

"So," said Diogenes.

"And now, gentlemen, I do not see that I need detain you any longer. All has been done that man can do; the Criminal Investigation Department is on the jump; and I have only to thank you for this interesting item."

"And when may I hope to get my lantern?" inquired the sage.

"Your lantern?" repeated Vincent, laying down his pen.

"Your lantern!" cried Mr. Arnold. "Why, your lantern's stolen!"

"You have made a mistake, sir," continued Vincent, with dignity. "This is the Criminal Investigation Department."

"Ah!" said Diogenes.

"Here, sir," continued the chief of police, "we do not cope with crime: we investigate it."

"Crime," added Mr. Arnold, "is irresistible. Organise crime. These were my words: *fiat lux!*"

"We are altogether French in our ideas," pursued Vincent, "entirely French: *Français comme une pomme de terre.* To understand French ideas, my old buck, you must get up early in the morning."

"Lucidity, lenity, clarity, classicality," cried Mr. Arnold in a rapture. "French is irresistible. Organ . . . No, I didn't mean that."

"I can show you the French statistics, Arnold," breathed Vincent, producing a book, "they are damned gratifying."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poet, "let me gaze on them."

And advancing to the table with the speaking tubes, he bowed his head for some minutes over the work, Vincent indicating with his pen the most gratifying passages.

"We are reading it in the original," observed the Investigator, looking up for a second at Diogenes, with a certain radiancy of pride.

"We both speak it like natives," added the poet with a nod.

The pair were still gloating over the Evidences

of Organisation, and Diogenes was still seated in a kind of torpor of surprise, when the door was pushed slightly open, and the head of a lady in curl papers looked gaily into the apartment.

"It's only me," she said. "Just as I am."

And she skipped lightly forward.

"Ah, Miss Braddon, Miss Braddon," said Mr. Arnold severely, "this is—this is a painful meeting."

"Mat!" she cried, "so cold! this is a Strange World."

"You have laid your hands on Scott, ma'am, in a spirit, I fear, far other than courtesy," said the poet.

"O Mat!" returned Miss Braddon, "I only Byronised him."

The poet winced.

"And if you knew how I adore him," she continued. "It is a perfect mania of mine. You see my curl papers?—each a complete condensed Waverley—in magenta, too, my favourite colour. The author of *Vixen* bows to the author of *Guy Mannering*."

"Talking of *Guy Mannering*," replied Mr. Arnold, "it's the only one I've seen. Why the devil did you leave out all that anybody cares to read? and that business of the flute and song, ma'am—the heart of the romance—why, in the name of culture, leave out that?"

"He's such a very unequal writer," said the lady giddily. "But who's your friend, Vincent?"

"I forget his name—introduced by Arnold—street robbery number 3,566,783," replied the chief of police.

"Diogenes—Miss Braddon, Miss Braddon—Diogenes," said Arnold.

"Diogenes! why I declare you're one of those charming Greeks. How delightful! Have you read *Dead Men's Shoes?*"

"No, ma'am," replied the sage.

"Many of my works? Come!"

"Not one, ma'am," said Diogenes.

"Ah," she sighed, "only a clod. But come, Mat—you know, I'm nothing if not local-coloury—the furniture in each of my books alone is worth the money. Let us do something classical."

"Classical!" cried the poet with sudden energy. "You bet your life! Vincent, touch the lyre, and we will tread a measure."

The obliging director drew from a drawer of his table a handsome penny whistle, with which he often entertained his leisure. His face lit up with joy as he applied the instrument to his moustache; and soon the apartment rang to that sweet melody; while the two famous authors, each bounding and tripping like a kid, followed the mazes of a gay, impromptu dance.

"You now behold me happy," said the poet. "Quite the Greek, you see. Ah!" he cried, still leaping to the air, "if the clergy of England were but here! What a lesson they would receive from this—this is worship!"

Then, at a given moment, the music ceased, the investigator leaping from his table, joined the dance and each in turn timed the steps of the others to the improvisations of the human voice.

with:

B. My pison bowl when I was mixin'
A-pouring forth my soul in Vixen,
All at once there came a thought:
Why not bedevil Walter Scott?

My name can never die,
His name can never die, huzza,
Her (my) name can never die,

with:

A. With French and Greek in fit proportions
I wrote my classical abortions;
A thought as wise as Chiron;
Why not bedevil George, Lord Byron?

My name can never die,
His name can never die, huzza,
My name can never die,
His name can never die.

V. I was a fat contented boy,
Detective novels all my joy;
An evil thought to me there came:
Whence England's loss and Vincent's shame:
I thought it quite a fine transaction
To put Gaboriau in action.

GRAND DANCE & FINALE

Our names can never die, huzza,
Our names can never die.

Scarce had the strains died away, when Mr. Arnold, remembering an engagement, hurried from the building, and Vincent, dashing to his

place, returned to his invaluable occupation of blowing down the tubes.

"Ma'am," said Diogenes, perceiving that the scene was at an end, "can you guide me to St. Stephens?"

"I? of course I can. I'll introduce you to dear Gladstone, dear Northcote, and darling Parnell. I know 'em all—all. Follow me, and they will soon be Run to Earth."

Vincent, absorbed in calisthenics with the speaking tubes, did not appear to observe their departure; and as soon as they were in the street, the lady, turning to the sage, appealed to him in these words: "Is not Vincent a dear creature?"

"At any price," replied Diogenes. "What a bad memory he must have," he added.

"He! a bad memory! Why?"

"Always remembering things that he had forgotten," said the sage.

"O the tubes you mean!" cried Miss Braddon. "O dear, no, he's forgotten nothing, That's—well," said the lady, blushing, "I hardly like to mention it, but it's what I call a Dress-Improver. We all do it."

"A what!" cried the sage. "O I see. Done for show. And that's why you all pretend to be in a bustle. Dear me!"

"Yes," replied the lady. "Just so. We all do it, as I said. We all give ourselves out for

brighter, and busier, and bustlier, than ever we could be, you know, in our poor little stale existences. And the Cloven Foot is this, Diogenes, that it doesn't do. People see through it. It's Lady Audley's Secret."

"Well, it seems I don't know English," growled the sage. "What the devil is Lady Audley's Secret?"

"The Secret that everybody knows," replied the Authoress with pride.

There was a pause during which Diogenes partook of the sandwiches which he owed to the generosity of the British premier.

"His food is like his foreign policy," he murmured—"bosh."

"Ham I to understand, sir," inquired the Verger, "that your honour has not yet, in a manner of speaking, found a man?"

Diogenes laid aside his sandwiches; and taking out his lute, etc.

"I have been East, I have been West,
To earth's remotest bound,
On every hand I sought the best;
The good I never found.
At last, from all the fools in flocks,
Methought I saw a man,
A-taking out the works of clocks,
Afar in the Soudan."

"Yes," he added, "I believe he was a man."

"Then why not go to him, sir?"

"I can't," said Diogenes. "He doesn't keep his situations long enough."

II. DIOGENES AT THE SAVILE CLUB

"Here we are!" said his Grace, pausing before an unpretentious building not a hundred miles from the abode of Poole. "Here, my good fellow, is the spot. I often take my chop there of a morning, but to-day I think I shall drop in at the Criterion."

"But for whom then am I to ask?" inquired the sage. "O ask for my friend, Besant-and-Rice," returned the Prelate airily. "*He*'ll see you through. Ta-ta." And before Diogenes had time to thank him for his courtesies the Primate of England was already some doors down the Row, toddling for Vigo Street on the sacrosanct passage of the Albany.

"What a very estimable person," thought the sage, pausing with one hand upon the railing, ere he mounted the steps of the Savile Club. "What a pity—but pshaw!" And wiping the moisture from his brow, he hastily, like a man turning his back upon some grievous thought, entered the building.

It was green. It was tastefully decorated with playbills and umbrellas; and the coats and hats of many rising authors depended at regular intervals upon the walls. On one hand, in a glass case, a manner of porter waited.

"Is Mr. Besant-and-Rice in?" inquired the cynic.

"What name, sir?" returned the porter.

Diogenes laboriously produced a card on which one word served to indicate at once his name, his reputation and his nationality: ΔΙΟΓΕΝΗΣ.

[Get this right, for Lord's sake: I don't know it.]

Then remembering that French was a tongue better understood in that building than the ancient Greek, he added in pencil: "*de la part de Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry.*"

The servant who was well trained, perceived the quality of his visitor; his manner softened at once; and it was with an affectionate grace and in the softest { diction of Marseilles / tones of the Bas Languedoc } that he begged Diogenes to give himself the trouble of attending. Nor was he long absent; skipping lightly upstairs, he presently returned with the same deft tread and led the sage to the door of the Smoking Room of the Savile Club. It was opened, emitting strains of choral minstrelsy, and at the same moment, a manly form holding the card in one of its strong hands.

"Any one from the Arshigveshy," said the Form, "is welcome. Pray step in."

"But are you Besant or Rice?" inquired the sage.

"I am both," said Besant. Diogenes was cowed; without another word he followed the famous novelists into the Smoking Room of the Savile Club.

"This is the place known by fame to many; to few by sight. Now and again, Gladstone or Hugo, the Primate of England or the Prince de Galles, may tread, not without awe, its hallowed flooring. But these, great though they are, are not its true inhabitants. Here gather daily those young eaglets of glory, the swordsmen of the pen, who are the pride and wonder of the world, and the terror and envy of the effete pensionaires of the *Athenæum*. They are all young; and youth is a great gift. They are all clever authors; and some of them, with that last refinement of talent, old as Job but rare as modesty, have hitherto refrained from writing. They are old friends, though they may slate each other in anonymous prints. And they are all Rising."

On the present occasion, the Club was in force, and six distinguished guests added lustre to the scene. Blackmore had come there with a basket of fruit and obsolete expressions; Hardy had looked in to lay down the normal of the Vulgar Woman; Oscar Wilde to buy a statuette from Pater; Black to recruit for his new Midnight Society of the Seven Converted Milkmen; Gilbert and Sullivan to submit a song with tooth-comb accompaniment, to the principal critics there assembled. Thus the Men who had Risen sought counsel and countenance from the great caucus of the Rising Men.

Clouds of tobacco smoke veiled the air; and many of the more piratical members were drink-

ing coffee with the reckless grace of Frenchmen. There was something fiery, wild, and daring in the scene. Naked genius here strangled serpents in its cradle. What it might do next, the heart quailed to fancy.

Besant-and-Rice upraised his hand: "Gentlemen," he said, "here is Diogenes with his lantern. Let us make him welcome. I propose three volumes—three cheers for Diogenes."

The cheers were heartily given; then Diogenes was installed in a chair upon the table, while one after another of the company presented himself unabashed before the cynic, and in a few heartfelt strains proffered his claims to be a Man.

CHAPTER I

MR. BASKERVILLE AND HIS WARD

This fragment is printed from an unpublished manuscript.

CHAPTER I

MR. BASKERVILLE AND HIS WARD

MR. BASKERVILLE of Singleton St. Mary's was a gentleman of excellent repute in the county, very well to do in land, a magistrate, talked of for the county member, and on the eve of marriage with a beautiful lady, an heiress; and until this report of his cruelty ran suddenly abroad, there had been never a word to say against him. He was a sharp man with his servants, some of whom he had recently dismissed; and these were no doubt the authors of the rumour. But, for his misfortune, Mr. Baskerville was on no very good terms with Archdeacon Porter the rector of Singleton Abbas, a man with much weight by reason of his cloth, his learning, and his virtues. The Archdeacon and Mr. Baskerville had sat together on the bench; and as they were both men who had the art of disagreeing, they had come more than once to disobliging words. The doctor was very much the Anglican ecclesiastic, not very great on charity; prone rather to believe evil and then

very indignant; no saint, but a bold, hot-headed, generous man of the world; and when Beale brought him the first wind of Mr. Baskerville's inhumanity, he flushed scarlet.

"I will protect this child," he said, and no doubt that thought was in his mind, but the part that really tickled him was to punish Mr. Baskerville. "Chastisement is very fit; but this smells of murder; I believe Baskerville is the child's heir. It must be looked into narrowly. I will see to this, Mr. Beale."

Accordingly, he made some business towards Singleton St. Mary's when he knew Mr. Baskerville was to be abroad; and hung about the entrance, both going and coming till, on the second occasion, sure enough he saw Robin Rutledge in the gravel path and beckoned him. The boy came with a very furtive, startled manner; he had a dodging way with him, as he spoke, like one used to sudden blows; he was exceeding pale besides and undergrown, like one stinted in his meat.

"Do not be afraid of me, Mr. Rutledge," said the Archdeacon, "I am an ecclesiastic; I desire to speak with you in strict confidence. There is a bruit in the county that Mr. Baskerville mishandles you."

"I don't know," said Robin.

"It is reported he beats you with an inhuman, great staff, and with the buckle of a belt," the clergyman continued. "If you had any wounds

upon your person, it would be better I should see them; I shall then protect you with the more authority."

Robin seemed to muse, and his eye kept ferreting upon all sides as if in quest of danger.

"Is there any that can overhear us?" asked Dr. Porter, who had no wish to be observed in this employment.

"I do not know," said Robin.

"Do you understand," said the doctor, "that I am here on a very strange step, entirely from humanity, entirely with an eye to your protection?"

"No," said Robin. "I do not." And he blew in his hands, for it was cold weather.

"This boy is an idiot!" cried the doctor.

"No, I am not an idiot," said Robin; "you lose your breath upon me; I will tell no tales." And he retreated a little from the archdeacon, with a strange look of dishonest, shifty doggedness, that would have disheartened the most patient.

That was not the clergyman's character: the blood flew to his brow, and he rode off at no very reverend pace, cursing the lad heartily. But the interview was not without results. Robin could think of nothing else, for though he would not trust himself a hair's-breadth, he bore no love to Mr. Baskerville and this talk of deliverance affected him profoundly. He left his task in consequence, unlearned; was handsomely

beaten, which still more confused him; and pretty soon after was taken in a falsehood, which was indeed the boy's great defect and Mr. Baskerville's particular abhorrence. For this he was thrashed once more and sent to the gable room for a week, a prisoner on bread and water.

Meanwhile the archdeacon, from being very angry with the boy, passed on to be all the angrier with Mr. Baskerville. The story kept growing in the countryside, until the houses rang with it. Some busybody looked into the will of Robin's father; Mr. Beale and the archdeacon gave tongue like old hounds; the Jacobites followed in a mass, for Mr. Baskerville was a whig, and the elections were at hand; and four days after, which was market day in Singleton Abbas, that unhappy gentleman rode into town without a thought of misfortune, and found every eye avoid him and every hand slip into a pocket on his approach.

Though he had never courted popularity, he was a man who loved respect, and had been used to it. His marriage was near, so were the elections; he saw himself threatened at once in everything that he valued; and what was the most painful to support, he had not a guess at what should be the cause of his disfavour. It was in vain that he angled to bring some one to book; either his own anger made him maladroit, or the whole county acted together on a common plan, and one after another slipped between his

fingers. The poor man was near beside himself by the time he came on Dr. Porter in front of the Red Lion. There were many bystanders, but they made a ring about the two chief actors, so that it was in the most public manner that the archdeacon disregarded his salute. Mr. Baskerville turned and caught him by the sleeve.

"I think you omitted to bow to me," said he.

"And so I did," says Dr. Porter, "and have offered myself purposely to have this explanation, because as my cloth protects me, you cannot affect to turn this off into a brawl. It is wished you should feel the displeasure of the county."

"I stand here a very blameless man," cries Mr. Baskerville. "This is some intrigue; it is political; I knew you was of that party."

"You will find all parties in one against you, you abominable man!" the archdeacon broke out. "But look to it! it will not be borne; there are eyes on your behaviour, Mr. Baskerville. Lay another finger on young Rutledge, and you see if you have any to defend you!"

Mr. Baskerville's conscience was so clear, that he was at first struck silent by surprise, and then vastly relieved, to hear the matter was no worse.

"I will chastise my family as I think fit," said he, "and as I believe you do yourself"; which was a good retort, for the doctor was irascible. "I am the boy's guardian," he added.

"Not only that, I think," says Dr. Porter shrewdly.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Mr. Baskerville, a little shaken, for he saw something ugly was intended and could not guess what it should be.

"I thought you was his heir, too," says the doctor. "O, sir, your schemes are pierced! You may pray God you have not gone too far; for if the boy dies, here is the whole county ready to cry murder on you! If he dies, you hang for it; so you are fairly warned."

Mr. Baskerville was so struck to the heart by this speech, by its falsity—for nothing could be falser, and its sweeping and fatal consequence to his own character, that he forgot for the moment the sacred office of the accuser and lifted up his whip. Dr. Porter stood his ground, like a man delighted; and from the ring of bystanders (among whom there were many of the most considerable persons in the county) there broke out such a storm of hisses that the arm of the aggressor fell to his side.

"You don't strike me?" says the archdeacon.

"This is an old grudge with you, Dr. Porter," said Mr. Baskerville. "But you can rest easy now; you have killed your man."

And he walked into the Red Lion, called for his horse, drank a shilling's worth of brandy in the time it was saddling, and rode out by the back way just as the dusk was falling. Sometimes he rode hard; sometimes he let the reins fall on his horse's neck, and sank into mere abstraction of

mind; sometimes he spoke furiously with himself; but so great was the crash of all his hopes and ambitions and so deadly the malice of this calumny that he came to his own door an angrier man than when he left the inn. He came near falling when he dismounted; and then, spiriting up again, caught the groom by the collar.

"Is this any of your doing?" he yelled. "Have you been telling tales?"

"Lord love you!" said the groom, and before he could get out more, his master had unhanded him again and strode into the house.

There was no light in the hall, for he was not expected home till bedtime, and he stood and leaned against the table, thinking. What did it all mean? He had always hated this white-faced, idle, lying urchin, to be sure; but he had done his duty by him sternly. Too sternly? He wondered, and thought not—the child was of so ill a disposition. And now he was ruined! He cast down his riding whip upon the floor with violence, and turned and went upstairs.

The gable room, where Robin was in durance, occupied one end of the upper storey; its ceiling was uneven, for it was close under the roof, and it got its light from a single window in a gable; whence the name. Books were kept there, for Mr. Baskerville was a ripe scholar, and well fitted in everything but patience to be Robin's master. There was an old secretary in a corner, where Mr. Baskerville did some of his affairs; a

pallet bed had been put in, since it was chosen to be Robin's prison-house; and there was a lamp, which the boy tended for himself.

When Mr. Baskerville unlocked the door and entered, the lamp was already lighted, and by its dim rays he saw a scene of great disorder. Books had been pulled down from the shelves by the hundred, and were scattered on the floor in some odd sort of disposition, here in strings, there piled on one another. In the midst of this, Robin sat, looking mighty white and frightened and making believe to study in his Carderius. Mr. Baskerville had an old maid's horror of disorder, and a saint's impatience of falsehood, whether spoken or acted; this was a scene that appealed to what was worst in the man, through what was best; and the very look of the boy was now hateful to him.

"Put that book down," he said in a clapping tone. "You cannot deceive me; you have not looked in it since I was gone. What does this mean?" and he waved his hand at the books.

Robin said nothing; he looked at Mr. Baskerville with eyes of obstinacy and terror.

"Will you not answer, sir?" said Mr. Baskerville.

And again Robin said nothing, only his eyes wavered.

The guardian sat down; he was conscious of something in himself that cowed him; conscious of the depth of the hatred that he bore the boy,

and a kind of unmanly greed he had to punish him. He fought this down in silence.

"You will never try to please me," he said at last; "it is past hope; you take a pleasure to provoke me. But to-night, whatever you do or have done, you shall go scot-free. I only wish to ask you a question. Now, Robin, for the sake of God, be truthful. Will you, indeed? If I promise you shall not be punished?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"What did you say to Archdeacon Porter?" asked the guardian.

"I never spoke to him," said Robin.

Mr. Baskerville rose and walked about the floor; he wiped his brow.

"*Robin*," said he, "*I saw you.* How often am I to tell you not to lie! It is the pitifullest vice; and you lie so openly! Will you not be truthful once? I cannot—I warn you of that—I cannot endure a lie; I will not take one, do you hear me? Do you hear me, sir?"

"Yes," said Robin.

Mr. Baskerville walked about again, till he was a little the master of himself. "And now," says he, "what passed at this interview? Remember that I know what passed; I know the gist of it; I want but the words."

Robin cast about in his mind what he should say. He had no idea of telling the truth; that was never his custom; but he stood in a cruel

fear of his guardian, and was bent on pleasing him at any cost.

"He said I was an idiot," said he at last.

Could this be true? thought Mr. Baskerville; it was at least his own opinion. "What else?" said he.

"He desired his compliments to you," said Robin.

"I believe that is a lie," said Mr. Baskerville. "Take care, what did he ask you? That is what I want."

Robin racked his wits for an answer; he searched his master's eye for any hint of what was wanted, but there was nothing there to read except the glow of anger. He pulled his fingers and made up his mind.

"He asked when you was to be married," said he.

Mr. Baskerville, affronted with a fresh lie that struck him like a taunt, lost all control. He gave a voiceless cry, and sprang upon Robin. The boy on his part heard mischief in that strange sound; he had the passive, slavish courage in a very high degree; he could set his teeth and stick to a manifest misstatement under any extremity of correction; and he was so used to the rod that he could scarce be said to mind it. What now woke in him was a fear beyond the fear of stripes; he felt that Mr. Baskerville was being mastered by his passion; he thought he read murder in his eye; shrank in upon himself

with a squeal like a weasel's, and snatching the hand of his assailant, bit it to the bone.

The pain and the surprise were so extreme that Mr. Baskerville turned as white as a sheet and stood transfixed, staring at his bloody fingers. Then he became aware that the boy had crouched in a corner and was howling with terror at what he had done, so that the house rang with it; and the fear of further scandal seized on the unhappy man. He went hastily from the room, and locked it behind him; and to his unspeakable relief, the cries immediately ceased. Yet he stood a while by the door and hearkened; and he was still so listening, when the butler and one of the maids came tumbling upstairs, and found him there with a white and clouded countenance, and his blood dripping on the floor. He turned to them at once, indeed, and bid them go down and leave the boy alone; but his voice shook like a fiddle string.

"Here," he said, "bring me a rag, Sally. See, the little beast has bit my finger!" and he muttered oaths to himself as he followed them downstairs. "Mind," he added, when they were got down as far as to the hall, "not one of you goes near the gable room to-night! He who does shall leave my service. Let him starve, let the thankless ——— starve," and he called the boy by an opprobrious name.

All this told heavily against him the next day, when Robin was found to have disappeared.

THE PENTLAND RISING

A PAGE OF HISTORY

1666

"A cloud of witnesses ly here,
Who for Christ's interest did appear."
Inscription on Battle-field at Rullion Green.

This pamphlet, written when Stevenson was sixteen, was doubtless inspired by his interest in the stories of the Covenanters which he had learned in childhood from his nurse.

First published on the twenty-eighth of November, 1866, by Andrew Elliot, in a small edition, of which the greater number of copies were bought up by his father, it was reprinted for the first time in the Edinburgh Edition. It became exceedingly scarce and was difficult to obtain until 1899 when the twenty copies which had been in the possession of Stevenson and his mother were thrown upon the market.

THE PENTLAND RISING

I

THE CAUSES OF THE REVOLT

"*Halt, passenger; take heed what thou dost see,*
This tomb doth show for what some men did die."
Monument, Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, 1661–1668.[1]

TWO hundred years ago a tragedy was enacted in Scotland, the memory whereof has been in great measure lost or obscured by the deeper tragedies which followed it. It is, as it were, the evening of the night of persecution—a sort of twilight, dark indeed to us, but light as the noonday when compared with the midnight gloom which followed. This fact, of its being the very threshold of persecution, lends it, however, an additional interest.

The prejudices of the people against Episcopacy were "out of measure increased," says Bishop Burnet, "by the new incumbents, who were put in the place of the ejected preachers, and were generally very mean and despicable in all respects. They were the worst preachers I ever heard; they were ignorant to a reproach; and

[1] *Theatre of Mortality*, p. 10, Edin. 1713.

many of them were openly vicious. They were indeed the dregs and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who rose above contempt or scandal were men of such violent tempers that they were as much hated as the others were despised."[1] It was little to be wondered at, from this account, that the countryfolk refused to go to the parish church, and chose rather to listen to outed ministers in the field. But this was not to be allowed, and their persecutors at last fell on the method of calling a roll of the parishioners' names every Sabbath and marking a fine of twenty shillings Scots to the name of each absenter. In this way very large debts were incurred by persons altogether unable to pay. Besides this, landlords were fined for their tenants' absences, tenants for their landlords', masters for their servants', servants for their masters', even though they themselves were perfectly regular in their attendance. And as the curates were allowed to fine with the sanction of any common soldier, it may be imagined that often the pretexts were neither very sufficient nor well proven.

When the fines could not be paid at once, Bibles, clothes, and household utensils were seized upon, or a number of soldiers, proportionate to his wealth, were quartered on the offender. The coarse and drunken privates filled the houses with woe; snatched the bread from the children

[1] "History of my Own Times, beginning 1660," by Bishop Gilbert Burnet, p. 158.

to feed their dogs; shocked the principles, scorned the scruples, and blasphemed the religion of their humble hosts; and when they had reduced them to destitution, sold the furniture, and burned down the roof-tree, which was consecrated to the peasants by the name of Home. For all this attention each of these soldiers received from his unwilling landlord a certain sum of money per day—three shillings sterling, according to *Naphtali.* And frequently they were forced to pay quartering money for more men than were in reality "cessed" on them. At that time it was no strange thing to behold a strong man begging for money to pay his fines, and many others who were deep in arrears, or who had attracted attention in some other way, were forced to flee from their homes, and take refuge from arrest and imprisonment among the wild mosses of the uplands.[1]

One example in particular we may cite:

John Nielson, the Laird of Corsack, a worthy man, was, unfortunately for himself, a Nonconformist. First he was fined in four hundred pounds Scots, and then through cessing he lost nineteen hundred and ninety-three pounds Scots. He was next obliged to leave his house and flee from place to place, during which wanderings he lost his horse. His wife and children were turned out of doors, and then his tenants were fined till they too were almost all ruined. As a final

[1] Wodrow's *Church History*, book II. chap. i. sect. 1.

stroke, they drove away all his cattle to Glasgow and sold them.[1] Surely it was time that something were done to alleviate so much sorrow, to overthrow such tyranny.

About this time too there arrived in Galloway a person calling himself Captain Andrew Gray, and advising the people to revolt. He displayed some documents purporting to be from the northern Covenanters, and stating that they were prepared to join in any enterprise commenced by their southern brethren. The leader of the persecutors was Sir James Turner, an officer afterwards degraded for his share in the matter. "He was naturally fierce, but was mad when he was drunk, and that was very often," said Bishop Burnet. "He was a learned man, but had always been in armies, and knew no other rule but to obey orders. He told me he had no regard to any law, but acted, as he was commanded, in a military way."[2]

This was the state of matters, when an outrage was committed which gave spirit and determination to the oppressed countrymen, lit the flame of insubordination, and for the time at least recoiled on those who perpetrated it with redoubled force.

[1] Crookshank's *Church History*, 1751, 2d edit. p. 202.

[2] Burnet, p. 348.

II

THE BEGINNING

I love no warres,
I love no jarres,
Nor strife's fire,
May discord cease,
Let's live in peace:
This I desire.

If it must be,
Warre we must see
(So fates conspire),
May we not feel
The force of steel:
This I desire.

T. JACKSON, 1651.[1]

UPON Tuesday, November 13th, 1666, Corporal George Deanes and three other soldiers set upon an old man in the Clachan of Dalry, and demanded the payment of his fines. On the old man's refusing to pay, they forced a large party of his neighbours to go with them and thresh his corn. The field was a certain distance out of the clachan, and four persons, disguised as countrymen, who had been out on the moors all night, met this mournful drove of slaves, compelled by the four soldiers to work for the ruin of their friend. However, chilled to the bone by their night on the hills, and worn out by want of food, they proceeded to the village inn to refresh themselves. Suddenly some people rushed into the room where they were sitting, and told them that the soldiers were about to roast the old man, naked, on his own girdle. This was too much for them to stand, and they repaired immediately to the scene of this gross outrage, and at first

[1] Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*. 4th edit. 1651.

merely requested that the captive should be released. On the refusal of the two soldiers who were in the front room, high words were given and taken on both sides, and the other two rushed forth from an adjoining chamber and made at the countrymen with drawn swords. One of the latter, John M'Lellan of Barskob, drew a pistol and shot the corporal in the body. The pieces of tobacco pipe with which it was loaded, to the number of ten at least, entered him, and he was so much disturbed that he never appears to have recovered, for we find long afterwards a petition to the Privy Council requesting a pension for him. The other soldiers then laid down their arms, the old man was rescued, and the rebellion was commenced.[1]

And now we must turn to Sir James Turner's memoirs of himself; for, strange to say, this extraordinary man was remarkably fond of literary composition, and wrote, besides the amusing account of his own adventures just mentioned, a large number of essays and short biographies, and a work on war, entitled *Pallas Armata.* The following are some of the shorter pieces: "Magick," "Friendship," "Imprisonment," "Anger," "Revenge," "Duells," "Cruelty," "A Defence of some of the Ceremonies of the English Liturgie, to wit—Bowing at the Name of Jesus, The frequent repitition of the Lord's Prayer and Good Lord deliver us, Of the Doxologie, Of Surplesses,

[1]Wodrow, vol. II. p. 17.

Rotchets, Cannonicall Coats," etc. From what we know of his character we should expect "Anger" and "Cruelty" to be very full and instructive. But what earthly right he had to meddle with ecclesiastical subjects it is hard to see.

Upon the 12th of the month he had received some information concerning Gray's proceedings, but as it was excessively indefinite in its character, he paid no attention to it. On the evening of the 14th, Corporal Deanes was brought into Dumfries, who affirmed stoutly that he had been shot while refusing to sign the Covenant—a story rendered singularly unlikely by the after conduct of the rebels. Sir James instantly despatched orders to the cessed soldiers either to come to Dumfries, or meet him on the way to Dalry, and commanded the thirteen or fourteen men in the town with him to come at nine next morning to his lodging for supplies.

On the morning of Thursday the rebels arrived at Dumfries, with 50 horse and 150 foot. Nielson of Corsack, and Gray, who commanded, with a considerable troop, entered the town, and surrounded Sir James Turner's lodging. Though it was between eight and nine o'clock, that worthy, being unwell, was still in bed, but rose at once and went to the window.

Nielson and some others cried—"You may have fair quarter." "I need no quarter," replied Sir James; "nor can I be a prisoner, seeing there is no war declared." On being told, how-

ever, that he must either be a prisoner, or die, he came down and went into the street in his nightshirt. Here Gray showed himself very desirous of killing him, but he was overruled by Corsack. However, he was taken away a prisoner, Captain Gray mounting him on his own horse, though, as Turner naïvely remarks, "there was a good reason for it, for he mounted himself on a farre better one of mine." A large coffer containing his clothes and money, together with all his papers, were taken away by the rebels. They robbed Master Chalmers, the Episcopalian minister of Dumfries, of his horses, drank the King's health at the market-cross, and then left Dumfries.[1]

III

THE MARCH OF THE REBELS

"Stay, passenger, take notice what thou reads,
At Edinburgh lie our bodies, here our heads:
Our right hands stood at Lanark, these we want,
Because with them we signed the Covenant."
Epitaph on a Tombstone at Hamilton.[2]

On Friday the 16th, Bailie Irvine of Dumfries came to the Council at Edinburgh, and gave information concerning this "horrid rebellion." In the absence of Rothes, Sharpe presided—much to the wrath of some members; and as he im-

[1] Sir J. Turner's *Memoirs*, pp. 148–150.

[2] *A Cloud of Witnesses*, p. 376.

agined his own safety endangered, his measures were most energetic. Dalzell was ordered away to the west, the guards round the city were doubled, officers and soldiers were forced to take the oath of allegiance, and all lodgers were commanded to give in their names. Sharpe, surrounded with all these guards and precautions, trembled—trembled as he trembled when the avengers of blood drew him from his chariot on Magus Muir,—for he knew how he had sold his trust, how he had betrayed his charge, and he felt that against him must their chiefest hatred be directed, against him their direst thunderbolts be forged. But even in his fear the apostate Presbyterian was unrelenting, unpityingly harsh; he published in his manifesto no promise of pardon, no inducement to submission. He said, "If you submit not you must die," but never added, "If you submit you may live!"[1]

Meantime the insurgents proceeded on their way. At Carsphairn they were deserted by Captain Gray, who, doubtless in a fit of oblivion, neglected to leave behind him the coffer containing Sir James's money. Who he was is a mystery, unsolved by any historian; his papers were evidently forgeries—that, and his final flight, appear to indicate that he was an agent of the Royalists, for either the King or the Duke of York was heard to say—"That, if he might have his

[1]Wodrow, pp. 19, 20.

wish, he would have them all turn rebels and go to arms."[1]

Upon the 18th day of the month they left Carsphairn and marched onwards.

Turner was always lodged by his captors at a good inn, frequently at the best of which their halting-place could boast. Here many visits were paid to him by the ministers and officers of the insurgent force. In his description of these interviews he displays a vein of satiric severity, admitting any kindness that was done to him with some qualifying souvenir of former harshness, and gloating over any injury, mistake, or folly which it was his chance to suffer or to hear. He appears, notwithstanding all this, to have been on pretty good terms with his cruel "phanaticks," as the following extract sufficiently proves:

"Most of the foot were lodged about the church or churchyard, and order given to ring bells next morning for a sermon to be preached by Mr. Welch. Maxwell of Morith, and Major M'Cullough invited me to heare 'that phanatick sermon' (for soe they merrilie called it). They said that preaching might prove an effectual meane to turne me, which they heartilie wished. I answered to them that I was under guards, and that if they intended to heare that sermon, it was probable I might likewise, for it was not like my guards wold goe to church and leave me alone at my lodgeings. Bot to what they said of my

[1] *A Hind Let Loose*, p. 123.

conversion, I said, it wold be hard to turne a Turner. Bot because I founde them in a merrie humour, I said, if I did not come to heare Mr. Welch preach, then they might fine me in fortie shillings Scots, which was duoble the suome of what I had exacted from the phanatics."[1] This took place at Ochiltree, on the 22nd day of the month. The following is recounted by this personage with malicious glee, and certainly, if authentic, it is a sad proof of how chaff is mixed with wheat, and how ignorant, almost impious, persons were engaged in this movement; nevertheless we give it, for we wish to present with impartiality all the alleged facts to the reader:

"Towards the evening Mr. Robinsone and Mr. Crukshank gaue me a visite; I called for some ale purposelie to heare one of them blesse it. It fell Mr. Robinsone to seeke the blessing, who said one of the most bombastick graces that ever I heard in my life. He summoned God Allmightie very imperiouslie to be their secondarie (for that was his language). 'And if,' said he, 'thou wilt not be our Secondarie, we will not fight for thee at all, for it is not our cause bot thy cause; and if thou wilt not fight for our cause and thy oune cause, then we are not obliged to fight for it. They say,' said he, 'that Dukes, Earles and Lords are coming with the King's General against us, bot they shall be nothing bot a threshing to us.' This grace did more fullie satisfie me of the folly

[1]Sir J. Turner, p. 163.

and injustice of their cause, than the ale did quench my thirst."[1]

Frequently the rebels made a halt near some roadside ale-house, or in some convenient park, where Colonel Wallace, who had now taken the command, would review the horse and foot, during which time Turner was sent either into the ale-house or round the shoulder of a hill, to prevent him from seeing the disorders which were likely to arise. He was, at last, on the 25th day of the month, between Douglas and Lanark, permitted to behold their evolutions. "I found their horse did consist of four hundreth and fortie and the foot of five hundreth and upwards. . . . The horsemen were armed for most part with suord and pistoll some onlie with suord. The foot with musket, pike, sith [scythe], forke, and suord; and some with suords great and long." He admired much the proficiency of their cavalry, and marvelled how they had attained to it in so short a time.[2]

At Douglas, which they had just left on the morning of this great wapinschaw, they were charged—awful picture of depravity!—with the theft of a silver spoon and a nightgown. Could it be expected that while the whole country swarmed with robbers of every description, such a rare opportunity for plunder should be lost by rogues—that among a thousand men, even

[1] Turner, p. 198.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 167.

though fighting for religion, there should not be one Achan in the camp? At Lanark a declaration was drawn up and signed by the chief rebels. In it occurs the following:

"The just sense whereof"—the sufferings of the country—"made us choose, rather to betake ourselves to the fields for self-defence, than to stay at home, burdened daily with the calamities of others, and tortured with the fears of our own approaching misery."[1]

The whole body, too, swore the Covenant, to which ceremony the epitaph at the head of this chapter seems to refer.

A report that Dalzell was approaching drove them from Lanark to Bathgate, where, on the evening of Tuesday, the 26th, the wearied army stopped. But at twelve o'clock the cry, which served them for a trumpet of, "Horse! horse!" and "Mount the prisoner!" resounded through the night-shrouded town, and called the peasants from their well-earned rest to toil onwards in their march. The wind howled fiercely over the moorland; a close, thick, wetting rain descended. Chilled to the bone, worn out with long fatigue, sinking to the knees in mire, onward they marched to destruction. One by one the weary peasants fell off from their ranks to sleep, and die in the rain-soaked moor, or to seek some house by the wayside wherein to hide till daybreak. One by one at first, then in gradually

[1]Wodrow, p. 29.

increasing numbers, till at last, at every shelter that was seen, whole troops left the waning squadrons, and rushed to hide themselves from the ferocity of the tempest. To right and left nought could be descried but the broad expanse of the moor, and the figures of their fellow-rebels, seen dimly through the murky night, plodding onwards through the sinking moss. Those who kept together—a miserable few—often halted to rest themselves, and to allow their lagging comrades to overtake them. Then onward they went again, still hoping for assistance, reinforcement, and supplies; onward again, through the wind, and the rain, and the darkness—onward to their defeat at Pentland, and their scaffold at Edinburgh. It was calculated that they lost one half of their army on that disastrous night march.

Next night they reached the village of Colinton, four miles from Edinburgh, where they halted for the last time.[1]

IV

RULLION GREEN

"*From Covenanters with uplifted hands,*
From remonstrators with associate bands,
Good Lord, deliver us."

Royalist Rhyme, Kirkton, p. 127.

LATE on the fourth night of November, exactly twenty-four days before Rullion Green,

[1]Turner, Wodrow, and *Church History*, by James Kirkton, an outed minister of the period.

Richard and George Chaplain, merchants in Haddington, beheld four men, clad like west country Whigamores, standing round some object on the ground. It was at the two-mile cross, and within that distance from their homes. At last, to their horror, they discovered that the recumbent figure was a livid corpse swathed in a blood-stained winding-sheet.[1] Many thought that this apparition was a portent of the deaths connected with the Pentland Rising.

On the morning of Thursday, the 28th of November, 1666, they left Colinton and marched to Rullion Green. There they arrived about sunset. The position was a strong one. On the summit of a bare heathery spur of the Pentlands are two hillocks, and between them lies a narrow band of flat marshy ground. On the highest of the two mounds—that nearest the Pentlands, and on the left hand of the main body—was the greater part of the cavalry, under Major Learmont; on the other Barskob and the Galloway gentlemen; and in the centre Colonel Wallace and the weak, half-armed infantry. Their position was further strengthened by the depth of the valley below, and the deep chasm-like course of the Rullion Burn.

The sun, going down behind the Pentlands, cast golden lights and blue shadows on their snow-clad summits, slanted obliquely into the rich plain before them, bathing with rosy splen-

[1] Kirkton, p. 244.

dour the leafless, snow-sprinkled trees, and fading gradually into shadow in the distance. To the south, too, they beheld a deep-shaded amphitheatre of heather and bracken; the course of the Esk, near Penicuik, winding about at the foot of its gorge; the broad, brown expanse of Maw moss; and, fading into blue indistinctness in the south, the wild heath-clad Peeblesshire hills. In sooth, that scene was fair, and many a yearning glance was cast over that peaceful evening scene from the spot where the rebels awaited their defeat; and when the fight was over, many a noble fellow lifted his head from the blood-stained heather to strive with darkening eyeballs to behold that landscape, over which, as o'er his life and his cause, the shadows of night and of gloom were falling and thickening.

It was while waiting on this spot that the fear-inspiring cry was raised, "The enemy!—Here comes the enemy!"

Unwilling to believe their own doom—for our insurgents still hoped for success in some negotiations for peace which had been carried on at Colinton—they called out,—"They are some other of our own."

"They are too blacke" (*i. e.*, too numerous), "fie! fie! for ground to draw up on," cried Wallace, fully realising the want of space for his men, and proving that it was not till after this time that his forces were finally arranged.[1]

[1] Kirkton.

First of all the battle was commenced by fifty royalist horse sent obliquely across the hill to attack the left wing of the rebels. An equal number of Learmont's men met them, and, after a struggle, drove them back. The course of the Rullion Burn prevented almost all pursuit, and Wallace, on perceiving it, despatched a body of foot to occupy both the burn and some ruined sheep walls on the farther side.

Dalzell changed his position and drew up his army at the foot of the hill, on the top of which were his foes. He then despatched a mingled body of infantry and cavalry to attack Wallace's outpost, but they also were driven back. A third charge produced a still more disastrous effect, for Dalzell had to check the pursuit of his men by a reinforcement.

These repeated checks bred a panic in the lieutenant-general's ranks, for several of his men flung down their arms. Urged by such fatal symptoms, and by the approaching night, he deployed his men and closed in overwhelming numbers on the centre and right flank of the insurgent army. In the increasing twilight the burning matches of the firelocks, shimmering on barrel, halbert, and cuirass, lent to the approaching army a picturesque effect, like a huge many-armed giant breathing flame into the darkness.

Placed on an overhanging hill, Welch and Semple cried aloud, "The God of Jacob! The

God of Jacob!" and prayed with uplifted hands for victory.[1]

But still the royalist troops closed in.

Captain John Paton was observed by Dalzell, who determined to capture him with his own hands. Accordingly, he charged forward presenting his pistols. Paton fired, but the balls hopped off Dalzell's buff coat and fell into his boot. With the superstition peculiar to his age, the Nonconformist concluded that his adversary was rendered bullet-proof by enchantment, and pulling some small silver coins from his pocket, charged his pistol therewith. Dalzell, seeing this and supposing, it is likely, that Paton was putting in larger balls, hid behind his servant, who was killed.[2]

Meantime the outposts were forced, and the army of Wallace was enveloped in the embrace of a hideous boa-constrictor—tightening, closing, crushing every semblance of life from the victim enclosed in his toils. The flanking parties of horse were forced in upon the centre, and though, as even Turner grants, they fought with desperation, a general flight was the result.

But when they fell there was none to sing their coronach or wail the death-wail over them. Those who sacrificed themselves for the peace, the liberty, and the religion of their fellow-countrymen, lay bleaching in the field of death

[1] Turner.

[2] Kirkton, p. 244.

for long, and when at last they were buried by charity, the peasants dug up their bodies, desecrated their graves, and cast them once more upon the open heath for the sorry value of their winding sheets!

Inscription on stone at Rullion Green:

Here
and near to
this place lyes the
reuerend Mr. John Crookshanks
and Mr. Andrew M'Cormock
ministers of the Gospel, and
and about fifty other true covenanted Presbyterians who were
killed in this place in their own
innocent self-defence and defence of the Covenanted
Work of Reformation by
Thomas Dalzel of Bins
Upon 28 November
1666. Rev. 12. 11. Erected
September 28, 1738.

Back of stone:

A Cloud of Witnesses lyes here,
Who for Christ's Interest did appear,
For to restore true Liberty,
O'erturned then by tyrrany;
And by proud Prelates who did Rage
Against the Lord's own heritage;

They sacrific'd were for the laws
Of Christ their King, his noble cause,
These heroes fought with great renown
By falling got the Martyr's crown.[1]

V

A RECORD OF BLOOD

"They cut his hands ere he was dead,
And after that struck off his head.
His blood under the altar cries,
For vengeance on Christ's enemies."
Epitaph on Tomb at Longcross of Clermont.[2]

Master Andrew Murray, an outed minister, residing in the Potterrow, on the morning after the defeat, heard the sounds of cheering and the march of many feet beneath his window. He gazed out. With colours flying, and with music sounding, Dalzell victorious entered Edinburgh. But his banners were dyed in blood, and a band of prisoners were marched within his ranks. The old man knew it all. That martial and triumphant strain was the death-knell of his friends and of their cause, the rust-hued spots upon the flags were the tokens of their courage and their death, and the prisoners were the miserable remnant spared from death in battle to die upon the scaffold. Poor old man! he had outlived all joy. Had he lived longer he would have seen increasing torment and increasing woe; he would

[1] Kirkton, p. 246.

[2] *Cloud of Witnesses*, p. 389. Edin. 1765.

have seen the clouds, then but gathering in mist, cast a more than midnight darkness o'er his native hills, and have fallen a victim to those bloody persecutions which, later, sent their red memorials to the sea by many a burn. By a merciful Providence all this was spared to him —he fell beneath the first blow: and ere four days had passed since Rullion Green, the aged minister of God was gathered to his fathers.[1]

When Sharpe first heard of the rebellion, he applied to Sir Alexander Ramsay, the Provost, for soldiers to guard his house. Disliking their occupation, the soldiers gave him an ugly time of it. All the night through they kept up a continuous series of "alarms and incursions," cries of "Stand!" "Give fire!" etc., which forced the prelate to flee to the castle in the morning, hoping there to find the rest which was denied him at home.[2] Now, however, when all danger to himself was past, Sharpe came out in his true colours, and scant was the justice likely to be shown to the foes of Scotch Episcopacy when the Primate was by. The prisoners were lodged in Haddo's Hole, a part of St. Giles's Cathedral, where, by the kindness of Bishop Wishart, to his credit be it spoken, they were amply supplied with food.[3]

Some people urged, in the council, that the

[1] Kirkton, p. 247.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 254.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 247.

promise of quarter which had been given on the field of battle should protect the lives of the miserable men. Sir John Gilmore, the greatest lawyer, gave no opinion—certainly a suggestive circumstance,—but Lord Lee declared that this would not interfere with their legal trial; so "to bloody executions they went."[1] To the number of thirty they were condemned and executed; while two of them, Hugh M'Kail, a young minister, and Nielson of Corsack, were tortured with the boots.

The goods of those who perished were confiscated, and their bodies were dismembered and distributed to different parts of the country; "the heads of Major M'Culloch and the two Gordons," it was resolved, says Kirkton, "should be pitched on the gate of Kirkcudbright; the two Hamiltons and Strong's head should be affixed at Hamilton, and Captain Arnot's sett on the Watter Gate at Edinburgh. The armes of all the ten, because they hade with uplifted hands renewed the Covenant at Lanark, were sent to the people of that town to expiate that crime, by placing these armes on the top of the prison."[2] Among these was John Nielson, the Laird of Corsack, who saved Turner's life at Dumfries; in return for which service, Sir James attempted, though without success, to get the poor man reprieved. One of the condemned died of his

[1] Kirkton, pp. 247, 248.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 248.

wounds between the day of condemnation and the day of execution. "None of them," says Kirkton, "would save their life by taking the declaration and renouncing the Covenant, though it was offered to them. . . . But never men died in Scotland so much lamented by the people, not only spectators, but those in the country. When Knockbreck and his brother were turned over, they clasped each other in their armes, and so endured the pangs of death. When Humphray Colquhoun died, he spoke not like ane ordinary citizen, but like a heavenly minister, relating his comfortable Christian experiences, and called for his Bible, and laid it on his wounded arm, and read John iii. 8, and spoke upon it to the admiration of all. But most of all, when Mr. M'Kail died, there was such a lamentation as was never known in Scotland before; not one dry cheek upon all the street, or in all the numberless windows in the mercate place."[1]

The following passage from this speech speaks for itself and its author:

"Hereafter I will not talk with flesh and blood, nor think on the world's consolations. Farewell to all my friends, whose company hath been refreshful to me in my pilgrimage. I have done with the light of the sun and the moon; welcome eternal light, eternal life, everlasting love, everlasting praise, everlasting glory. Praise to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever! Bless the Lord, O my soul, that hath pardoned all my iniquities in the blood of His Son, and healed all my diseases.

[1] Kirkton, p. 249.

Bear this remonstrance of Defoe's in mind, and though it is the fashion of the day to jeer and to mock, to execrate and to contemn the noble band of Covenanters, though the bitter laugh at their old-world religious views, the curl of the lip at their merits, and the chilling silence on their bravery and their determination, are but too rife through all society; be charitable to what was evil, and honest to what was good about the Pentland insurgents, who fought for life and liberty, for country and religion, on the 28th of November, 1666, now just two hundred years ago.

Edinburgh, 28th Nov., 1866.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR

AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE

Bless Him, oh! all ye His angels, that excel in strength, ye ministers that do His pleasure. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"[1]

After having ascended the gallows-ladder he again broke forth in the following words of touching eloquence:

"And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell father and mother, friends and relations! Farewell the world and all delights! Farewell meat and drink! Farewell sun, moon, and stars! Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant! Welcome blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation! Welcome glory! Welcome eternal life! Welcome Death!"[2]

At Glasgow too, where some were executed, they caused the soldiers to beat the drums and blow the trumpets on their closing ears. Hideous refinement of revenge! Even the last words which drop from the lips of a dying man—words surely the most sincere and the most unbiassed which mortal mouth can utter—even these were looked upon as poisoned and as poisonous. "Drown their last accents," was the cry, "lest they should lead the crowd to take their part, or at the least to mourn their doom!"[3] But, after all, perhaps it was more merciful than one would think—unintentionally so, of course; perhaps the storm of harsh and fiercely jubilant noises, the

[1] *Naphtali*, Glasg. 1721, p. 205.

[2] Wodrow, p. 59.

[3] Kirkton, p. 246.

clanging of trumpets, the rattling of drums, and the hootings and jeerings of an unfeeling mob, which were the last they heard on earth, might, when the mortal fight was over, when the river of death was passed, add tenfold sweetness to the hymning of the angels, tenfold peacefulness to the shores which they had reached.

Not content with the cruelty of these executions, some even of the peasantry, though these were confined to the shire of Mid-Lothian, pursued, captured, plundered, and murdered the miserable fugitives who fell in their way. One strange story have we of these times of blood and persecution: Kirkton, the historian, and popular tradition tell us alike, of a flame which often would arise from the grave, in a moss near Carnwath, of some of those poor rebels; of how it crept along the ground; of how it covered the house of their murderer; and of how it scared him with its lurid glare.

Hear Daniel Defoe:[1]

"If the poor people were by these insupportable violences made desperate, and driven to all the extremities of a wild despair, who can justly reflect on them when they read in the word of God 'That oppression makes a wise man mad'? And therefore were there no other original of the insurrection known by the name of the Rising of Pentland, it was nothing but what the intolerable oppressions of those times might have justified to all the world, nature having dictated to all people a right of defence when illegally and arbitrarily attacked in a manner not justifiable either by the laws of nature, the laws of God, or the laws of the country."

[1] Defoe's *Hist. of the Church.*

This boyish skit, privately printed in 1868, the occasion of a charity bazaar held at 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, was first reprinted in the Edinburgh Edition.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR

AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC.
HIS WIFE.
THE TOUT.

The Tout, in an allegorical costume, holding a silver trumpet in his right hand, is discovered on the steps in front of the Bazaar. He sounds a preliminary flourish.

THE TOUT. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to announce a sale of many interesting, beautiful, rare, quaint, comical, and necessary articles. Here you will find objects of taste, such as Babies' Shoes, Children's Petticoats, and Shetland Wool Cravats; objects of general usefulness, such as Tea-cosies, Bangles, Brahmin Beads, and Madras Baskets; and objects of imperious necessity, such as Pen-wipers, Indian Figures carefully repaired with glue, and Sealed Envelopes, containing a surprise. And all this is not to be sold by your common Shopkeepers, intent on small and legitimate profits, but by Ladies and Gentlemen, who would as soon think

of picking your pocket of a cotton handkerchief, as of selling a single one of these many interesting, beautiful, rare, quaint, comical, and necessary articles at less than twice its market value.

(*He sounds another flourish.*)

THE WIFE. This seems a very fair-spoken young man.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC (*addressing the Tout*). Sir, I am a man of simple and untutored mind; but I apprehend that this sale, of which you give us so glowing a description, is neither more nor less than a Charity Bazaar?

THE TOUT. Sir, your penetration has not deceived you.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Into which you seek to entice unwary passengers?

THE TOUT. Such is my office.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. But is not a Charity Bazaar, sir, a place where, for ulterior purposes, amateur goods are sold at a price above their market value?

THE TOUT. I perceive you are no novice. Let us sit down, all three, upon the doorsteps, and reason this matter at length. The position is a little conspicuous, but airy and convenient.

(*The Tout seats himself on the second step, the Ingenuous Public and his Wife to right and left of him one step below.*)

THE TOUT. Shopping is one of the dearest pleasures of the human heart.

THE WIFE. Indeed, sir, and that it is.

THE TOUT. The choice of articles, apart from their usefulness, is an appetising occupation, and to exchange bald, uniform shillings for a fine big, figurative knick-knack, such as a windmill, a gross of green spectacles, or a cocked hat, gives us a direct and emphatic sense of gain. We have had many shillings before, as good as these; but this is the first time we have possessed a windmill. Upon these principles of human nature, sir, is based the theory of the Charity Bazaar. People were doubtless charitably disposed. The problem was to make the exercise of charity entertaining in itself—you follow me, madam?—and in the Charity Bazaar a satisfactory solution was attained. The act of giving away money for charitable purposes is, by this admirable invention, transformed into an amusement, and puts on the externals of profitable commerce. You play at shopping a while; and in order to keep up the illusion, sham goods do actually change hands. Thus, under the similitude of a game, I have seen children confronted with the horrors of arithmetic, and even taught to gargle.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. You expound this subject very magisterially, sir. But tell me, would it not be possible to carry this element of play still further? and after I had remained a proper time in the Bazaar, and negotiated a sufficient number of sham bargains, would it not be possible to return me my money in the hall?

THE TOUT. I question whether that would

not impair the humour of the situation. And besides, my dear sir, the pith of the whole device is to take that money from you.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. True. But at least the Bazaar might take back the tea-cosies and pen-wipers.

THE TOUT. I have no doubt, if you were to ask it handsomely, that you would be so far accommodated. Still it is out of the theory. The sham goods, for which, believe me, I readily understand your disaffection—the sham goods are well adapted for their purpose. Your lady wife will lay these tea-cosies and pen-wipers aside in a safe place, until she is asked to contribute to another Charity Bazaar. There the tea-cosies and pen-wipers will be once more charitably sold. The new purchasers, in their turn, will accurately imitate the dispositions of your lady wife. In short, sir, the whole affair is a cycle of operations. The tea-cosies and pen-wipers are merely counters; they come off and on again like a stage army; and year after year people pretend to buy and pretend to sell them, with a vivacity that seems to indicate a talent for the stage. But in the course of these illusory manœuvres, a great deal of money is given in charity, and that in a picturesque, bustling, and agreeable manner. If you have to travel somewhere on business, you would choose the prettiest route, and desire pleasant companions by the way. And why not show the same spirit in giving alms?

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Sir, I am profoundly indebted to you for all you have said. I am, sir, your absolute convert.

THE WIFE. Let us lose no time, but enter the Charity Bazaar.

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Yes; let us enter the Charity Bazaar.

BOTH (*singing*): Let us enter, let us enter, let us enter,
Let us enter the Charity Bazaar!

(*An interval is supposed to elapse. The Ingenuous Public and his Wife are discovered issuing from the Charity Bazaar.*)

THE WIFE. How fortunate you should have brought your cheque-book!

THE INGENUOUS PUBLIC. Well, fortunate in a sense. (*Addressing the Tout.*) Sir, I shall send a van in the course of the afternoon for the little articles I have purchased. I shall not say good-bye; because I shall probably take a lift in the front seat, not from any solicitude, believe me, about the little articles, but as the last opportunity I may have for some time of enjoying the costly entertainment of a drive.

THE SCENE CLOSES.

ON A NEW FORM OF INTERMITTENT LIGHT FOR LIGHTHOUSES

Read before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts on March 27th, 1871, and awarded the Society's Silver Medal.

ON A NEW FORM OF INTERMITTENT LIGHT FOR LIGHTHOUSES

THE necessity for marked characteristics in coast illumination increases with the number of lights. The late Mr. Robert Stevenson, my grandfather, contributed two distinctions, which he called respectively the *intermittent* and the *flashing* light. It is only to the former of these that I have to refer in the present paper. The intermittent light was first introduced at Tarbetness in 1830, and is already in use at eight stations on the coasts of the United Kingdom. As constructed originally, it was an arrangement by which a fixed light was alternately eclipsed and revealed. These recurrent occultations and revelations produce an effect totally different from that of the revolving light, which comes gradually into its full strength, and as gradually fades away. The changes in the intermittent, on the other hand, are immediate; a certain duration of darkness is followed at once and without the least gradation by a certain period of light. The arrangement employed by my

grandfather to effect this object consisted of two opaque cylindric shades or extinguishers, one of which descended from the roof, while the other ascended from below to meet it, at a fixed interval. The light was thus entirely intercepted.

At a later period, at the harbour light of Troon, Mr. Wilson, C. E., produced an intermittent light by the use of gas, which leaves little to be desired and which is still in use at Troon harbour. By a simple mechanical contrivance, the gas-jet was suddenly lowered to the point of extinction, and, after a set period, as suddenly raised again. The chief superiority of this form of intermittent light is economy in the consumption of gas. In the original design, of course, the oil continues uselessly to illuminate the interior of the screens during the period of occultation.

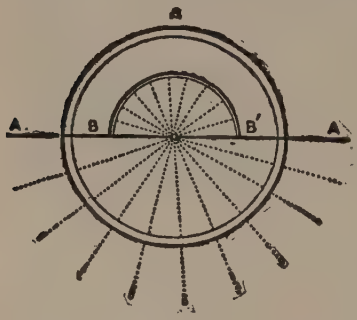

FIG. 1

Mr. Wilson's arrangement has been lately resuscitated by Mr. Wigham of Dublin, in connection with his new gas-burner.

Gas, however, is inapplicable to many situations; and it has occurred to me that the desired result might be effected with strict economy with oil lights in the following manner:

In Fig. 1, *AAA* represents in plan an ordinary Fresnel's dioptric fixed light apparatus, and *BB'* a hemispherical mirror (either metallic or dioptric on my father's principle) which is made to revolve with uniform speed about the burner. This mirror, it is obvious, intercepts the rays of one hemisphere, and, returning them through the flame (less loss by absorption, etc.), spreads them equally over the other. In this way 180° of light pass regularly the eye of the seaman; and are followed at once by 180° of darkness. As the hemispherical mirror begins to open the observer receives the full light, since the whole lit hemisphere is illuminated with strict equality; and as it closes again, he passes into darkness.

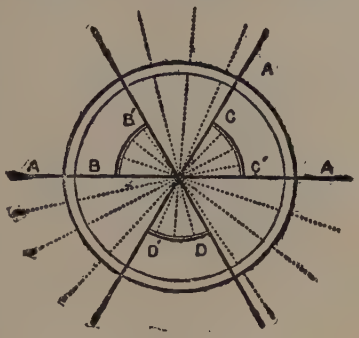

Fig. 2

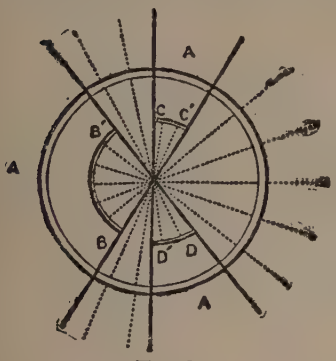

Fig. 3

Other characteristics can be produced by different modifications of the above. In Fig. 2 the original hemispherical mirror is shown broken up into three different sectors, *BB'*, *CC'*, and *DD'*;

so that with the same velocity of revolution the periods of light and darkness will be produced in quicker succession. In this figure (Fig. 2) the three sectors have been shown as subtending equal angles, but if one of them were increased in size and the other two diminished (as in Fig. 3), we should have one long steady illumination and two short flashes at each revolution. Again, the number of sectors may be increased; and by varying both their number and their relative size, a number of additional characteristics are attainable.

FIG. 4

Colour may also be introduced as a means of distinction. Coloured glass may be set in the alternate spaces; but it is necessary to remark that these coloured sectors will be inferior in power to those which remain white. This objection is, however, obviated to a large extent (especially where the

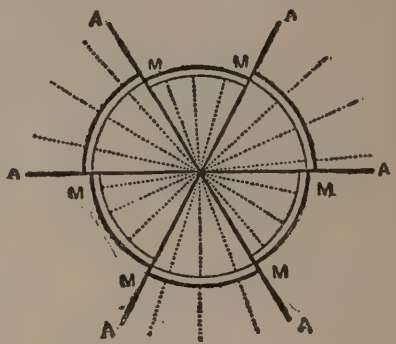

FIG. 5

dioptric spherical mirror is used) by such an arrangement as is shown in Fig. 4; where the two sectors, *WW*, are left unassisted, while the two with the red screens are reinforced respectively by the two sectors of mirror, *MM*.

Another mode of holophotally producing the intermittent light has been suggested by my father, and is shown in Fig. 5. It consists of alternate and opposite sectors of dioptric spherical mirror, *MM*, and of Fresnel's fixed light apparatus, *AA*. By the revolution of this composite frame about the burner, the same immediate alternation of light and darkness is produced, the first when the front of the fixed panel, and the second when the back of the mirror, is presented to the eye of the sailor.

One advantage of the method that I propose is this, that while we are able to produce a plain intermittent light; an intermittent light of variable period, ranging from a brief flash to a steady illumination of half the revolution; and finally, a light combining the immediate occultation of the intermittent with combination and change of colour, we can yet preserve comparative lightness in the revolving parts, and consequent economy in the driving machinery. It must, however, be noticed, that none of these last methods are applicable to cases where more than one radiant is employed: for these cases, either my grandfather's or Mr. Wilson's contrivance must be resorted to.

1871.

ON THE THERMAL INFLUENCE OF FORESTS

Read before the Royal Society, Edinburgh, May 19th, 1873, and reprinted from the *Proceedings* R. S. E.

ON THE THERMAL INFLUENCE OF FORESTS

THE opportunity of an experiment on a comparatively large scale, and under conditions of comparative isolation, can occur but rarely in such a science as Meteorology. Hence Mr. Milne Home's proposal for the plantation of Malta seemed to offer an exceptional opportunity for progress. Many of the conditions are favourable to the simplicity of the result; and it seemed natural that, if a searching and systematic series of observations were to be immediately set afoot, and continued during the course of the plantation and the growth of the wood, some light would be thrown on the still doubtful question of the climatic influence of forests.

Mr. Milne Home expects, as I gather, a threefold result: 1st, an increased and better-regulated supply of available water; 2nd, an increased rainfall; and, 3rd, a more equable climate, with more temperate summer heat and winter cold.[1] As to the first of these expectations, I suppose there can be no doubt that it is justified by facts; but

[1] *Jour. Scot. Met. Soc.*, New Ser., xxvi. 35.

it may not be unnecessary to guard against any confusion of the first with the second. Not only does the presence of growing timber increase and regulate the supply of running and spring water independently of any change in the amount of rainfall, but, as Boussingault found at Marmato,[1] denudation of forest is sufficient to decrease that supply, even when the rainfall has increased instead of diminished in amount. The second and third effects stand apart, therefore, from any question as to the utility of Mr. Milne Home's important proposal; they are both, perhaps, worthy of discussion at the present time, but I wish to confine myself in the present paper to the examination of the third alone.

A wood, then, may be regarded either as a *superficies* or as a *solid;* that is, either as a part of the earth's surface slightly elevated above the rest, or as a diffused and heterogeneous body displacing a certain portion of free and mobile atmosphere. It is primarily in the first character that it attracts our attention, as a radiating and absorbing surface, exposed to the sun and the currents of the air; such that, if we imagine a plateau of meadow-land or bare earth raised to the mean level of the forest's exposed leaf-surface, we shall have an agent entirely similar in kind, although perhaps widely differing in the amount of action. Now, by comparing a tract of wood with such a plateau as we have just supposed,

[1]Quoted by Mr. Milne Home.

we shall arrive at a clear idea of the specialties of the former. In the first place, then, the mass of foliage may be expected to increase the radiating power of each tree. The upper leaves radiate freely towards the stars and the cold interstellar spaces, while the lower ones radiate to those above and receive less heat in return; consequently, during the absence of the sun, each tree cools gradually downward from top to bottom. Hence we must take into account not merely the area of leaf-surface actually exposed to the sky, but, to a greater or less extent, the surface of every leaf in the whole tree or the whole wood. This is evidently a point in which the action of the forest may be expected to differ from that of the meadow or naked earth; for though, of course, inferior strata tend to a certain extent to follow somewhat the same course as the mass of inferior leaves, they do so to a less degree—conduction, and the conduction of a very slow conductor, being substituted for radiation.

We come next, however, to a second point of difference. In the case of the meadow, the chilled air continues to lie upon the surface, the grass, as Humboldt says, remaining all night submerged in the stratum of lowest temperature; while in the case of trees, the coldest air is continually passing down to the space underneath the boughs, or what we may perhaps term the crypt of the forest. Here it is that the consider-

ation of any piece of woodland conceived as a solid comes naturally in; for this solid contains a portion of the atmosphere, partially cut off from the rest, more or less excluded from the influence of wind, and lying upon a soil that is screened all day from isolation by the impending mass of foliage. In this way (and chiefly, I think, from the exclusion of winds), we have underneath the radiating leaf-surface a stratum of comparatively stagnant air, protected from many sudden variations of temperature, and tending only slowly to bring itself into equilibrium with the more general changes that take place in the free atmosphere.

Over and above what has been mentioned, thermal effects have been attributed to the vital activity of the leaves in the transudation of water, and even to the respiration and circulation of living wood. The whole actual amount of thermal influence, however, is so small that I may rest satisfied with the mere mention. If these actions have any effect at all, it must be practically insensible; and the others that I have already stated are not only sufficient validly to account for all the observed differences, but would lead naturally to the expectation of differences very much larger and better marked. To these observations I proceed at once. Experience has been acquired upon the following three points: 1, The relation between the temperature of the trunk of a tree and the temperature of the sur-

rounding atmosphere; 2, The relation between the temperature of the air under a wood and the temperature of the air outside; and, 3, The relation between the temperature of the air above a wood and the temperature of the air above cleared land.

As to the first question, there are several independent series of observations; and I may remark in passing, what applies to all, that allowance must be made throughout for some factor of specific heat. The results were as follows: The seasonal and monthly means in the tree and in the air were not sensibly different. The variations in the tree, in M. Becquerel's own observations, appear as considerably less than a fourth of those in the atmosphere, and he has calculated, from observations made at Geneva between 1796 and 1798, that the variations in the tree were less than a fifth of those in the air; but the tree in this case, besides being of a different species, was seven or eight inches thicker than the one experimented on by himself.[1] The variations in the tree, therefore, are always less than those in the air, the ratio between the two depending apparently on the thickness of the tree in question and the rapidity with which the variations followed upon one another. The times of the maxima, moreover, were widely different: in the air, the maximum occurs at 2 P.M. in winter, and at 3 P.M. in summer; in the tree, it occurs in

[1] *Atlas Météorologique de l'Observatoire Impérial*, 1867.

winter at 6 P.M., and in summer between 10 and 11 P.M. At nine in the morning in the month of June, the temperatures of the tree and of the air had come to an equilibrium. A similar difference of progression is visible in the means, which differ most in spring and autumn, and tend to equalise themselves in winter and in summer. But it appears most strikingly in the case of variations somewhat longer in period than the daily ranges. The following temperatures occurred during M. Becquerel's observations in the Jardin des Plantes:

Date, 1859.	Temperature of the Air.	Temperature in the Tree.
Dec. 15	26.78°	32°
" 16	19.76°	32°
" 17	17.78°	31.46°
" 18	13.28°	30.56°
" 19	12.02°	28.40°
" 20	12.54°	25.34°
" 21	38.30°	27.86°
" 22	43.34°	30.92°
" 23	44.06°	31.46°

A moment's comparison of the two columns will make the principle apparent. The temperature of the air falls nearly fifteen degrees in five days; the temperature of the tree, sluggishly following, falls in the same time less than four degrees. Between the 19th and 20th the temperature of the air has changed its direction of motion, and risen nearly a degree; but the temperature of the tree persists in its former course, and continues to fall nearly three degrees farther. On the 21st there comes a sudden increase of

heat, a sudden thaw; the temperature of the air rises twenty-five and a half degrees; the change at last reaches the tree, but only raises its temperature by less than three degrees; and even two days afterwards, when the air is already twelve degrees above freezing-point, the tree is still half a degree below it. Take, again, the following case:

Date, 1859.	Temperature of the Air		Temperature in the Tree.
July 13	84.92°	....	76.28°
" 14	82.58°	....	78.62°
" 15	80.42°	....	77.72°
" 16	79.88°	....	78.44°
" 17	73.22°	....	75.92°
" 18	68.54°	....	74.30°
" 19	65.66°	....	70.70°

The same order reappears. From the 13th to the 19th the temperature of the air steadily falls, while the temperature of the tree continues apparently to follow the course of previous variations, and does not really begin to fall, is not really affected by the ebb of heat, until the 17th, three days at least after it had been operating in the air.[1] Hence we may conclude that all variations of the temperature of the air, whatever be their period, from twenty-four hours up to twelve months, are followed in the same manner by variations in the temperature of the tree; and that those in the tree are always less in amount and considerably slower of occurrence than those in the air. The *thermal sluggishness*, so to speak,

[1] *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie*, 29th March, 1869.

seems capable of explaining all the phenomena of the case without any hypothetical vital power of resisting temperatures below the freezing-point, such as is hinted at even by Becquerel.

Réaumur, indeed, is said to have observed temperatures in slender trees nearly thirty degrees higher than the temperature of the air in the sun; but we are not informed as to the conditions under which this observation was made, and it is therefore impossible to assign to it its proper value. The sap of the ice-plant is said to be materially colder than the surrounding atmosphere; and there are several other somewhat incongruous facts, which tend, at first sight, to favour the view of some inherent power of resistance in some plants to high temperatures, and in others to low temperatures.[1] But such a supposition seems in the meantime to be gratuitous. Keeping in view the thermal redispositions, which must be greatly favoured by the ascent of the sap, and the difference between the condition as to temperature of such parts as the root, the heart of the trunk, and the extreme foliage, and never forgetting the unknown factor of specific heat, we may still regard it as possible to account for all anomalies without the aid of any such hypothesis. We may, therefore, I think, disregard small exceptions, and state the result as follows:

[1] *Professor Balfour's Class Book of Botany*, Physiology, chap. xii. p. 670.

If, after every rise or fall, the temperature of the air remained stationary for a length of time proportional to the amount of the change, it seems probable—setting aside all question of vital heat—that the temperature of the tree would always finally equalise itself with the new temperature of the air, and that the range in tree and atmosphere would thus become the same. This pause, however, does not occur: the variations follow each other without interval; and the slow-conducting wood is never allowed enough time to overtake the rapid changes of the more sensitive air. Hence, so far as we can see at present, trees appear to be simply bad conductors, and to have no more influence upon the temperature of their surroundings than is fully accounted for by the consequent tardiness of their thermal variations.

Observations bearing on the second of the three points have been made by Becquerel in France, by La Cour in Jutland and Iceland, and by Rivoli at Posen. The results are perfectly congruous. Becquerel's observations[1] were made under wood, and about a hundred yards outside in open ground, at three stations in the district of Montargis, Loiret. There was a difference of more than one degree Fahrenheit between the mean annual temperatures in favour of the open ground. The mean summer temperature in the wood was from two to three degrees lower than

[1] *Comptes Rendus*, 1867 and 1869.

the mean summer temperature outside. The mean maxima in the wood were also lower than those without by a little more than two degrees. Herr La Cour[1] found the daily range consistently smaller inside the wood than outside. As far as regards the mean winter temperatures, there is an excess in favour of the forests, but so trifling in amount as to be unworthy of much consideration. Libri found that the minimum winter temperatures were not sensibly lower in Florence, after the Apennines had been denuded of forest, than they had been before.[2] The disheartening contradictoriness of his observations on this subject led Herr Rivoli to the following ingenious and satisfactory comparison.[3] Arranging his results according to the wind that blew on the day of observation, he set against each other the variation of the temperature under wood from that without, and the variation of the temperature of the wind from the local mean for the month:

Wind	N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
Var. in Wood	+0.60	+0.26	+0·26	+0.04	−0.04	−0.20	+0.16	+0.07
Var. in Wind	−0.30	−2.60	−3.30	−1.20	+1.00	+1.30	+1.00	+1.00

From this curious comparison, it becomes apparent that the variations of the difference in question depend upon the amount of variations

[1] See his paper.

[2] *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, xlv., 1830. A more detailed comparison of the climate in question would be a most interesting and important contribution to the subject.

[3] Reviewed in the *Austrian Meteorological Magazine*, vol. IV. p. 543.

of temperature which take place in the free air, and on the slowness with which such changes are communicated to the stagnant atmosphere of woods; in other words, as Herr Rivoli boldly formulates it, a forest is simply a bad conductor. But this is precisely the same conclusion as we have already arrived at with regard to individual trees; and in Herr Rivoli's table, what we see is just another case of what we saw in M. Becquerel's—the different progression of temperatures. It must be obvious, however, that the thermal condition of a single tree must be different in many ways from that of a combination of trees and more or less stagnant air, such as we call a forest. And accordingly we find, in the case of the latter, the following new feature: The mean yearly temperature of woods is lower than the mean yearly temperature of free air, while they are decidedly colder in summer, and very little, if at all, warmer in winter. Hence, on the whole, forests are colder than cleared lands. But this is just what might have been expected from the amount of evaporation, the continued descent of cold air, and its stagnation in the close and sunless crypt of a forest; and one can only wonder here, as elsewhere, that the resultant difference is so insignificant and doubtful.

We come now to the third point in question, the thermal influence of woods upon the air above them. It will be remembered that we have seen reason to believe their effect to be

similar to that of certain other surfaces, except in so far as it may be altered, in the case of the forest, by the greater extent of effective radiating area, and by the possibility of generating a descending cold current as well as an ascending hot one. M. Becquerel is (so far as I can learn) the only observer who has taken up the elucidation of this subject. He placed his thermometers at three points:[1] *A* and *B* were both about seventy feet above the surface of the ground; but *A* was at the summit of a chestnut-tree, while *B* was in the free air, fifty feet away from the other. *C* was four or five feet above the ground, with a northern exposure; there was also a fourth station to the south, at the same level as this last, but its readings are very seldom referred to. After several years of observation, the mean temperature at *A* was found to be between one and two degrees higher than that at *B*. The order of progression of differences is as instructive here as in the two former investigations. The maximum difference in favour of station *A* occurred between three and five in the afternoon, later or sooner according as there had been more or less sunshine, and ranged sometimes as high as seven degrees. After this the difference kept declining until sunrise, when there was often a difference of a degree, or a degree and a half, upon the other side. On cloudy days the difference tended to a

[1] *Comptes Rendus*, 28th May, 1860.

minimum. During a rainy month of April, for example, the difference in favour of station *A* was less than half a degree; the first fifteen days of May following, however, were sunny, and the difference rose to more than a degree and a half.[1] It will be observed that I have omitted up to the present point all mention of station *C*. I do so because M. Becquerel's language leaves it doubtful whether the observations made at this station are logically comparable with those made at the other two. If the end in view were to compare the progression of temperatures above the earth, above a tree, and in free air, removed from all such radiative and absorptive influences, it is plain that all three should have been equally exposed to the sun or kept equally in shadow. As the observations were made, they give us no notion of the relative action of the earth-surface and forest-surface upon the temperature of the contiguous atmosphere; and this, as it seems to me, was just the *crux* of the problem. So far, however, as they go, they seem to justify the view that all these actions are the same in kind, however they may differ in degree. We find the forest heating the air during the day, and heating it more or less according as there has been more or less sunshine for it to absorb, and we find it also chilling it during the night; both of which are actions common to any radiating surface, and would be produced, if with differences of amount

[1] *Comptes Rendus*, 20th May, 1861.

and time, by any other such surface raised to the mean level of the exposed foliage.

To recapitulate:

1st. We find that single trees appear to act simply as bad conductors.

2nd. We find that woods, regarded as solids, are, on the whole, slightly lower in temperature than the free air which they have displaced, and that they tend slowly to adapt themselves to the various thermal changes that take place without them.

3rd. We find forests regarded as surfaces acting like any other part of the earth's surface, probably with more or less difference in amount and progression, which we still lack the information necessary to estimate.

All this done, I am afraid that there can be little doubt that the more general climatic investigations will be long and vexatious. Even in South America, with extremely favourable conditions, the result is far from being definite. Glancing over the table published by M. Becquerel in his book on climates, from the observations of Humboldt, Hall, Boussingault, and others, it becomes evident, I think, that nothing can be founded upon the comparisons therein instituted; that all reasoning, in the present state of our information, is premature and unreliable. Strong statements have certainly been made; and particular cases lend themselves to the formation of hasty judgments. "From the Bay of Cupica

to the Gulf of Guayaquil," says M. Boussingault, "the country is covered with immense forests and traversed by numerous rivers; it rains there almost ceaselessly; and the mean temperature of this moist district scarcely reaches 78.8° F. . . . At Payta commence the sandy deserts of Priura and Sechura; to the constant humidity of Choco succeeds almost at once an extreme of dryness; and the mean temperature of the coast increases at the same time by 1.8° F."[1] Even in this selected favourable instance it might be argued that the part performed in the change by the presence or absence of forest was comparatively small; there seems to have been, at the same time, an entire change of soil; and, in our present ignorance, it would be difficult to say by how much this of itself is able to affect the climate. Moreover it is possible that the humidity of the one district is due to other causes besides the presence of wood, or even that the presence of wood is itself only an effect of some more general difference or combination of differences. Be that as it may, however, we have only to look a little longer at the table before referred to, to see how little weight can be laid on such special instances. Let us take five stations, all in this very district of Choco. Hacquita is eight hundred and twenty feet above Novita, and their mean temperatures are the same. Alto de Mombu, again, is five hundred feet higher than Hacquita, and

[1] Becquerel, *Climats*, p. 141.

the mean temperature has here fallen nearly two degrees. Go up another five hundred feet to Tambo de la Orquita, and again we find no fall in the mean temperature. Go up some five hundred farther to Chami, and there is a fall in the mean temperature of nearly six degrees. Such numbers are evidently quite untrustworthy; and hence we may judge how much confidence can be placed in any generalisation from these South American mean temperatures.

The question is probably considered too simply —too much to the neglect of concurrent influences. Until we know, for example, somewhat more of the comparative radiant powers of different soils, we cannot expect any very definite result. A change of temperature would certainly be effected by the plantation of such a marshy district as the Sologne, because, if nothing else were done, the roots might pierce the impenetrable subsoil, allow the surface-water to drain itself off, and thus dry the country. But might not the change be quite different if the soil planted were a shifting sand, which, *fixed* by the roots of the trees, would become gradually covered with a vegetable earth, and thus be changed from dry to wet? Again, the complication and conflict of effects arises, not only from the soil, vegetation, and geographical position of the place of the experiment itself, but from the distribution of similar or different conditions in its immediate neighbourhood, and probably to

great distances on every side. A forest, for example, as we know from Herr Rivoli's comparison, would exercise a perfectly different influence in a cold country subject to warm winds, and in a warm country subject to cold winds; so that our question might meet with different solutions even on the east and west coasts of Great Britain.

The consideration of such a complexity points more and more to the plantation of Malta as an occasion of special importance; its insular position and the unity of its geological structure both tend to simplify the question. There are certain points about the existing climate, moreover, which seem specially calculated to throw the influence of woods into a strong relief. Thus, during four summer months, there is practically no rainfall. Thus, again, the northerly winds when stormy, and especially in winter, tend to depress the temperature very suddenly; and thus, too, the southerly and south-westerly winds, which raise the temperature during their prevalence to from eighty-eight to ninety-eight degrees, seldom last longer than a few hours; insomuch that "their disagreeable heat and dryness may be escaped by carefully closing the windows and doors of apartments at their onset."[1] Such sudden and short variations seem just what is wanted to accentuate the differences in question. Accordingly, the opportunity seems one not lightly to be lost, and the British Association or this

[1] Scoresby-Jackson's *Medical Climatology*.

Society itself might take the matter up and establish a series of observations, to be continued during the next few years. Such a combination of favourable circumstances may not occur again for years; and when the whole subject is at a standstill for want of facts, the present occasion ought not to go past unimproved.

Such observations might include the following:

The observation of maximum and minimum thermometers in three different classes of situation—*videlicet*, in the areas selected for plantation themselves, at places in the immediate neighbourhood of those areas where the external influence might be expected to reach its maximum, and at places distant from those areas where the influence might be expected to be least.

The operation of rain-gauges and hygrometers at the same three descriptions of locality.

In addition to the ordinary hours of observation, special readings of the thermometers should be made as often as possible at a change of wind and throughout the course of the short hot breezes alluded to already, in order to admit of the recognition and extension of Herr Rivoli's comparison.

Observation of the periods and forces of the land and sea breezes.

Gauging of the principal springs, both in the neighbourhood of the areas of plantation and at places far removed from those areas.

1873.

AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

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AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

WITH A NOTE FOR THE LAITY

"Had I a strong voice, as it is the weakest alive, yea, could I lift it up as a trumpet, I would sound a retreat from our unnatural contentions, and irreligious strivings for religion."—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON, 1669.

GENTLEMEN,—The position of the Church of Scotland is now one of considerable difficulty; not only the credit of the Church, not only the credit of Christianity, but to some extent also that of the national character, is at stake. You have just gained a great victory, in spite of an opposition neither very logical nor very generous; you have succeeded in effecting, by quiet constitutional processes, a great reform, which brings your Church somewhat nearer in character to what is required by your Dissenting brethren. It remains to be seen whether you can prove yourselves as generous as you have been wise and patient. And the position, as I say, is one of difficulty. Many, doubtless, left the Church for a reason which is now removed; many have joined other sects who would rather have

joined themselves with you, had you been then as you now are; and for these you are bound to render as easy as may be the way of reconciliation, and show, by some notable action, the reality of your own desire for Peace. But I am not unaware that there are others, and those possibly a majority, who hold very different opinions—who regard the old quarrel as still competent, or have found some new reason for dissent; and from these the Church, if she makes such an advance as she ought to make, in all loyalty and charity, may chance to meet that most sensible of insults—ridicule, in return for an honest offer of reconciliation. I am not unaware, also, that there is yet another ground of difficulty; and that those even who would be most ready to hold the cause of offence as now removed will find it hard to forget the past—will continue to think themselves unjustly used—will not be willing to come back, as though they were repentant offenders, among those who delayed the reform and quietly enjoyed their benefices, while they bore the heat and burthen of the day in a voluntary exile for the Truth's sake.

In view of so many elements of difficulty, no intelligent person can be free from apprehension for the result; and you, gentlemen, may be perhaps more ready now to receive advice, to hear and weigh the opinion of one who is free, because he writes without name, than you would be at any juncture less critical. There is now a hope,

at least, that some term may be put to our more clamorous dissensions. Those who are at all open to a feeling of national disgrace look eagerly forward to such a possibility; they have been witnesses already too long to the strife that has divided this small corner of Christendom; and they cannot remember without shame that there has been as much noise, as much recrimination, as much severance of friends, about mere logical abstractions in our remote island, as would have sufficed for the great dogmatic battles of the Continent. It would be difficult to exaggerate the pity that fills the heart at such a reflection; at the thought of how this neck of barren hills between two inclement seaways has echoed for three centuries with the uproar of sectarian battle; of how the east wind has carried out the sound of our shrill disputations into the desolate Atlantic, and the west wind has borne it over the German Ocean, as though it would make all Europe privy to how well we Scottish brethren abide together in unity. It is not a bright page in the annals of a small country: it is not a pleasant commentary on the Christianity that we profess; there is something in it pitiful, as I have said, for the pitiful man, but bitterly humorous for others. How much time we have lost, how much of the precious energy and patience of good men we have exhausted, on these trivial quarrels, it would be nauseous to consider; we know too much already when we know the facts in block;

we know enough to make us hide our heads for shame, and grasp gladly at any present humiliation, if it would ensure a little more quiet, a little more charity, a little more brotherly love in the distant future.

And it is with this before your eyes that, as I feel certain, you are now addressing yourselves to the consideration of this important crisis. It is with a sense of the blackness of this discredit upon the national character and national Christianity that not you alone but many of other Churches are now setting themselves to square their future course with the exigencies of the new position of sects; and it is with you that the responsibility remains. The obligation lies ever on the victor; and just so surely as you have succeeded in the face of captious opposition in carrying forth the substance of a reform of which others had despaired, just as surely does it lie upon you as a duty to take such steps as shall make that reform available, not to you only, but to all your brethren who will consent to profit by it; not only to all the clergy, but to the cause of decency and peace, throughout your native land. It is earnestly hoped that you may show yourselves worthy of a great opportunity, and do more for the public minds by the example of one act of generosity and humility than you could do by an infinite series of sermons.

Without doubt, it is your intention, on the earliest public opportunity, to make some ad-

vance. Without doubt, it is your purpose to improve the advantage you have gained, and to press upon those who quitted your communion some thirty years ago your great desire to be once more united to them. This, at least, will find a place in the most unfriendly programme you can entertain; and if there are any in the Free Church (as I doubt not there are some) who seceded, not so much from any dislike to the just supremacy of the law, as from a belief that the law in these ecclesiastical matters was applied unjustly, I know well that you will be most eager to receive them back again; I know well that you will not let any petty vanity, any scruple of worldly dignity, stand between them and their honourable return. If, therefore, there were no more to be done than to display to these voluntary exiles the deep sense of your respect for their position, this appeal would be unnecessary, and you might be left to the guidance of your own good feeling.

But it seems to me that there is need of something more; it seems to me, and I think that it will seem so to you also, that you must go even further if you would be equal to the importance of the situation. If there are any among the Dissenters whose consciences are so far satisfied with the provisions of the recent Act that they could now return to your communion, to such, it must not be forgotten, you stand in a position of great delicacy. The conduct of these men you

have so far justified; you have tacitly admitted that there was some ground for dissatisfaction with the former condition of the Church; and though you may still judge those to have been over-scrupulous who were moved by this imperfection to secede instead of waiting patiently with you until it could be remedied by peaceful means, you must not forget that it is the strong stomach, according to Saint Paul, that is to consider the weak, and should come forward to meet these brethren with something better than compliments upon your lips. Observe, I speak only of those who would now see their way back to your communion with a clear conscience; it is their conduct, and their conduct alone, that you have justified, and therefore it is only for them that your special generosity is here solicited. But towards them, if there are any such, your countrymen would desire to see you behave with all consideration. I do not pretend to lay before you any definite scheme of action; I wish only to let you understand what thoughts are busy in the heads of some outside your councils, so that you may take this also into consideration when you come to decide. And this, roughly, is how it appears to these: These good men have exposed themselves to the chance of hardship for the sake of their scruples, whilst you, being of a stronger stomach, continued to enjoy the security of national endowments. Some of you occupy the very livings which they resigned for con-

science' sake. To others preferment has fallen which would have fallen to them had they been still eligible. If, then, any of them are now content to return, you are bound, if not in justice, then in honour, to do all that you can to testify your respect for brave conviction, and to repair to them such losses as they may have suffered whether for their first secession or their second. You owe a special duty, not only to the courage that left the Church, but to the wisdom and moderation that now returns to it. And your sense of this duty will find a vent not only in word but in action. You will facilitate their return not only by considerate and brotherly language, but by pecuniary aid; you will seek, by some new endowment scheme, to preserve for them their ecclesiastical status. That they have no claim will be their strongest claim on your consideration. Many of you, if not all, will set apart some share out of your slender livings for their assistance and support; you will give them what you can afford; and you will say to them, as you do so, what I dare say to you, that what you give is theirs—not only in honour but in justice.

For you know that the justice which should rule the dealings of Christians, how much more of Christian ministers, is not as the justice of courts of law or equity; and those who profess the morality of Jesus Christ have abjured, in that profession, all that can be urged by policy or worldly prudence. From them we can accept no

half-hearted and calculating generosity; they must make haste to be liberal; they must catch with eagerness at all opportunities of service, and the mere whisper of an obligation should be to them more potent than the decree of a court to others who make profession of a less stringent code. And remember that it lies with you to show to the world that Christianity is something more than a verbal system. In the lapse of generations men grow weary of unsupported precept. They may wait long, and keep long in memory the bright doings of former days, but they will weary at the last; they will begin to trouble you for your credentials; if you cannot give them miracles, they will demand virtue; if you cannot heal the sick, they will call upon you for some practice of the Christian ethics. Thus people will knock often at a door if only it be opened to them now and again; but if the door remains closed too long, they will judge the house uninhabited and go elsewhere. And thus it is that a season of persecution, constantly endured, revives the fainting confidence of the people, and some centuries of prosperity may prepare a Church for ruin. You have here at your hand an opportunity to do more for the credit of your Christianity than ever you could do by visions, miracles, or prophecies. A sacrifice such as this would be better worth, as I said before, than many sermons; and there is a disposition in mankind that would ennoble it beyond much that is

more ostentatious; for men, whether lay or clerical, suffer better the flame of the stake than a daily inconvenience or a pointed sneer, and will not readily be martyred without some external circumstance and a concourse looking on. And you need not fear that your virtue will be thrown away; the people of Scotland will be quick to understand, in default of visible fire and halter, that you have done a brave action for Christianity and the national weal; and if they are spared in the future any of the present ignoble jealousy of sect against sect, they will not forget that to that end you gave of your household comfort and stinted your children. Even if you fail—ay, and even if there were not found one to profit by your invitation—your virtue would still have its own reward. Your predecessors gave their lives for ends not always the most Christian; they were tempted, and slain with the sword; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, in caves and in dens of the earth. But your action will not be less illustrious; what you may have to suffer may be a small thing if the world will, but it will have been suffered for the cause of peace and brotherly love.

I have said that the people of Scotland will be quick to appreciate what you do. You know well that they will be quick also to follow your example. But the sign should come from you. It is more seemly that you should lead than follow in this matter. Your predecessors gave the

word from their free pulpits which was to brace men for sectarian strife: it would be a pleasant sequel if the word came from you that was to bid them bury all jealousy, and forget the ugly and contentious past in a good hope of peace to come.

What is said in these few pages may be objected to as vague; it is no more vague than the position seemed to me to demand. Each man must judge for himself what it behoves him to do at this juncture, and the whole Church for herself. All that is intended in this appeal is to begin, in a tone of dignity and disinterestedness the consideration of the question; for when such matters are much pulled about in public prints, and have been often discussed from many different, and not always from very high, points of view, there is ever a tendency that the decision of the parties may contract some taint of meanness from the spirit of their critics. All that is desired is to press upon you, as ministers of the Church of Scotland, some sense of the high expectation with which your country looks to you at this time; and how many reasons there are that you should show an example of signal disinterestedness and zeal in the encouragement that you give to returning brethren. For, first, it lies with you to clear the Church from the discredit of our miserable contentions; and surely you can never have a fairer opportunity to improve her claim to the style of a peacemaker. Again, it

lies with you, as I have said, to take the first step, and prove your own true ardour for an honourable union; and how else are you to prove it? It lies with you, moreover, to justify in the eyes of the world the time you have been enjoying your benefices, while these others have voluntarily shut themselves out from all participation in their convenience; and how else are you to convince the world that there was not something of selfishness in your motives? It lies with you, lastly, to keep your example unspotted before your congregations; and I do not know how better you are to do that.

It is never a thankful office to offer advice; and advice is the more unpalatable, not only from the difficulty of the service recommended, but often from its very obviousness. We are fired with anger against those who make themselves the spokesmen of plain obligations; for they seem to insult us as they advise. In the present case I should have feared to waken some such feeling, had it not been that I was addressing myself to a body of special men on a very special occasion. I know too much of the history of ideas to imagine that the sentiments advocated in this appeal are peculiar to me and a few others. I am confident that your own minds are already busy with similar reflections. But I know at the same time how difficult it is for one man to speak to another in such a matter; how he is withheld by all manner of personal considerations, and dare

not propose what he has nearest his heart, because the other has a larger family or a smaller stipend, or is older, more venerable, and more conscientious than himself; and it is in view of this that I have determined to profit by the freedom of an anonymous writer, and give utterance to what many of you would have uttered already, had they been (as I am) apart from the battle. It is easy to be virtuous when one's own convenience is not affected; and it is no shame to any man to follow the advice of an outsider who owns that, while he sees which is the better part, he might not have the courage to profit himself by his opinion.

[NOTE FOR THE LAITY]

The foregoing pages have been in type since the beginning of last September. I have been advised to give them to the public; and it is only necessary to add that nothing of all that has taken place since they were written has made me modify an opinion or so much as change a word. The question is not one that can be altered by circumstances.

I need not tell the laity that with them this matter ultimately rests. Whether we regard it as a question of mere expense or as a question of good feeling against ill feeling, the solution must come from the Church members. The lay purse is the long one; and if the lay opinion does not speak from so high a place, it speaks all the week

through and with innumerable voices. Trumpets and captains are all very well in their way; but if the trumpets were ever so clear, and the captains as bold as lions, it is still the army that must take the fort.

The laymen of the Church have here a question before them, on the answering of which, as I still think, many others attend. If the Established Church could throw off its lethargy, and give the Dissenters some speaking token of its zeal for union, I still think that union, to some extent, would be the result. There is a motion tabled (as I suppose all know) for the next meeting of the General Assembly; but something more than motions must be tabled, and something more must be given than votes. It lies practically with the laymen, by a new endowment scheme, to put the Church right with the world in two ways so that those who left it more than thirty years ago and who may now be willing to return, shall lose neither in money nor in ecclesiastical status. At the outside, what will they have to do? They will have to do for (say) ten years what the laymen of the Free Church have done cheerfully ever since 1843.

February 12, 1875.

REFLECTIONS AND REMARKS ON HUMAN LIFE

Printed first in the Edinburgh Edition from the notebook of the author.

In *Reflections and Remarks on Human Life* we have, to quote from Sidney Colvin, "the draft of some chapters of an unfinished treatise on morals and conduct, subjects on which he always wrote in the spirit of a keen and thoughtful soldier in the battle of life: in one of these chapters it will be noticed that he deals with the problems of free-will and rewards and punishments on the same lines as in the brilliant little apologue already published as No. 1 of his *Fables*, but at greater length."

REFLECTIONS AND REMARKS ON HUMAN LIFE

I. *Justice and Justification.*—(1) It is the business of this life to make excuses for others, but none for ourselves. We should be clearly persuaded of our own misconduct, for that is the part of knowledge in which we are most apt to be defective. (2) Even justice is no right of a man's own, but a thing, like the king's tribute, which shall never be his, but which he should strive to see rendered to another. None was ever just to me; none ever will be. You may reasonably aspire to be chief minister or sovereign pontiff; but not to be justly regarded in your own character and acts. You know too much to be satisfied. For justice is but an earthly currency, paid to appearances; you may see another superficially righted; but be sure he has got too little or too much; and in your own case rest content with what is paid you. It is more just than you suppose; that your virtues are misunderstood is a price you pay to keep your meannesses concealed. (3) When you seek to justify yourself to others, you may be sure you will plead falsely.

If you fail, you have the shame of the failure; if you succeed, you will have made too much of it, and be unjustly esteemed upon the other side. (4) You have perhaps only one friend in the world, in whose esteem it is worth while for you to right yourself. Justification to indifferent persons is, at best, an impertinent intrusion. Let them think what they please; they will be the more likely to forgive you in the end. (5) It is a question hard to be resolved, whether you should at any time criminate another to defend yourself. I have done it many times, and always had a troubled conscience for my pains.

II. *Parent and Child.*—(1) The love of parents for their children is, of all natural affections, the most ill-starred. It is not a love for the person, since it begins before the person has come into the world, and founds on an imaginary character and looks. Thus it is foredoomed to disappointment; and because the parent either looks for too much, or at least for something inappropriate, at his offspring's hands, it is too often insufficiently repaid. The natural bond, besides, is stronger from parent to child than from child to parent; and it is the side which confers benefits, not which receives them, that thinks most of a relation. (2) What do we owe our parents? No man can *owe* love; none can *owe* obedience. We owe, I think, chiefly pity; for we are the pledge of their dear and joyful union, we have been the solicitude of their days and the anxiety of their

nights; we have made them, though by no will of ours, to carry the burthen of our sins, sorrows, and physical infirmities; and too many of us grow up at length to disappoint the purpose of their lives and requite their care and piety with cruel pangs. (3) *Mater Dolorosa.* It is the particular cross of parents that when the child grows up and becomes himself instead of that pale ideal they had preconceived, they must accuse their own harshness or indulgence for this natural result. They have all been like the duck and hatched swan's eggs, or the other way about; yet they tell themselves with miserable penitence that the blame lies with them; and had they sat more closely, the swan would have been a duck, and home-keeping, in spite of all. (4) A good son, who can fulfil what is expected of him, has done his work in life. He has to redeem the sins of many, and restore the world's confidence in children.

III. *Dialogue on Character and Destiny between Two Puppets.*—At the end of Chapter xxxiii Count Spada and the General of the Jesuits were left alone in the pavillion, while the course of the story was turned upon the doings of the virtuous hero. Profiting by this moment of privacy, the Jesuit turned with a very warning countenance upon the peer.

"Have a care, my lord," said he, raising a finger. "You are already no favourite with the author; and for my part, I begin to perceive from

a thousand evidences that the narrative is drawing near a close. Yet a chapter or two at most, and you will be overtaken by some sudden and appalling judgment."

"I despise your womanish presentiments," replied Spada, "and count firmly upon another volume; I see a variety of reasons why my life should be prolonged to within a few pages of the end; indeed, I permit myself to expect resurrection in a sequel, or second part. You will scarce suggest that there can be any end to the newspaper; and you will certainly never convince me that the author, who cannot be entirely without sense, would have been at so great pains with my intelligence, gallant exterior, and happy and natural speech, merely to kick me hither and thither for two or three paltry chapters and then drop me at the end like a dumb personage. I know you priests are often infidels in secret. Pray, do you believe in an author at all?"

"Many do not, I am aware," replied the General, softly; "even in the last chapter we encountered one, the self-righteous David Hume, who goes so far as to doubt the existence of the newspaper in which our adventures are now appearing; but it would neither become my cloth, nor do credit to my great experience, were I to meddle with these dangerous opinions. My alarm for you is not metaphysical, it is moral in its origin: You must be aware, my poor friend, that you are a very bad character—the worst, indeed, that

I have met with in these pages. The author hates you, Count; and difficult as it may be to connect the idea of immortality—or, in plain terms, of a sequel—with the paper and printer's ink of which your humanity is made, it is yet more difficult to foresee anything but punishment and pain for one who is justly hateful in the eyes of his creator."

"You take for granted many things that I shall not be easily persuaded to allow," replied the villain. "Do you really so far deceive yourself in your imagination as to fancy that the author is a friend to good? Read; read the book in which you figure; and you will soon disown such crude vulgarities. Lelio is a good character; yet only two chapters ago we left him in a fine predicament. His old servant was a model of the virtues, yet did he not miserably perish in that ambuscade upon the road to Poitiers? And as for the family of the bankrupt merchant, how is it possible for greater moral qualities to be alive with more irremediable misfortunes? And yet you continue to misrepresent an author to yourself, as a deity devoted to virtue and inimical to vice? Pray, if you have no pride in your intellectual credit for yourself, spare at least the sensibilities of your associates."

"The purposes of the serial story," answered the priest, "are, doubtless for some wise reason, hidden from those who act in it. To this limitation we must bow. But I ask every character

to observe narrowly his own personal relations to the author. There, if nowhere else, we may glean some hint of his superior designs. Now, I am myself a mingled personage, liable to doubts, to scruples, and to sudden revulsions of feeling; I reason continually about life, and frequently the result of my reasoning is to condemn or even to change my action. I am now convinced, for example, that I did wrong in joining your plot against the innocent and most unfortunate Lelio. I told you so, you will remember, in the chapter which has just been concluded; and though I do not know whether you perceived the ardour and fluency with which I expressed myself, I am still confident in my own heart that I spoke at that moment not only with the warm approval, but under the direct inspiration, of the author of the tale. I know, Spada, I tell you I *know* that he loved me as I uttered these words; and yet at other periods of my career I have been conscious of his indifference and dislike. You must not seek to reason me from this conviction; for it is supplied me from higher authority than that of reason, and is, indeed, a part of my experience. It may be an illusion that I drove last night from Saumur; it may be an illusion that we are now in the garden chamber of the château; it may be an illusion that I am conversing with Count Spada; you may be an illusion, Count, yourself; but of three things I will remain eternally persuaded, that the author exists not only in the

newspaper but in my own heart, that he loves me when I do well, and that he hates and despises me when I do otherwise."

"I too believe in the author," returned the count. "I believe likewise in a sequel, written in finer style and probably cast in a still higher rank of society than the present story; although I am not convinced that we shall then be conscious of our pre-existence here. So much of your argument is, therefore, beside the mark; for to a certain point I am as orthodox as yourself. But where you begin to draw general conclusions from your own private experience, I must beg pointedly and finally to differ. You will not have forgotten, I believe, my daring and single-handed butchery of the five secret witnesses? Nor the sleight of mind and dexterity of language with which I separated Lelio from the merchant's family? These were not virtuous actions; and yet, how am I to tell you? I was conscious of a troubled joy, a glee, a hellish gusto in my author's bosom, which seemed to renew my vigour with every sentence, and which has indeed made the first of these passages accepted for a model of spirited narrative description, and the second for a masterpiece of wickedness and wit. What result, then, can be drawn from two experiences so contrary as yours and mine? For my part, I lay it down as a principle, no author can be moral in a merely human sense. And, to pursue the argument higher, how can you, for one instant,

suppose the existence of free-will in puppets situated as we are in the thick of a novel which we do not even understand? And how, without free-will upon our parts, can you justify blame or approval on that of the author? We are in his hands; by a stroke of the pen, to speak reverently, he made us what we are; by a stroke of the pen he can utterly undo and transmute what he has made. In the very next chapter, my dear general, you may be shown up for an impostor, or I be stricken down in the tears of penitence and hurried into the retirement of a monastery!"

"You use an argument old as mankind, and difficult of answer," said the priest. "I cannot justify the free-will of which I am usually conscious; nor will I ever seek to deny that this consciousness is interrupted. Sometimes events mount upon me with such swiftness and pressure that my choice is overwhelmed, and even to myself I seem to obey a will external to my own; and again I am sometimes so paralysed and impotent between alternatives that I am tempted to imagine a hesitation on the part of my author. But I contend, upon the other hand, for a limited free-will in the sphere of consciousness; and as it is in and by my consciousness that I exist to myself, I will not go on to inquire whether that free-will is valid as against the author, the newspaper, or even the readers of the story. And I contend, further, for a sort of empire or inde-

pendence of our own characters when once created, which the author cannot or at least does not choose to violate. Hence Lelio was conceived upright, honest, courageous, and headlong; to that first idea all his acts and speeches must of necessity continue to answer; and the same, though with such different defects and qualities, applies to you, Count Spada, and to myself. We must act up to our characters; it is these characters that the author loves or despises; it is on account of them that we must suffer or triumph, whether in this work or in a sequel. Such is my belief."

"It is pure Calvinistic election, my dear sir, and, by your leave, a very heretical position for a churchman to support," replied the count. "Nor can I see how it removes the difficulty. I was not consulted as to my character; I might have chosen to be Lelio; I might have chosen to be yourself; I might even have preferred to figure in a different romance, or not to enter into the world of literature at all. And am I to be blamed or hated, because some one else wilfully and inhumanely made me what I am, and has continued ever since to encourage me in what are called my vices? You may say what you please, my dear sir, but if that is the case, I had rather be a telegram from the seat of war than a reasonable and conscious character in a romance; nay, and I have a perfect right to repudiate, loathe, curse, and utterly condemn the ruffian who calls himself the author."

"You have, as you say, a perfect right," replied the Jesuit; "and I am convinced that it will not affect him in the least."

"He shall have one slave the fewer for me," added the count. "I discard my allegiance once for all."

"As you please," concluded the other; "but at least be ready, for I perceive we are about to enter on the scene."

And indeed, just at that moment, Chapter xxxiv. being completed, Chapter xxxv., "The Count's Chastisement," began to appear in the columns of the newspaper.

IV. *Solitude and Society.*—(1) A little society is needful to show a man his failings; for if he lives entirely by himself, he has no occasion to fall, and, like a soldier in time of peace, becomes both weak and vain. But a little solitude must be used, or we grow content with current virtues and forget the ideal. In society we lose scrupulous brightness of honour; in solitude we lose the courage necessary to face our own imperfections. (2) As a question of pleasure, after a man has reached a certain age, I can hardly perceive much room to choose between them: each is in a way delightful, and each will please best after an experience of the other. (3) But solitude for its own sake should surely never be preferred. We are bound by the strongest obligations to busy ourselves amid the world of men, if it be only to crack jokes. The finest trait in

the character of St. Paul was his readiness to be damned for the salvation of anybody else. And surely we should all endure a little weariness to make one face look bright or one hour go more pleasantly in this mixed world. (4) It is our business here to speak, for it is by the tongue that we multiply ourselves most influentially. To speak kindly, wisely, and pleasantly is the first of duties, the easiest of duties, and the duty that is most blessed in its performance. For it is natural, it whiles away life, it spreads intelligence; and it increases the acquaintance of man with man. (5) It is, besides, a good investment, for while all other pleasures decay, and even the delight in nature, Grandfather William is still bent to gossip. (6) Solitude is the climax of the negative virtues. When we go to bed after a solitary day we can tell ourselves that we have not been unkind nor dishonest nor untruthful; and the negative virtues are agreeable to that dangerous faculty we call the conscience. That they should ever be admitted for a part of virtue is what I cannot explain. I do not care two straws for all the *nots*. (7) The positive virtues are imperfect; they are even ugly in their imperfection: for man's acts, by the necessity of his being, are coarse and mingled. The kindest, in the course of a day of active kindnesses, will say some things rudely and do some things cruelly; the most honourable, perhaps, trembles at his nearness to a doubtful act. (8) Hence the soli-

tary recoils from the practice of life, shocked by its unsightliness. But if I could only retain that superfine and guiding delicacy of the sense that grows in solitude, and still combine with it that courage of performance which is never abashed by any failure, but steadily pursues its right and human design in a scene of imperfection, I might hope to strike in the long run a conduct more tender to others and less humiliating to myself.

V. *Selfishness and Egoism.*—An unconscious, easy, selfish person shocks less, and is more easily loved, than one who is laboriously and egoistically unselfish. There is at least no fuss about the first; but the other parades his sacrifices, and so sells his favours too dear. Selfishness is calm, a force of nature: you might say the trees were selfish. But egoism is a piece of vanity; it must always take you into its confidence; it is uneasy, troublesome, seeking; it can do good, but not handsomely; it is uglier, because less dignified, than selfishness itself. But here I perhaps exaggerate to myself, because I am the one more than the other, and feel it like a hook in my mouth, at every step I take. Do what I will, this seems to spoil all.

VI. *Right and Wrong.*—It is the mark of a good action that it appears inevitable in the retrospect. We should have been cut-throats to do otherwise. And there's an end. We ought to know distinctly that we are damned for what we do wrong; but when we have done right, we

have only been gentlemen, after all. There is nothing to make a work about.

VII. *Discipline of Conscience.*—(1) Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct; that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities; it must be employed but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach. (2) Let each stab suffice for the occasion; to play with this spiritual pain turns to penance; and a person easily learns to feel good by dallying with the consciousness of having done wrong. (3) Shut your eyes hard against the recollection of your sins. Do not be afraid, you will not be able to forget them. (4) You will always do wrong: you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about, when all the world is in the same case. I meant when I was a young man to write a great poem; and now I am cobbling little prose articles and in excellent good spirits, I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail, in good spirits. (5) There is but one test of a good life: that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behaviour. That is to be good: there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy con-

stitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward, if you keep on growing better than you were—how do I say? if you do not keep on growing worse. (6) A man is one thing, and must be exercised in all his faculties. Whatever side of you is neglected, whether it is the muscles, or the taste for art, or the desire for virtue, that which is cultivated will suffer in proportion. X— was greatly tempted, I remember, to do a very dishonest act, in order that he might pursue his studies in art. When he consulted me, I advised him not (putting it that way for once), because his art would suffer. (7) It might be fancied that if we could only study all sides of our being in an exact proportion, we should attain wisdom. But in truth a chief part of education is to exercise one set of faculties *à outrance*—one, since we have not the time so to practise all; thus the dilettante misses the kernel of the matter; and the man who has wrung forth the secret of one part of life knows more about the others than he who has tepidly circumnavigated all. (8) Thus, one must be your profession, the rest can only be your delights; and virtue had better be kept for the latter, for it enters into all, but none enters by necessity into it. You will learn a great deal of virtue by studying any art; but nothing of any art in the study of virtue. (9) The study of conduct has to do with grave problems; not

every action should be higgled over; one of the leading virtues therein is to let oneself alone. But if you make it your chief employment, you are sure to meddle too much. This is the great error of those who are called pious. Although the war of virtue be unending except with life, hostilities are frequently suspended, and the troops go into winter quarters; but the pious will not profit by these times of truce; where their conscience can perceive no sin, they will find a sin in that very innocency; and so they pervert, to their annoyance, those seasons which God gives to us for repose and a reward. (10) The nearest approximation to sense in all this matter lies with the Quakers. There must be no *will*-worship; how much more, no *will*-repentance. The damnable consequences of set seasons, even for prayer, is to have a man continually posturing to himself, till his conscience is taught as many tricks as a pet monkey, and the gravest expressions are left with a perverted meaning. (11) For my part, I should try to secure some part of every day for meditation, above all in the early morning and the open air; but how that time was to be improved I should leave to circumstance and the inspiration of the hour. Nor if I spent it in whistling or numbering my footsteps, should I consider it misspent for that. I should have given my conscience a fair field; when it has anything to say, I know too well it can speak daggers; therefore, for this time, my

hard taskmaster has given me a holy day, and I may go in again rejoicing to my breakfast and the human business of the day.

VIII. *Gratitude to God.*—(1) To the gratitude that becomes us in this life, I can set no limit. Though we steer after a fashion, yet we must sail according to the winds and currents. After what I have done, what might I not have done? That I have still the courage to attempt my life, that I am not now overladen with dishonours, to whom do I owe it but to the gentle ordering of circumstances in the great design? More has not been done to me than I can bear; I have been marvellously restrained and helped: not unto us, O Lord! (2) I cannot forgive God for the suffering of others; when I look abroad upon His world and behold its cruel destinies, I turn from Him with disaffection; nor do I conceive that He will blame me for the impulse. But when I consider my own fates, I grow conscious of His gentle dealing: I see Him chastise with helpful blows, I feel His stripes to be caresses; and this knowledge is my comfort that reconciles me to the world. (3) All those whom I now pity with indignation are perhaps not less fatherly dealt with than myself. I do right to be angry: yet they, perhaps, if they lay aside heat and temper, and reflect with patience on their lot, may find everywhere, in their worst trials, the same proofs of a divine affection. (4) While we have little to try us, we are angry with little; small annoy-

ances do not bear their justification on their faces; but when we are overtaken by a great sorrow or perplexity, the greatness of our concern sobers us so that we see more clearly and think with more consideration. I speak for myself; nothing grave has yet befallen me but I have been able to reconcile my mind to its occurrence, and see in it, from my own little and partial point of view, an evidence of a tender and protecting God. Even the misconduct into which I have been led has been blessed to my improvement. If I did not sin, and that so glaringly that my conscience is convicted on the spot, I do not know what I should become, but I feel sure I should grow worse. The man of very regular conduct is too often a prig, if he be not worse—a rabbi. I, for my part, want to be startled out of my conceits; I want to be put to shame in my own eyes; I want to feel the bridle in my mouth, and be continually reminded of my own weakness and the omnipotence of circumstances. (5) If I from my spy-hole, looking with purblind eyes upon the least part of a fraction of the universe, yet perceive in my own destiny some broken evidences of a plan and some signals of an overruling goodness; shall I then be so mad as to complain that all cannot be deciphered? Shall I not rather wonder, with infinite and grateful surprise, that in so vast a scheme I seem to have been able to read, however little, and that that little was encouraging to faith?

IX. *Blame.*—What comes from without and what comes from within, how much of conduct proceeds from the spirit or how much from circumstances, what is the part of choice and what the part of the selection offered, where personal character begins or where, if anywhere, it escapes at all from the authority of nature, these are questions of curiosity and eternally indifferent to right and wrong. Our theory of blame is utterly sophisticated and untrue to man's experience. We are as much ashamed of a pimpled face that came to us by natural descent as of one that we have earned by our excesses, and rightly so; since the two cases, in so much as they unfit us for the easier sort of pleasing and put an obstacle in the path of love, are exactly equal in their consequences. We look aside from the true question. We cannot blame others at all; we can only punish them; and ourselves we blame indifferently for a deliberate crime, a thoughtless brusquerie, or an act done without volition in an ecstasy of madness. We blame ourselves from two considerations: first, because another has suffered; and second, because, in so far as we have again done wrong, we can look forward with the less confidence to what remains of our career. Shall we repent this failure? It is there that the consciousness of sin most cruelly affects us; it is in view of this that a man cries out, in exaggeration, that his heart is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things. We all tacitly

subscribe this judgment: Woe unto him by whom offences shall come! We accept palliations for our neighbours; we dare not, in the sight of our own soul, accept them for ourselves. We may not be to blame; we may be conscious of no free-will in the matter, of a possession, on the other hand, of an irresistible tyranny of circumstances, —yet we know, in another sense, we are to blame for all. Our right to live, to eat, to share in mankind's pleasures, lies precisely in this: that we must be persuaded we can on the whole live rather beneficially than hurtfully to others. Remove this persuasion, and the man has lost his right. That persuasion is our dearest jewel, to which we must sacrifice the life itself to which it entitles us. For it is better to be dead than degraded.

X. *Marriage.*—(1) No considerate man can approach marriage without deep concern. I, he will think, who have made hitherto so poor a business of my own life, am now about to embrace the responsibility of another's. Henceforth, there shall be two to suffer from my faults; and that other is the one whom I most desire to shield from suffering. In view of our impotence and folly, it seems an act of presumption to involve another's destiny with ours. We should hesitate to assume command of an army or a trading-smack; shall we not hesitate to become surety for the life and happiness, now and henceforward, of our dearest friend? To be nobody's

enemy but one's own, although it is never possible to any, can least of all be possible to one who is married. (2) I would not so much fear to give hostages to fortune, if fortune ruled only in material things; but fortune, as we call those minor and more inscrutable workings of providence, rules also in the sphere of conduct. I am not so blind but that I know I might be a murderer or even a traitor to-morrow; and now, as if I were not already too feelingly alive to my misdeeds, I must choose out the one person whom I most desire to please, and make her the daily witness of my failures. I must give a part in all my dishonours to the one person who can feel them more keenly than myself. (3) In all our daring, magnanimous human way of life, I find nothing more bold than this. To go into battle is but a small thing by comparison. It is the last act of committal. After that, there is no way left, not even suicide, but to be a good man. (4) She will help you, let us pray. And yet she is in the same case; she, too, has daily made shipwreck of her own happiness and worth; it is with a courage no less irrational than yours, that she also ventures on this new experiment of life. Two who have failed severally now join their fortunes with a wavering hope. (5) But it is from the boldness of the enterprise that help springs. To take home to your hearth that living witness whose blame will most affect you, to eat, to sleep, to live with your most admiring and thence most

exacting judge, is not this to domesticate the living God? Each becomes a conscience to the other, legible like a clock upon the chimney-piece. Each offers to his mate a figure of the consequence of human acts. And while I may still continue by my inconsiderate or violent life to spread far-reaching havoc throughout man's confederacy, I can do so no more, at least, in ignorance and levity; one face shall wince before me in the flesh; I have taken home the sorrows I create to my own hearth and bed; and though I continue to sin, it must be now with open eyes.

XI. *Idleness and Industry.*—I remember a time when I was very idle; and lived and profited by that humour. I have no idea why I ceased to be so, yet I scarce believe I have the power to return to it; it is a change of age. I made consciously a thousand little efforts, but the determination from which these arose came to me while I slept and in the way of growth. I have had a thousand skirmishes to keep myself at work upon particular mornings, and sometimes the affair was hot; but of that great change of campaign, which decided all this part of my life, and turned me from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere,—it seems as though all that had been done by some one else. The life of Goethe affected me; so did that of Balzac; and some very noble remarks by the latter in a pretty bad book, the *Cousine Bette.* I dare say I could trace some

other influences in the change. All I mean is, I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.

XII. *Courage.*—Courage is the principal virtue, for all the others presuppose it. If you are afraid, you may do anything. Courage is to be cultivated, and some of the negative virtues may be sacrificed in the cultivation.

XIII. *Results of Action.*—The result is the reward of actions, not the test. The result is a child born; if it be beautiful and healthy, well: if club-footed or crook-back, perhaps well also. We cannot direct. . . .

PRAYERS
WRITTEN AT VAILIMA

These *Prayers*, written for family use at Vailima, were originally published in the Edinburgh Edition. The prayer, *Sunday*, was written in December, 1894, only a few days before Stevenson's death. It was read at his burial on the mountain top.

For Continued Favours, *For Mind and Body*, *For Fellowship*, *For Home*, *For Renewed Power*, *For Strength* are here first printed from unpublished manuscripts.

PREFATORY NOTE

IN every Samoan household the day is closed with prayer and the singing of hymns. The omission of this sacred duty would indicate not only a lack of religious training in the house chief, but a shameless disregard of all that is reputable in Samoan social life. No doubt, to many, the evening service is no more than a duty fulfilled. The child who says his prayer at his mother's knee can have no real conception of the meaning of the words he lisps so readily, yet he goes to his little bed with a sense of heavenly protection that he would miss were the prayer forgotten. The average Samoan is but a larger child in most things, and would lay an uneasy head on his wooden pillow if he had not joined, even perfunctorily, in the evening service. With my husband, prayer, the direct appeal, was a necessity. When he was happy he felt impelled to offer thanks for that undeserved joy; when in sorrow, or pain, to call for strength to bear what must be borne.

Vailima lay up some three miles of continual rise from Apia, and more than half that distance from the nearest village. It was a long way for a tired

man to walk down every evening with the sole purpose of joining in family worship; and the road through the bush was dark, and, to the Samoan imagination, beset with supernatural terrors. Wherefore, as soon as our household had fallen into a regular routine, and the bonds of Samoan family life began to draw us more closely together, Tusitala felt the necessity of including our retainers in our evening devotions. I suppose ours was the only white man's family in all Samoa, except those of the missionaries, where the day naturally ended with this homely, patriarchal custom. Not only were the religious scruples of the natives satisfied, but what we did not foresee, our own respectability—and incidentally that of our retainers—became assured, and the influence of Tusitala increased tenfold.

After all work and meals were finished, the "pu," or war conch, was sounded from the back veranda and the front, so that it might be heard by all. I don't think it ever occurred to us that there was any incongruity in the use of the war conch for the peaceful invitation to prayers. In response to its summons the white members of the family took their usual places, in one end of the large hall, while the Samoans —men, women, and children—trooped in through all the open doors, some carrying lanterns if the evening were dark, all moving quietly and dropping with Samoan decorum in a wide semicircle on the floor beneath a great lamp that hung from the ceiling.

The service began by my son reading a chapter from the Samoan Bible, Tusitala following with a prayer in English, sometimes impromptu, but more often from the notes in this little book, interpolating, or changing with the circumstances of the day. Then came the singing of one or more hymns in the native tongue, and the recitation in concert of the Lord's Prayer, also in Samoan. Many of these hymns were set to ancient tunes very wild and warlike and strangely at variance with the missionary words.

Sometimes a passing band of hostile warriors, with blackened faces, would peer in at us through the open windows, and often we were forced to pause until the strangely savage, monotonous noise of the native drums had ceased; but no Samoan, nor, I trust, white person, changed his reverent attitude. Once, I remember a look of surprised dismay crossing the countenance of Tusitala when my son, contrary to his usual custom of reading the next chapter following that of yesterday, turned back the leaves of his Bible to find a chapter fiercely denunciatory, and only too applicable to the foreign dictators of distracted Samoa. On another occasion the chief, himself, brought the service to a sudden check. He had just learned of the treacherous conduct of one in whom he had every reason to trust. That evening the prayer seemed unusually short and formal. As the singing stopped he arose abruptly and left the room. I hastened after him, fearing some sudden

illness. "What is it?" I asked. "It is this," was the reply; "I am not yet fit to say 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

It is with natural reluctance that I touch upon the last prayer of my husband's life. Many have supposed that he showed, in the wording of his prayer, that he had some premonition of his approaching death. I am sure he had no such premonition. It was I who told the assembled family that I felt an impending disaster approaching nearer and nearer. Any Scot will understand that my statement was received seriously. It could not be, we thought, that danger threatened any one within the house; but Mr. Graham Balfour, my husband's cousin, very near and dear to us, was away on a perilous cruise. Our fears followed the various vessels, more or less unseaworthy, in which he was making his way from island to island to the atoll where the exiled king, Mataafa, was at that time imprisoned. In my husband's last prayer, the night before his death, he asked that we should be given strength to bear the loss of this dear friend, should such a sorrow befall us.

F. V. de G. S.

PRAYERS

FOR SUCCESS

LORD, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies, that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and

in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another. As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children of their sire, we beseech of Thee this help and mercy, for Christ's sake.

FOR GRACE

GRANT that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonour to ourselves or hurt to others, and, when the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favour: from mean hopes and cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency; let him be not cast down; support the stumbling on the way, and give at last rest to the weary.

AT MORNING

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

EVENING

We come before Thee, O Lord, in the end of thy day with thanksgiving.

Our beloved in the far parts of the earth, those who are now beginning the labours of the day what time we end them, and those with whom the sun now stands at the point of noon, bless, help, console, and prosper them.

Our guard is relieved, the service of the day is over, and the hour come to rest. We resign into thy hands our sleeping bodies, our cold hearths and open doors. Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

ANOTHER FOR EVENING

LORD, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honour. Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavours. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered.

Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. For his sake, in whose words we now conclude.

IN TIME OF RAIN

We thank Thee, Lord, for the glory of the late days and the excellent face of thy sun. We thank Thee for good news received. We thank Thee for the pleasures we have enjoyed and for those we have been able to confer. And now, when the clouds gather and the rain impends over the forest and our house, permit us not to be cast down; let us not lose the savour of past mercies and past pleasures; but, like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness. If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage; if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience.

ANOTHER IN TIME OF RAIN

LORD, Thou sendest down rain upon the uncounted millions of the forest, and givest the trees to drink exceedingly. We are here upon this isle a few handfuls of men, and how many myriads upon myriads of stalwart trees! Teach us the lesson of the trees. The sea around us, which this rain recruits, teems with the race of fish; teach us, Lord, the meaning of the fishes. Let us see ourselves for what we are, one out of the countless number of the clans of thy handiwork. When we would despair, let us remember that these also please and serve Thee.

BEFORE A TEMPORARY SEPARATION

To-day we go forth separate, some of us to pleasure, some of us to worship, some upon duty. Go with us, our guide and angel; hold Thou before us in our divided paths the mark of our low calling, still to be true to what small best we can attain to. Help us in that, our maker, the dispenser of events—Thou, of the vast designs, in which we blindly labour, suffer us to be so far constant to ourselves and our beloved.

FOR FRIENDS

For our absent loved ones we implore thy loving-kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour; and for us, grant that we remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

PRAYERS

FOR THE FAMILY

Aid us, if it be thy will, in our concerns. Have mercy on this land and innocent people. Help them who this day contend in disappointment with their frailties. Bless our family, bless our forest house, bless our island helpers. Thou who hast made for us this place of ease and hope, accept and inflame our gratitude; help us to repay, in service one to another, the debt of thine unmerited benefits and mercies, so that when the period of our stewardship draws to a conclusion, when the windows begin to be darkened, when the bond of the family is to be loosed, there shall be no bitterness of remorse in our farewells.

Help us to look back on the long way that Thou hast brought us, on the long days in which we have been served not according to our deserts but our desires; on the pit and the miry clay, the blackness of despair, the horror of misconduct, from which our feet have been plucked out. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God. Help us yet again and ever. So order events, so strengthen our frailty, as that day by day we shall come before Thee with this song of gratitude, and in the end we be dismissed with honour. In their weakness and their fear, the vessels of thy handiwork so pray to Thee, so praise Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer;—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

FOR SELF-BLAME

LORD, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offences with our hands, make them great and bright before us like the sun, make us eat them and drink them for our diet. Blind us to the offences of our beloved, cleanse them from our memories, take them out of our mouths for ever. Let all here before Thee carry and measure with the false balances of love, and be in their own eyes and in all conjunctures the most guilty. Help us at the same time with the grace of courage, that we be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity: touch us with fire from the altar, that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city; in the name and by the method of him in whose words of prayer we now conclude.

FOR SELF-FORGETFULNESS

LORD, the creatures of thy hand, thy disinherited children, come before Thee with their incoherent wishes and regrets: Children we are, children we shall be, till our mother the earth hath fed upon our bones. Accept us, correct us, guide us, thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears, wipe out our vain resentments, help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here, sulking as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person, so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven, forgetfulness of self, and make it day about his neighbours, so that they shall help, not hinder him.

FOR RENEWAL OF JOY

We are evil, O God, and help us to see it and amend. We are good, and help us to be better. Look down upon thy servants with a patient eye, even as Thou sendest sun and rain; look down, call upon the dry bones, quicken, enliven; re-create in us the soul of service, the spirit of peace; renew in us the sense of joy.

FOR CONTINUED FAVOURS

O God who givest us day by day the support of thy kindly countenance and hopeful spirit among the manifold temptations and adventures of this life, having brought us thus far, do not, O God, desert us, but with thy continued favours follow us in our path. Keep us upright and humble, and O Thou who equally guidest all mankind through sun and rain, give us thy spirit of great mercy.

FOR MIND AND BODY

GIVE us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor crucified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy, and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please Thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into thy eternal rest.

FOR FELLOWSHIP

God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness; make offences to be forgotten and services remembered; protect those whom we love in all things and follow them with kindnesses, so that they may lead simple and unsuffering lives, and in the end die easily with quiet minds.

FOR HOME

LORD, behold us come before Thee this night, once more assembled. Help us in our troubles, correct us in our faults, give us to see so far as may be needful, help us to see as far as may be right, and yet not further, in all vicissitudes of our career. For them that are absent, we offer Thee our supplications. Be good to the green and to the ripe. Prepare the child for the arena. To our absent mother, give my armfuls, the last gleanings of the harvest of her life, so that she may go down there where she must go in the beauty of a serene evening, not without its songs. Help us one and all to bear, and to forbear, for thy name's sake, and let this home of ours endure all strokes of enemies from without and of enemies from within, until we shall be gathered, one by one, into thy garner of the dead and resting, nevertheless not as we will but as we shall serve in the unknown design.

FOR RENEWED POWER

O God, who throughout life hast pursued us with thy mercies and thy judgments, and in love and anger led us daily forward, as Thou hast not been weary in the past, be not weary yet a while. Pardon our dull spirits, and whether with mercy or with judgment, call us up from slumber.

For as we kneel together, in this cruel state, weak folk, with many weaker depending upon our help, sinful folk, with the whole earth ministering temptations, we would desire to remember equally our need and thy power. Save us, O Lord, from ourselves. The prayer that we lifelessly repeat, hear, Lord, and make it live, and answer it in mercy.

Let us not judge amiss, let us not speak with cruelty; our kindness to others, suffer it not to weary. May we grow merciful by tribulations, liberal by mercies. Thou who sendest thy rain upon the just and the unjust, help us to pardon, help us to love, our fellow-sinners.

PRAYERS

FOR STRENGTH

O God, who hast brought us to the end of another day, of use or of uselessness, pardon, as is thy wont, the manifold sins and shortcomings of our practice, the discontent and envy of our thoughts; enable us this night to enjoy the repose of slumber and waken us again to-morrow, with better thoughts and a greater courage, to resume the task of life. Bless to us the pleasures, bless to us the pains of our existence. Suffer us not to forget the bonds of our humanity; give us strength, give us the spirit of mercy, give us the power to endure. Leave us not indifferent, O God, but pierce our hearts to resolve and enable our hands to perform, as before thy face in the sight of the eternal. Watch upon our eyes, ears, thoughts, tongues, and hands, that we may neither think unkindly, speak unwisely, nor act unrighteously.

Guide us, Thou who didst guide our fathers; and upon this day more especially set apart for prayer, receive our penitent and grateful thought; and hear us, when we pray for others and ourselves; that they may be blessed and we be helped; and give us, beyond our deserts to receive, beyond our imaginations to expect, the grace to die daily to our evil, and to live ever the more and ever the more wholly to Thee and to our fellow-sufferers.

SONNETS AND THE LIGHT-KEEPER

The *Sonnets* are here printed from manuscript.

SONNETS

1870

1. TO THE SEA

THY God permits thee, but with dreadful hand
Canst churn great boulders into little sand,
  On fruitless tasks to waste thy summer ease,
    In tide washed seaweeds find a childish joy.
  Or—harnessing the unruly force of seas
    To lick smooth stone into a fretted toy—
  From thy great page, turn forth knick-knacks to please
A Lilliputian fancy—yea, produce
  Such nice laborious fritters as could these
  Old Chinamen whose life, by slow degrees,
    Frayed four-and-twenty peachstones into lace.
  Hence know that in our smallest work God sees
Some service to himself, or some good use,
    From us yet hidden and our blinded race.

2. TO MY PIPE

A golden service, most loveworthy yoke,
  Thou, O my pipe, imposest, when thy bowl
  Alternate dusks and quickens like a coal
At every inhalation of sweet smoke.
    Thou, thrifty farmer of the mind o'erbraced,
Dost clear a stage for fancy's puppet folk,
  And giv'st rich fallow seasons to the soul,
  Moods soft as sleep that me could wake to
    taste.
Therefore to thee the incense do I pour
  Of one white volley, that around my head
    Weaves fragrant circlets ere it spreads to
      naught:
This service do I pay thee, thus adore
  The healing power in thy soft office shed
    To dull old griefs and ease harassing thought.

3

The roadside lined with ragweed, the sharp hills
  Standing against the glow of eve, the patch
    Of rough white oats 'mongst darkling granite
      knolls,
  The ferny coverts where the adders hatch,
The hollow that the northern sea upfills,
    The seagull wheeling by with strange, sad
      calls,
All these, this evening, weary me. Full fain
  Would I turn up the little elm tree way
And under the last elm tree, once again
    Stretch myself with my head among the
      grass;
  So lying, tyne the memories of day
    And let my loosed, insatiate being pass
Into the blackbird's song of summer ease,
Or, with the white moon, rise in spirit from the
      trees.

4. SIR ALAN M'LEAN'S EFFIGY, ON INCH KENNETH

Hard by the ruined kirk above the sound
Among worn headstones, old Sir Alan lies:
[ ] of rich grapes buries him around;
And thou may'st see the birds withouten fear
Trip on his face and treble in his ear,
And round his senseless head buzzy summer flies.
Close by from out a trumpet comes a scroll,
Between a skull and crossbones carven deep,
And on the scroll, these words—"The dead shall rise."
Till when whoever, under summer skies
Shall see the place that guards his quiet sleep,
From [ ] for a bed so held at rest
Amongst the lap of mountains, shall suggest
'Tis better with his body than his soul.

5. LINES TO BE SENT WITH THE PRESENT OF A SKETCH BOOK

So shall this book wax like unto a well,
  Fairy with mirrored flowers about the brim,
  Or like some tarn that eager curlews skim,
Glassing the sallow upland or brown fell;
And so as men go down into a dell
  (Weary of noon) to find relief and shade,
  When on the uneasy sickbed we are laid
We shall go down into thy book, and tell
The leaves, once blank, to build again for us
  Old summer dead and ruined, and the time
    Of later autumn with the corn in stook.
So shalt thou stint the meagre winter thus
  Of his projected triumph, and the rime
    Shall melt before the sunshine in thy book.

6

I have a hoard of treasure in my breast:
  The grange of memory strains against the door,
  Full of my byegone lifetime's cherished store,
Old pleasures crowned with sadness for a jest,
Old sorrow grown a joy, old penance blest,
  Chastened remembrance of the sins of yore
  That, like our own evangel, at the door,
Beckons our halting will towards the best.
Ah, what to us the barren after years
  May bring of joy and sorrow, who can tell
Or, knowing not, who cares? It may be well
That we shall find old pleasures and old fears
  And our remembered childhood seen through tears
  The best of Heaven and the worst of Hell.

The white moon shines on roof and street
  And garden close together:
The dull lamps wink along the street
  [ ] is just weather.

The whole town lies asleep—the moon
  On blinded windows shimmers,
And here and there where dull to see
  A sick man's taper glimmers.

But in my heart there shines no light
  No gathering [ ] taper
I've no love now to sing about
  And so put by the paper.

Those are very clever men
Who can write with current pen
Those fourteen convoluted lines
That experts call a sonnet.

THE LIGHT-KEEPER

I

THE brilliant kernel of the night,
The flaming lightroom circles me:
I sit within a blaze of light
Held high above the dusky sea.
Far off the surf doth break and roar
Along bleak miles of moonlit shore,
Where through the tides the tumbling wave
Falls in an avalanche of foam
And drives its churnèd waters home
Up many an undercliff and cave.

The clear bell chimes: the clockworks strain,
The turning lenses flash and pass,
Frame turning within glittering frame
With frosty gleam of moving glass:
Unseen by me, each dusky hour
The sea-waves welter up the tower
Or in the ebb subside again;
And ever and anon all night,
Drawn from afar by charm of light,
A sea-bird beats against the pane.

And lastly when dawn ends the night
  And belts the semi-orb of sea,
The tall, pale pharos in the light
  Looks white and spectral as may be.
The early ebb is out: the green
Straight belt of sea-weed now is seen,
  That round the basement of the tower
Marks out the interspace of tide;
And watching men are heavy-eyed,
  And sleepless lips are dry and sour.

The night is over like a dream:
  The sea-birds cry and dip themselves;
And in the early sunlight, steam
  The newly bared and dripping shelves,
Around whose verge the glassy wave
With lisping wash is heard to lave;
  While, on the white tower lifted high,
With yellow light in faded glass
The circling lenses flash and pass
  And sickly shine against the sky.

1869.

II

As the steady lenses circle
With a frosty gleam of glass;
And the clear bell chimes,
And the oil brims over the lip of the burner,
Quiet and still at his desk,
The lonely Light-Keeper
Holds his vigil.

Lured from afar,
The bewildered sea-gull beats
Dully against the lantern;
Yet he stirs not, lifts not his head
From the desk where he reads,
Lifts not his eyes to see
The chill blind circle of night
Watching him through the panes.
This is his country's guardian,
The outmost sentry of peace.
This is the man,
Who gives up all that is lovely in living
For the means to live.

Poetry cunningly gilds
The life of the Light-Keeper,
Held on high in the blackness
In the burning kernel of night.
The seaman sees and blesses him:
The Poet, deep in a sonnet,
Numbers his inky fingers
Fitly to praise him;
Only we behold him,
Sitting, patient and stolid,
Martyr to a salary.

1870.

STEVENSON'S COMPANION TO THE COOK BOOK

ADORNED WITH A CENTURY OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES

This is here printed for the first time from manuscript.

STEVENSON'S COMPANION TO THE COOK BOOK

ADORNED WITH A CENTURY OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES

DEAR SIR:

YOUR attention is called and your contributions respectfully solicited to the above work, the culinary part of which is all contracted for, while the more important (because more literary) department of the *Authentic Anecdotes* presents some inconsiderable lacunae. A small specimen list of six names is inclosed: all or any of which, if you shall find time and the Muse favourable, you might perhaps be tempted to illustrate with some of the productions of your pen. Some specimens are added, not to guide the refinement of your taste (which certainly requires no guidance) but to supply you with some notion of the limitations of our space. If your anecdotes should touch at all upon food, or even introduce the names of dishes, they would be (if possible) more welcome. Your Disinterestedness (so prominent a feature in your admirable

character) will rejoice to hear that no emolument is offered; your well-known Modesty will learn with gratification that your name will not appear, unless you would allow us to introduce your initials into a list of contributions on a flyleaf; and that unaffected Sociability (which so elegantly crowns the solid monument of your virtues and attainments) will possibly incline you to entertain with favour a last proposition, that you should dine at the editor's expense with the other contributors (all scarce less distinguished than yourself) on the day of publication.

I have the pleasure to be,
Dear Sir,
Your lively admirer
THE EDITOR.

.....ESQ.

I

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON

WHILE *Clarissa* was still publishing, it chanced that Mr. Fielding and Mr. Richardson encountered in the inn at Hounslow, where (as they were the only guests) the author of *Joseph Andrews* proposed to the creator of *Pamela* that they should bury their animosity and share in the expense of dinner. Mr. Richardson consented; and the bottle being generously pressed, he became a little warmed with liquor and spoke boastfully of his success, his unequalled fame, and the letters which he continually received from fair, and sometimes from noble correspondents, begging him to spare Clarissa.

"God forbid I should be behind the age!" cries Mr. Fielding. "Let me seize the opportunity, and beg you (as you would pass for a man of gallantry) to spare the lady."

"You jest," returned Mr. Richardson. "But to my sensible correspondents, it is no jesting matter. I assure you my bookshop is besieged with supplicants, many of them dissolved in

tears; and I cannot receive an invitation to a dish of tea, but it is made conditional upon my sparing Clarissa."

"This must make your life very distasteful?" inquired Mr. Fielding.

"The price of glory," replied Mr. Richardson modestly. "These are pleasant pains."

The talk continued very much in the same channels; and the two rivals, except for a brief absence on the part of Mr. Fielding, kept it up in company until the day began to fail. The bill was then called for, and the expense divided. There was some change coming to Mr. Richardson.

"Come, sir," says he to the waiter, "give me my change."

"Only upon one condition," said the waiter: "that you spare Clarissa."

"Mr. Fielding," said Mr. Richardson, "this is of your procuring. It is you who have set this fellow to make a mock of me."

"D—n the fellow! I know nothing by him," returned Mr. Fielding. "He did indeed ask me who you was, and I told him; but for anything else, I think he must have got it from the Duke of Cumberland who changed horses here an hour ago."

At the door of the inn, Mr. Fielding (being the better mounted and pretending some affair in town) excused himself to Mr. Richardson and rode ahead. The other followed at a more sober

pace; and twice upon the way, found a reminder of his facetious rival. A turnpikeman declined to open the gate, unless he would spare Clarissa; and a little after on a piece of heath, a horseman rode up to him, clapped a pistol to his head, demanded his money or his life, and then, appearing to bethink himself—"But you are Mr. Richardson, are you not?" said he. "In that case, I desire no money—only that you should spare Clarissa."

At this juncture a noise of troops approaching on the road put the literary highwayman to a retreat; and Mr. Richardson was delivered from his alarms, though not from his annoyance. He reached home at last, a great deal wearied, went early to bed, fell soon asleep, and was awoke about two in the morning by a concourse of very harsh and tuneless singers, many of whom appeared to be in liquor. For near upon two hours, these musicians continued to bray at the pitch of their voices: *Spare us Clarissa, Richardson O!* to the tune of Lillibulero; and it is possible they might have continued all night, but for an irascible neighbour who menaced them from his window with a blunderbuss. The next morning the whole street was in a hubbub over this nocturnal nuisance; and many persons, and the gentleman of the blunderbuss in particular, came to the bookshop and complained with much asperity of what they had endured. Mr. Richardson was yet engaged in mollifying one of the

last of these, when a street singer struck up before his place of business *Spare us Clarissa, Richardson O!* and he must run to his door and purchase the man's departure. Ten minutes after, a second must be bought off; inside of half an hour, a third and fourth had made their appearance; and yet a little later, the first, having already expended his gratuity in drink, returned to the attack. At this Mr. Richardson was so transported out of himself by the tittering of his own shopmen and the open laughter of his neighbours, that he ran headlong out of his house and struck the perfidious musician in the face. The singer returned the blow; there arose an instant hubbub; and before Mr. Richardson could at all collect his spirits, he was being borne along in custody, without hat or wig and with a bloody nose, toward the Westminster Police Court. Mr. Fielding was upon the bench; he heard the musician's story, and cried out upon the monstrous character of the assault.

"But you have not yet heard me," cried Mr. Richardson. "I insist on being heard."

"I will hear you with pleasure, Mr. Richardson," replied the author of *Tom Jones*. "But upon one condition: that you spare Clarissa."

II

LAURENCE STERNE

A YOUNG blood from Cambridge chanced to enter the inn at Chipping Norton, while Sterne was seated there at dinner. The student carried at his heels a certain rustic following, in whose eyes he would fain represent the manners of the city; and spying a shrivelled parson engaged with a poor dinner, he thought the occasion suitable with his design.

"Sir," he said, marching up to the table, "I do not like your face."

"That is a pity," said Mr. Sterne, "for I like yours."

"I perceive you set up to be a wit," said the young man.

"No, sir. Only a Christian," said Mr. Sterne.

"You cannot pretend to take any pleasure in this dinner," said the student, changing his ground. "Come, be done, be done with it, and do not keep me waiting."

"Whence is your hurry?" inquired the parson.

"Because when you are done, I presume you

will say grace; and I have a curiosity to hear you canting."

Mr. Sterne instantly laid down his knife and fork, and stood up with a reverent demeanour.

"Lord," said he, "look down upon thy two poor creatures, met here together in the worst inn (among all thy various works) that I can ever remember to have visited; and grant, Lord, unto each, that of which he stands so much in need—to me, digestion: to him, manners."

III

ROBERT BURNS

ON the way, Burns and Nichol were overtaken by a storm of rain, took refuge in a wayside inn beside the Blair, and passed some hours of the afternoon in drinking Athole Brose. It was the first time the poet had tasted the confection; he inquired exactly as to its constituents, and going to the window, looked out with an abstracted countenance into the falling rain.

Nichol, accustomed to the habits of his illustrious friend, had the curiosity to time him. In less than twenty minutes, the poet returned to the table, called for pen and ink, and wrote, in his large, characteristic handwriting and with the even rapidity of one copying, the following ingenious trifle. The original is in the possession of Mr. Niven of Pittendrum, and the stump of the pen was recently purchased by that well-known collector of Burnsiana, Mr. Dall of Inverkirtling.

ATHOLE BROSE

Willie an' I cam doun by Blair
And in by Tullibardine,
The Rye were at the waterside,
An' bee-skeps in the garden.

I saw the reck of a private still—
  Says I, "Gud Lord, I thank ye!"
As Willie and I cam in by Blair
  And out by Killiekrankie.

Ye hinny bees, ye smuggler lads,
  Thou, Muse, the bard's protector,
I never kent what Rye was for
  Till I had drunk the nectar!
And shall I never drink it mair?
  Gud troth, I beg your pardon!
The neiest time I come doun by Blair
  And in by Tullibardine.

IV

JUDGE JEFFRIES

COME, Mr. Pepys, you are a very legal gentleman, and enjoy his Majesty's countenance, which makes it the more outrageous you should appear to bolster up so rotten a cause. But I will save your reputation in spite of yourself. I will screw the truth out of you, Mr. Pepys of the Navy Office! You say you had been to the *King's Head?*

"Yes, my Lord."

"It would be a mighty strange thing, Mr. Pepys, that you should go into a house of public entertainment and not call for something!"

"My Lord, I had a dish of eggs, a smoked tongue and a cup of small ale."

"So, sir! I am pleased to hear you are so frugal in your manner. But this was upon your animal. What had you at your riding? What calls did you make upon the way? Gentlemen of the jury, I will save this gentleman's reputation in spite of his truth; I will show you him so befogged with meat and fuddling that his testimony is not worth a tinker's. Come, sir, what had you at your riding?"

"There was a roasted pig at my own table, of which I partook in moderation."

"The Lord Chief Justice partook in moderation, quotha! Gentlemen of the Jury, if they had sent us the whole Navy Office to swear upon so nice a point, and I found they had each been guttling upon roasted pig, I could direct you to exclude their testimony."

STATE TRIALS, Vol. VII.

V

ST. ATHANASIUS

I AM tempted to relate an anecdote, trifling in itself, but which represents in a more genial character the energetic features of the defender of orthodoxy. The Saint, in the course of one of his precipitate and mysterious retreats, arrived in the monastic island of Tabeune; he was scarce come to land ere the rude horn of the monastery was winded to give notice of the approach of his pursuers; and Athanasius perceived he must proceed with incessant diligence to some more retracted quarters of the desert. A boat was hastily fitted for the river and the Abbot, coming to announce its readiness, found his illustrious guest seated in the sand in the cell of a lay brother, and staying his appetite with a mess of eggs and some green salad. Such was indeed the austere ordinary of the monks; but it was their pride to entertain the orthodox fugitive even with profusion; and the Abbot expressed his apologies and regrets for what he deemed a stain upon the credit of the holy island.

"I have not dined so well amid the luxuries of

Alexandria," said Athanasius. "You may think it difficult," he added, "to make a creed like mine. I assure you," laying his hand on the shoulder of the lay brother, "it is more difficult to make an omelette like his."

GILLEN Vol. III p. 217.

VI

JOHN KNOX AND THE ALMONER OF THE GALLEY

THE oars of the galley were manned with the dregs of France, wretches devoted to the gallows, robbers from the forest, and pirates from the sea; these along with their innocent companion, alternately toiled half-naked in the rain and spray or crowded to slumber in a dismal and infectious hold; the food was scantily sufficient to support the waste of so laborious a life; and to complete this picture of misfortune, the ship was pursued through the extent of the North Sea with inclement and contrarious gales. Late in September she swept within distant view of the towers of St. Andrews. According to one account, the day was Sunday, and (the land wind then blowing pretty strong) the ears of Knox were tantalised with the sound of the church bells. The day following, it fell a calm; and the slaves being all exhausted with the long continuance of heavy weather, the captain was minded to lie idle within half a mile of the Bell Rock.

The Almoner of the galley, chancing to pass among the slaves as they were suffered to sit and sun themselves upon the forward deck, paused before Knox and began to twit him with his heresy and servile punishment.

"There," said he, "is your own country; but yesterday we passed before the spires of a university where you once publicly taught; and this is the last bitterness of your punishment, doubtless vouchsafed you in mercy, that you should behold these native places from the seat of slavery, as the rich man in the parable saw heaven from hell. Even that rock is Scottish; and I daresay you regard it with eyes of longing."

"I will never deny that," replied the reformer; "and the rock one that you would view yourself with some respect, if you were anyway acquainted with its history. For it was the scene and it is still a monument of useful piety."

The Almoner's curiosity prompted him to inquire further: and Knox related the story of the Abbot of Arbroath, how he had planted a bell upon that dangerous reef, then called the Inchcape, how for nine years the bell had served its charitable end, and how it was at last torn down and flung into the sea by a notorious pirate.

"I will remember the soul of that good abbot in my prayers!" exclaimed the Almoner.

"Well, well," said the reformer, "it can never be laid to my charge, if you wrest even this innocent history into a means of damnation."

The priest was extremely incensed by the remark.

"You think yourself so low that you can fall no lower," said he, "but I will prove to you you are mistaken."

With these words he hastened to the Captain of the galley, professed a curiosity to explore the reef, and requested permission to visit it in one of the skiffs and to take Knox among his rowers. The skiff was accordingly prepared; the reformer and three other galley slaves descended grumbling to their places; and the Almoner seized the rudder and steered for the Bell Rock.

"Knox," said he, as soon as they were out of hearing of the ship, "let this be a lesson to you to restrain your superfluity of naughtiness. You may thank your own foul tongue, if your day of rest has been denied you."

The landing was more than usually easy; a little search discovered one of the stanchions of the bell, and the Almoner knelt upon the weeds in prayer, while Knox and the other galley slaves aroused their impatience and perhaps their hunger with the eating of dulse. In the midst of these occupations, they were all amazed to observe a bustle on the deck of the galley and (presently after) the sea to whiten about the oar blades and the prow. To the watcher at the masthead, a ship, which was still invisible to the landing party on the reef, had appeared on the

horizon. The Almoner desisted from his prayers.

"I profess, Master Knox," said he, "the *Notre-Dame* appears to draw away from us."

"Non magister sum, sum servus," returned the reformer.

"No," cried the priest, "not so, Master Knox —the tonsure is indelible. But did you not say the reef was to be presently submerged?"

"Within one poor half hour, we shall be standing to our chins," replied Knox. The Almoner, who was a clerk of a small stature, devoutly crossed himself. "Get me then incontinently to the skiff," said he. The skiff lay in a weedy inlet between shelves, and as the landing party drew near, they were concerned to observe it nearly filled with water.

"My friends!" cried the Almoner. "What may this betoken?"

One of the slaves scrambled on board.

"The plug is gone, and we are all dead men," cried he with an oath.

"Jesu-Maria!" cried the Almoner. "My excellent friends! Can nothing be done? Here be five men all very fitted for a career of usefulness which may be here nipped in the bud within a quarter of an hour. Beseech you, my dear friends, bethink yourselves! There must be one among you with some tincture of sea-discipline."

"Jack-priest," interrupted the apostle of Scotland, "leave us no longer with your lamentations.

I can and will prolong the career of usefulness of a priest, a condemned heretic and three private murderers; but you will have to thank your own foul tongue for it."

"What do you mean, Mr. Knox?" inquired the Almoner. "I will refuse you nothing."

"It is well," said the reformer. "I will then repair the boat for you, after you shall have said with a loud voice: *A black end to the Pope!*"

"Never!" cried the Almoner, "rather a thousand deaths!" And sitting down, he fell to his beads.

Knox on his part returned with a good appetite to his gathering of dulse.

The tide continued insensibly to rise; and presently the water flowed into the shoes of one of the three galley slaves, who leaped up with an imprecation.

"What fools we are," cried he, "to drown for a pair of shavelings!"

The three fell at once into an agreement, seized the stretchers and turned first in the direction of the reformer. But Knox had armed himself with the boat's tiller which he carried under his arm as he picked his dulse, and he regarded them with so resolute an eye that they diverted their rebellion on the priest. Surrounding him with upraised stretchers, "Say what the gentleman bids you!" they cried.

"My beloved friends," wailed the priest, "would you plunge me in deadly sin?"

"Hear him!" cried one of the slaves. "He is going to damn four souls in order to save his own! There's charity and mercy!"

"God forgive me," cried the Almoner, "you remind me of my duty. I will proceed at once to give you absolution; and nobody need be damned except the Scotchman."

But the galley slaves were in no spirit to accept the compromise; they fell upon the priest incontinently and in spite of his own supplications and the continual mounting of the tide, alternately threatened and mauled him with their stretchers. All this time Knox was picking and eating his dulse on the most elevated shelf of the Bell Rock. At last, when the reef was almost wholly covered and the slaves and the unfortunate priest were struggling to the knees in water, he called upon them with a loud voice:

"Enough!" he cried. "I have no more mind to drown than the worst of you, all the less as this may very well prove the occasion of our escape. Here is the plug, which I had all the while in my pocket; and let us bale the boat."

To this necessary labour, all addressed themselves, even the priest who could not stir without a groan; and so vigorous were their exertions that in the space of a few minutes they floated safely on the smooth surface of the sea.

A fog had begun to arise; the galley was quite lost to view, the coast of Angus already grew obscure, the voice of an approaching gale sound-

ed in their ears; and by common consent of the galley slaves, eager to escape, and of the priest concerned for his existence, the head of the skiff was directed for the Scottish shore. But the utmost diligence of the rowers was prevented by the expedition of the gale, which burst with uncommon fury on their unprotected heads; the rest of that day and the whole of the succeeding night, they fled before the seas at random without food or compass; and by the first light of the dawn which they had impatiently expected, ran the skiff upon a sandy beach enclosed with hillocks. The reformer, who was well acquainted with that part of Scotland, instantly recognised their refuge for the Isle of May, a spot inhabited only by the monks of the priory, all bigoted Romanists and the declared enemies of his own person. In this difficulty, he artfully professed himself ignorant of their position; but as he was the strongest of the party, having made a full meal of the dulse, and was besides in his own land, he volunteered his services to go in quest of food and information. The scheme was accepted; the reformer presented himself at the priory door, described himself as a fisher blown from one of the neighbouring towns of Fife, and returned to his companions on the beach with a whole haggis and a liberal supply of oaten bread. "God be praised, Master Knox!" said the Almoner. "That is one thing very proper to be said before a meal," returned the reformer with

a smile; "but there is another equally needful which you seem to have forgotten."

"What is that?" asked the priest.

"*Black end to the Pope!*" said the apostle of Scotland.

"*Vade retro, Sathanus!*" cried the priest.

"At your own pleasure," said Knox. "These gentlemen and I will fall to in the meanwhile at the haggis."

The Almoner at first civilly expostulated; pressing his companions to continue to eat, he rose into a higher strain, threatening the terrors of the church; and when these were received with indifference, involved himself ever more in his own dignity, and sat down to his beads. The haggis, which smelt very savoury, was two thirds gone before his courage melted; even then, his tongue proved so rebellious, that he must three times repeat the hated formula, before his tormentor declared him satisfied and he was suffered to take his part of the delicious pudding.

"And now," said Knox, "are you not a singular sort of saint? That you could suffer stripes and face the loss of life, and that all your constancy should fly away at the smell of some onions and sheep's tripes?"

The Almoner was now in a more happy temper; he answered with a smile: "There is a text, *The life is more than meat*, which I have always conceived to be a mistranslation. Meat

is surely more than life, since it offers a great deal of excellent diversion in the bargain."

"Fie, fie," cried the reformer, "this is heresy; for just such freedoms am I tugging an oar in a galley."

"It is very true," replied the Almoner, "and I recall my emend. But do you sincerely wonder at my inconsistency?"

"It speaks of a belly-god religion," said the reformer.

"You think then," rejoined the priest, "that I ought to be more afraid of going to heaven than of missing breakfast?"

"It is very merrily said and very truly," cried the reformer. "Here is another helping for the word."

The galley, which had been driven like themselves into the Firth, overtook them in the course of the forenoon, some way beneath the isle of Fidra; but the Almoner, with some magnanimity, made no complaint of his companions.

MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF
BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BOOK I—CHILDHOOD

GIVEN TO ISOBEL STEWART STRONG

THE AMANUENSIS

FOR FUTURE USE WHEN THE UNDER-WRITER IS DEAD

WITH LOVE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Printed here for the first time from manuscript.

MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF
BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I HAVE the more interest in beginning these memoirs where and how I do, because I am living absolutely alone in San Francisco, and because from two years of anxiety and, according to the doctors, a touch of malaria, I may say I am altogether changed into another character. After weeks in this city, I know only a few neighbouring streets; I seem to be cured of all my adventurous whims and even of human curiosity; and am content to sit here by the fire and await the course of fortune. Indeed I know myself no longer; and as I am changed in heart, I hope I have the more chance to look back impartially on all that has come and gone heretofore.

There is, after all, no truer sort of writing than what is to be found in autobiographies, and certainly none more entertaining. Or if any, it is in fiction of the higher class which is the quintessence and last word both of veracity and entertainment. A man is perhaps not very sure of his taste in matters that concern him so nearly

as the facts of his own career; he is not perhaps in a position to expand or broider; but where can he have so fine an opportunity of condensation? I shall try here to be very dense and only to touch on what concerns me very deeply; for, as I am after all a man, that must be to some degree the concern of mankind.

It has been a question with me whether it could ever be worth while to write the lives of any that were not heroic; but a recollection of my own youth has sufficiently laid the scruple. This life of ours is at best so mixed a business, that between good and evil, between sense and folly, between the selfish and the generous impulse, we must always be glad to find ourselves countenanced and, as it were, brothered by a fellow man; and where a life, low as it may be, has any upward tendency and does not progressively condescend with the baser parts of nature, if it be truly told, it may not only console but encourage others. Even where there is no human dignity, there will be some human pathos; even when no great right has been done, and the being under review has merely struggled along the border land of good and evil with conspicuous lapses, that struggle itself is something holy. I suppose I am in agreement with the very best of men, when I say that I should wish, if I could live again, to change at least three quarters of my thoughts and actions; and still, in company with the worst, I have moments in my experience

upon which I can look back with unmingled satisfaction.

Jan: '79.

[Note in his mother's autograph.]
This must have been Jan. '80, he did not go to America till autumn 1879.
M. I. S. 1894.

BOOK I—CHILDHOOD

I was born in Edinburgh, in 1850, the 13th of November, my father Thomas Stevenson, my mother Margaret Isabella Balfour. My mother's family, the Balfours of Pilrig, is a good provincial stock; for near three centuries before my appearance, these Balfours had been judges, advocates and ministers of the Gospel, and I believe them related to many of the so-called good families of Scotland. The present laird, John Balfour, has made out the family tree, but I have never had the curiosity to see it. It concerns me much more that John Balfour of Kinlock, the covenanting fanatic, was an ancestral cousin; and that Dr. Smith of Galston—"Smith opens out his cauld harangues"—was my mother's maternal grandfather. Thus I may call myself connected both with Scott and Burns.[1]

My father's family is much more remarkable;

[1] Old Robert Wodrow too, of the inimitable *Analecta* is my relation through the Balfours.

this much at least may be said for it, that its history is unparalleled. My father heard a tradition that the first of his race came from France as Barber-chirurgeon to Cardinal Beaton; but there is small reason to doubt that we Stevensons are of Scandinavian descent. I wish I could prove we were related to old John Stevenson, author of the "Rare soul-strengthening and comforting Cordial";[1] and at least, so dark is the family history, I am at liberty to tell myself it may have been so. We rose out of obscurity in a clap. My father and Uncle David made the third generation, one Smith and two Stevensons, of direct descendants who had been engineers to the Board of Northern Lights; there is scarce a deep sea light from the Isle of Man north about to Berwick, but one of my blood designed it; and I have often thought that to find a family to compare with ours in the promise of immortal memory, we must go back to the Egyptian Pharaohs:—upon so many reefs and forelands that not very elegant name of Stevenson is engraved with a pen of iron upon granite. My name is as well known as that of the Duke of Argyle among the fishers, the skippers, the seamen, and the masons of my native land. Whenever I smell salt water, I know I am not far from one of the works of my ancestors. The Bell Rock stands monument for my grandfather; the Skerry Vohr for my Uncle Alan; and when the lights

[1] Celtic, my dear?

come out at sundown along the shores of Scotland, I am proud to think they burn more brightly for the genius of my father.

I was an only child and, it may be in consequence, both intelligent and sickly. I have three powerful impressions of my childhood: my sufferings when I was sick, my delights in convalescence at my grandfather's manse of Colinton, near Edinburgh, and the unnatural activity of my mind after I was in bed at night. As to the first, I suppose it generally granted that none suffer like children from physical distress. We learn, as we grow older, a sort of courage under pain which marvellously lightens the endurance; we have made up our mind to its existence as a part of life; but the spirit of the child is filled with dismay and indignation, and these pangs of the mind are often little less intolerable than the physical distress that caused them. My recollection of the long nights when I was kept awake by coughing are only relieved by the thought of the tenderness of my nurse and second mother (for my first will not be jealous) Alison Cunningham. She was more patient than I can suppose of an angel; hours together she would help console me in my paroxysms; and I remember with particular distinctness, how she would lift me out of bed, and take me, rolled in blankets, to the window, whence I might look forth into the blue night starred with street-lamps, and see where the gas still burned behind the windows of

other sickrooms. These were feverish, melancholy times; I cannot remember to have raised my head or seen the moon or any of the heavenly bodies; my eyes were turned downward to the broad lamplit streets, and to where the trees of the garden rustled together all night in undecipherable blackness; yet the sight of the outer world refreshed and cheered me; and the whole sorrow and burden of the night was at an end with the arrival of the first of that long string of country carts that, in the dark hours of the morning, with the neighing of horses, the cracking of whips, the shouts of drivers and a hundred other wholesome noises, creaked, rolled, and pounded past my window.

I suffered, at other times, from the most hideous nightmares, which would wake me screaming and in the extremest frenzy of terror. On such occasions, none could pacify my nerves but my good father, who would rise from his own bed and sit by mine, full of childish talk and reproducing aimless conversations with the guard or the driver of a mail coach, until he had my mind disengaged from the causes of my panic. These were sometimes very strange; one that I remember seemed to indicate a considerable force of imagination: I dreamed I was to swallow the world: and the terror of the fancy arose from the complete conception I had of the hugeness and populousness of our sphere. Disproportion and a peculiar shade of brown, something like that

of sealskin, haunted me particularly during these visitations.

I have not space to tell of my pleasures at the manse. I have been happier since; for I think most people exaggerate the capacity for happiness of a child; but I have never again been happy in the same way. For indeed it was scarce a happiness of this world, as we conceive it when we are grown up, and was more akin to that of an animal than of that of a man. The sense of sunshine, of green leaves, and of the singing of birds, seems never to have been so strong in me as in that place. The deodar upon the lawn, the laurel thickets, the mills, the river, the church bell, the sight of people ploughing, the Indian curiosities with which my uncles had stocked the house, the sharp contrast between this place and the city where I spent the other portion of my time, all these took hold of me, and still remain upon my memory, with a peculiar sparkle and sensuous excitement. I have somewhere part of a long paper[1] on my solitary pleasures about the manse and garden; but I could write volumes and never be done; so clear, telling, and memorable were my impressions.

It is odd, after so long an interval, to recall those incidents that struck me deepest. Once as I lay, playing hunter, hid in a thick laurel, and with a toy gun upon my arm, I worked my-

[1] *Memories and Portraits*, 1887. *The Manse*, p. 106. Is this the paper referred to?

self so hotly into the spirit of my play, that I think I can still see the herd of antelope come sweeping down the lawn and round the deodar; it was almost a vision. Again, one warm summer evening on the front green, my aunt showed me the wing-bone of an albatross, told me of its largeness and how it slept upon the wing above the vast Pacific, and quoted from the "Ancient Mariner":

> "With my cross bow,
> I shot the Albatross."

I do not believe anything so profoundly affected my imagination; and to this day, I am still faithful to the Albatross, as the most romantic creature of fable (or nature, I know not which), and the one, besides, that has the noblest name. I remember in particular, a view I had from the attic window, suddenly beholding, with delighted wonder, my ordinary playgrounds at my feet; and another outlook, when I climbed a hawthorn near the gate, and saw over the wall upon the snuff-mill garden, thick with flowers and bright with sunshine, a paradise not hitherto suspected.

My grandfather, the noblest looking old man I have ever seen, was one of the last, I suppose, to speak broad Scotch and be a gentleman; he did not, however, do so in his sermons; which were in English and pretty dry, I fancy. I remember showing him my soldiers one day after dinner, as he sat over his daily nuts and port;

he told me to play at the battle of Coburg, which gave me a great sense of his antiquity, as I had never heard of that engagement. I chanced to be in the house when he was taken with his last sickness, and was packed home again to be out of the way. He was up, and trying to write letters, an hour or so before he died; so that I think we may say he died young, although he was eighty.[1] I shall never forget my last sight of him, the morning ere I left. He was pale and his eyes were to me, somewhat appallingly blood-shot. He had a dose of Gregory's mixture administered and then a barley sugar drop to take the taste away; but when my aunt wished to give one of the drops to me, the rigid old gentleman interfered. No Gregory's mixture, no barley sugar, said he. I feel with a pang, that it is better he is dead for my sake; if he still see me, it is out of a clearer place than any earthly situation, whence he may make allowances and consider both sides. But had he lived in the flesh, he would have suffered perhaps as much from what I think my virtues as from what I acknowledge to be my faults. Thus we may be reconciled to the passing away of the aged, that it leaves a field for youth.

I have mentioned my aunt. In her youth she was a wit and a beauty, very imperious, manag-

[1] In the manuscript the word "three" has been inserted after "eighty" in a different hand, making his grandfather eighty-three when he died.

ing, and self-sufficient. But as she grew up she began to suffice for all the family as well. An accident on horseback, she says, but I have heard it was a natural cause, made her nearly deaf and blind, and suddenly transformed this wilful empress into the most serviceable and amiable of women and the family maid of all work. There were thirteen of the Balfours, as (oddly enough) there were of the Stevensons also; and the children of the family came home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half a score of us children about the Manse; and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. It was strange when a new party of these sallow young folk came home, perhaps with an Indian ayah. This little country manse was a centre of the world: and Aunt Jane represented Charity. The text, my mother says, must have been written for her and Aunt Jane: more are the children of the barren than the children of the married wife.

We children had naturally many plays together; I usually insisted on the lead, and was invariably exhausted to death by evening. One day of such happy excitement was often followed by two or three in bed with a fever—*furia scozzese.*

But the time when my mind displayed most activity was after I was put to bed and before I fell asleep. I remember these periods more distinctly and I believe further back than any other

part of my childhood. I would lie awake declaiming aloud to myself my views of the universe in something that I called singing although I have no ear and in a measure of my own although at that time I can have known nothing of verse. One of these *Songstries*, for so I named my evening exercises, was taken down by my father from behind the door, and I have seen it within the last few years. It dealt summarily with the Fall of Man, taking a view most inimical to Satan; but what is truly odd, it fell into a loose, irregular measure with a tendency toward the ten-syllable heroic line. This, as I am sure I can then have heard little or nothing but hymn meters, seems to show a leaning in the very constitution of the language to that form of verse; or was it but a trick of the ear, inherited from 18th century ancestors? It was certainly marked when taken in connection with my high-strung religious ecstasies and terrors. It is to my nurse that I owe these last: my mother was shocked when, in days long after, she heard what I had suffered. I would not only lie awake to weep for Jesus, which I have done many a time, but I would fear to trust myself to slumber lest I was not accepted and should slip, ere I awoke, into eternal ruin. I remember repeatedly, although this was later on, and in the new house, waking from a dream of Hell, clinging to the horizontal bar of the bed, with my knees and chin together, my soul shaken, my body convulsed with agony. It is not a

pleasant subject. I piped and snivelled over the Bible, with an earnestness that had been talked into me. I would say nothing without adding "If I am spared," as though to disarm fate by a show of submission; and some of this feeling still remains upon me in my thirtieth year.[1] I shook my numskull over the spiritual welfare of my parents, because they gave dinner parties and played cards, things contemned in the religious biographies on which my mind was fed; and once, for a crowning point, I turned the tables on my nurse herself. She was reading aloud to me from *Cassels's Family Paper* a story called *The Soldier of Fortune*.[2] It was about the Crimean War, then lately ended; and from some superfluity of love affairs, Cummy (so I called my nurse) had expressed some fear lest it should turn out "a regular novel." That night I had a pain in my side which frightened me: I began to see Hell pretty clear, and cast about for any sin of which this might be punishment, and *The Soldier of Fortune* occurred to me as my leading "worldliness" of the moment. I foreswore it then and there; and next morning announced and uprightly held to my vow. So instead of something healthy about battles, I continued to have my

[1]This I think proves Mrs. Stevenson's statement that the paper was written in 1880 and not 1879, as Stevenson has dated the Introduction.

[2]This story by the author of *Stanfield Hall* appeared in 1855. Chapter I is in the issue of April 14 and Chapter LXXIX (the last) in that of December 29th.

mind defiled with Brainerd, M'Cheyne, and Mrs. Winslow, and a whole crowd of dismal and morbid devotees. I speak with measure; knowing these were admirable people. But I have never wished to be good in their way; nor, if that were the way of the majority, can I suppose that this world would be either good or kind or pleasant; and for a child, their utterances are truly poisonous. The life of Brainerd, for instance, my mother had the sense to forbid, when we were some way through it. God help the poor little hearts who are thus early plunged among the breakers of the spirit! They should dwell by shallow, sunny waters, plucking the lilies of optimism; but to go down into the great deep is not for these unused and trembling sailors.

When at night my mind was disengaged from either of these extremes, and there was no high wind, for I always hated and do still bitterly hate the noise of a storm about a house, I told myself romances in which I played the hero. Now and then the subject would be the animation of my playthings; but usually these fantasies embraced the adventures of a lifetime, full of far journeys and Homeric battles. I note these peculiarities. They had no reference to religion; although that filled my mind so greatly at other moments, I was pure old pagan when I came to practice. Secondly, for as far back as I can remember, they bore always some relation to women, and Eros and Anteros must have almost

equally divided my allegiance. And lastly they would be concluded always with a heroic, and sometimes with a cruel, death. I never left myself till I was dead.

When I was five years of age, my cousin Robert Alan Stevenson came to stay at my father's house; he was three years older than I, an imaginative child who had lived in a dream with his sisters, his parents, and the Arabian Nights, and more unfitted for the world, as was shown in the event, than an angel fresh from heaven. I shall speak of him some day more at length on his own account; but just now I have to do with myself and only mention others as they touched and moulded my character. We lived together in a purely visionary state. We had countries; his was Nosingtonia, mine Encyclopædia; where we ruled and made wars and inventions, and of which we were perpetually drawing maps. His was shaped a little like Ireland; mine lay diagonally across the paper like a large tip-cat. We were never weary of dressing up. We drew, we coloured our pictures; we painted and cut out the figures for a pasteboard theatre; this last one of the dearest pleasures of my childhood, and one I was so loath to relinquish, that I followed it in secret till I must have been fifteen. This visit of Bob's was altogether a great holiday in my life.

Incidentally, too, I was then introduced to literature. My uncle, David Stevenson, offered a

prize of £1 for the best *History of Moses* from any of us Stevenson cousins. My history was, of course, dictated; and from that day forth, I would always be dictating whenever I could command a pen. The *History of Moses* was copiously illustrated by the author in a very free style. In these pictures, each Israelite was represented with a pipe in his mouth, cheering the desert miles. I was, indeed, always drawing; but it was from a purely imitative and literary impulse. I never drew from nature, nor even from a copy; but broidered away at my fancies in a spirit the reverse of the artistic. It is told of me that I came once to my mother with these words: "Mamma, I have drawed a man's body; shall I draw his soul now?" And this shows how early I was at it, and how I merely used it as a language with no thought of exact form or plastic beauty. Not so much a quickness to draw, as an intensity of looking, should mark the youth of the true painter.

I learned to read when I was seven, looking over the pictures in illustrated papers while recovering from a gastric fever. It was thus done at a blow; all previous efforts to teach me having been defeated by my active idleness and remarkable inconsequence of mind. The same fever is remarkable to me for another reason: one of my little cousins (D. A. S.) having sent me a letter every day. This was a kindness I shall never forget till the day of my death; though

I see little of him now, and cannot think he much affects me, I have an incredible, smothered warmth of affection towards him in my heart. As he will probably outlive me, I hope he may see these words and take the thanks I have been always too shy to renew to him in person.

On the whole I have not much joy in remembering these early years. I was as much an egotist as I have ever been; I had a feverish desire of consideration; I was ready to lie, although more often wrongly accused of it, or rather wrongfully punished for it, having lied unconsciously; I was sentimental, snivelling, goody, morbidly religious. I hope and do believe I am a better man than I was a child. With my respects to Wordsworth.

I was lovingly, but not always wisely treated, the great fault being Cummy's overhaste to make me a religious pattern. I have touched already on the cruelty of bringing a child among the awful shadows of man's life; but it must not be forgotten, it is also unwise, and a good way to defeat the educator's purpose. The idea of sin, attached to particular actions absolutely, far from repelling, soon exerts an attraction on young minds. Probably few over-pious children have not been tempted, sometime or other and by way of dire experiment, to deny God in set terms. The horror of the act, performed in solitude, under the blue sky; the smallness of the voice uttered in the stillness of noon; the panic flight

from the scene of the bravado: all these will not have been forgotten. But the worst consequence is the romance conferred on doubtful actions; until the child grows to think nothing more glorious, than to be struck dead in the very act of some surprising wickedness. I can never again take so much interest in anything, as I took, in childhood, in doing for its own sake what I believed to be sinful. And generally, the principal effect of this false, common doctrine of sin, is to put a point on lust. The true doctrine has a very different influence, but had best be taught to children in particular instances, and under the general routine of kindness and unkindness.

Had I died in these years, I fancy I might perhaps have figured in a tract. I have been sometimes led to wonder if all the young saints of whom I have read and meditated with enthusiasm in my early periods, suffered from their biographers the same sort of kindly violence, or had idealised themselves by the same simply necessary suppressions, that would have fitted myself and my career for that gallery of worthies. In the case of the infantile saint, the devil's advocate is silence. The aspirations have not yet been brought to the touch of practice; the personal is still potential; saint and prig and coward are still not to be distinguished. Yet, in my case and with all my evil on my head, it is yet true there was something of the saintly. Not because I wept over the Saviour's agony; not

because I could repeat, with some appropriate inflections, a psalm or two or the story of Shumanite's son; but because I had a great fund of simplicity, believed all things and the good rather than the evil, was very prone to love and inaccessible to hatred, and never failed in gratitude for any benefit I had the wit to understand. The sight of deformed persons and above all of hideous old women moved in me a sort of panic horror; yet I can well recall with what natural courtesy I strove to conceal my disaffection. Fairy, the hunchback druggist of Bridge of Allan, was a terror to me by day and haunted my dreams at night; but my pity was stronger than my distaste; and I made it a point to command myself and speak to him with a child's friendliness, whenever the poor vain man, little understanding what was in my heart, condescended to address me. There was an old woman, Annie Torrence, who helped at the washing I believe; an inhuman, bearded spectre, with a human heart in spite of all; who made it her business to be kind to me and show off before me, singing, "It's all round my hat for a twelve month and a day" with witchlike steps and gestures, backing to and fro before me, the horrified and fascinated child. Out of my dreams, I have never feared so cordially any other phenomenon as this of Annie Torrence and her song; for I thought the song to be hers and to commemorate some romance of her so-long departed youth. Yet I know I was ever conscious-

ly busy in my own small and troubled soul, to bear a good face before this dismal entertainment and conceal from the old woman the disastrous effect she was producing. I think I was born with a sense of what is due to age; for the more I interrogate my recollections the more traces do I find of that respect struggling with the dislike of what is old and then seemed to me to be ugly. Of all the cruel things in life, the cruellest, it may be, is the departure of all beauty from those who have been the desired mothers and mistresses of men in a former generation. Pagans like Horace, devils like Villon—and yet he was a devil with a dash of the angelic, were it only in his wings—and simple crass vulgarians, like Gilbert, so much worse than the worst of the devilish,—take an opportunity for some cheap effect of art from these distressing changes. I thank God, when I was a child I knew a higher decency. A man should have never been suckled at a woman's breast, he should never have slept in a woman's embrace, he should never have known, in the most passing manner, the pleasures of a woman's affection or the support of a woman's tenderness, so far to forget what is honourable in sentiment, what is essential in gratitude, or what is tolerable by other men.

To finish this matter, I must tell a story which illustrates the best of me and is, at the same time, pitifully comical. In Howe Street, round the corner from our house, I often saw a lame boy

of rather a rough and poor appearance. He had one leg much shorter than the other, and wallowed in his walk, in consequence, like a ship in a seaway. I had read more than enough, in tracts and goody story-books, of the isolation of the infirm; and after many days of bashfulness and hours of consideration, I finally accosted him, sheepishly enough I daresay, in these words: "Would you like to play with me?" I remember the expression, which sounds exactly like a speech from one of the goody books that had nerved me to the venture. But the answer was not the one I had anticipated, for it was a blast of oaths. I need not say how fast I fled. This incident was the more to my credit as I had, when I was young, a desperate aversion to addressing strangers, though when once we had got into talk I was pretty certain to assume the lead. The last particular may still be recognised. About four years ago, I saw my lame lad, and knew him again at once. He was then a man of great strength, rolling along, with an inch of cutty in his mouth and a butcher's basket on his arm. Our meeting had been nothing to him, but it was a great affair to me.

I have long given up all idea of autobiographical writing. Truly this is not for lack of trial; again and again have I embarked upon that business, and again and again with results that I can only describe as revolting. I do not know if my mother would have known me in

these presentments; I certainly should never have known myself. But if a man cannot write common sense and common honesty about himself, he may very well attain to sense and honesty about his neighbours. His neighbours, besides, are not unlikely more interesting upon their own account. And the man may thus gratify his own desire to babble about things directly connected about his past; leave something which may make a little honest profit for his heirs; and at the same time, run a decent chance of entertaining the reader.

This reader, whom I suppose to be not yet born, is advised upon the threshold that the present lines are being dictated under every conceivable circumstance of disadvantage. The intolerable clatter of a typewriter removes from me all that makes it valuable to be man; and the pace at which I and my amanuensis advance is precisely too slow to admit the ordinary flow of conversation, and just too fast to attain the merits of considered composition. I shall trust, for the comfort of the reader and the pecuniary advantage of my heirs, that as time goes on I may grow used to this cumbersome process; and in the meanwhile, for the sake of the practice, if with no great hope of attaining any valuable results, I shall continue, even as I have begun, in a condition closely bordering on that of the sleepwalker, and hypnotised by the sound of the accursed instrument, to pour forth words. These

words are intended to convey my impressions and reminiscences of various distinguished men, chiefly literary, whom it has been my fortune to encounter. But this I feel to be still on the lap of the gods; and whether, to the accompaniment of the typewriter and under the unwonted strain and publicity of the act of dictation, I shall be able to say any one thing that I should wish to say, is a matter still beyond my forecast.

The first author whom it was my destiny to meet was Mr. Robert Michael Ballantyne. I daresay the reader is unacquainted with his works; they scarce seem to me designed for immortality; but they were exceedingly popular in my day with the whole world of children. Of these works I was myself an earnest student; and when Mr. Ballantyne decided to write a work in which my own grandfather was to play the part of something not unlike the hero, when he went to the Bell Rock on purpose to prepare himself for this important task, and when I myself was in consequence invited to meet him to dinner at my uncle's, my elation will be readily understood. Mr. Ballantyne proved to be an exceedingly good-looking, dark, full-bearded man; he sketched and displayed his sketches; he played on the piano, at that time quite a rare accomplishment with men; and he sang songs in which my cousins and I were expected to bear chorus. My cousins could, I could not; my cousins, perhaps because they

did not admire Mr. Ballantyne so wholly as myself, were able to bear a part and, as it appeared to me, to shine in the conversation; I sat tongue-tied, I never told my love. I left my uncle's house, really sick of thwarted adoration; feeling that I was the true Codlins and my cousins usurping Shorts. I have forgotten to say that Mr. Ballantyne, in the course of conversation, brought forward a new claim to our esteem: he had been studying, with a view to yet another of his deciduous works, the life of firemen, had recently assisted at a fire, and if I have the story right, had with his own hands saved a life. Altogether, as a cheerful, good-looking, active, melodious, and courageous human creature (whatever I may now think of his works) this sight of Mr. Ballantyne greatly strengthened an inborn partiality for authors. For many a long day after, the story I told myself at bed-time turned upon that superior being; I met him again, I had peculiar opportunities to shine, I distinguished myself by acts of daring, I was suddenly endowed with musical powers of a high order; and my ideal, turning to me with that black-bearded, white-toothed smile I had so much admired when it was addressed to others, recognised at last my superiority to my fallacious cousins.

It was many a long day before I came across another celebrity. It is true I had the benefit of the acquaintance of a certain number of

the French masters of Edinburgh, one of whom came near celebrity and another succeeded in gaining the highest point of notoriety. The best of the lot, my good friend M. Victor Richon, had no particular claim to distinction. He was simply, in the old phrase, a scholar and a gentleman; loved letters well, understood them not ill; and was in every word and work, both a pleasant and an improving comrade. It was in the house of Richon that I met that big, gross, fat, black, hyperbolical, and entirely good-humoured adventurer, Van Laun. I should think he never harmed any one except those whom he induced to drink with him. My last sight of him, when he had quite given up schoolmastering, and I myself had entered mildly upon the career of letters, it entertains me a good deal to recall. For upon that occasion, seated in an elaborately mounted study and surrounded with appliances which might have sufficed for a Voltaire or a Goethe, he calmly proposed to me to make the favourable reviewing of his own works the chief feature of my industry. What I was to receive in return, I never distinctly gathered; and for this reason, if for no other, the scheme was not pursued. Seemingly my fat acquaintance failed to find a substitute, for I have seen his works rather roughly handled; and indeed I suppose he has long since gone, where most of his old friends had preceded him, to the paradise of drinkers.

There he will find his former afternoon society complete; poor Sam Bough, poor Edmonstone the publisher, poor Mackay the jeweller, all victims to the kindly jar. There too, if he chooses to recognise him, he may meet the third of my French acquaintances, Chantrelle the murderer.

I should say, looking back from the unfair superior ground of subsequent knowledge, that Chantrelle bore upon his brow the most open marks of criminality; or rather, I should say so if I had not met another man who was his exact counterpart in looks, and who was yet, by all that I could learn of him, a model of kindness and good conduct. I seem to come across nothing but dark men: Chantrelle was coal-black in hair, coal-black of eye, and of a sallow, leathery skin. Ill-nature, a painfully acute temper, a quivering, black sensibility of nerves, were written on every line of his face and confessed in every movement of his body. When I knew him, he seemed never happy except when he was drunk; and even then there was something uncomfortable in his mirth, something feverish and wild, such as I have seen represented by Herr Formes in the first act of *Freyschutz*. There was good cause for this had I only known. He had left France because of murder; he had left England because of a murder; already, since he was in Edinburgh, more than one—as I was told by the Procurator-Fiscal, more than

four or five—had fallen a victim to his little supper parties and his favourite dish of toasted cheese and opium. And with all this expense of life, he was only clinging to solvency by his eyelids, he was being forced daily nearer to that last mismanaged crime that was to bring him to the gallows. I saw something of the expedients to which he was reduced, something of the wild hopes that buoyed him; and in seeing this, something also of his quite remarkable powers. One evening he met me on the street; asked me if I had seen Van Laun's translation of Molière; and when I told him I had and confessed that I could see no merit in that piece of work, his eyes blazed with hope, he had me to a public house; and bidding me name any passage in Molière with which I was well acquainted, offered to improvise without book a better version than Van Laun's. I accepted the challenge; and he, as far as I was in a position to judge, did well what he professed. But of course I was like himself without book; and I told him I was in no position to judge fairly, and that he must give me a written specimen before I could, as he desired, approach a publisher on his behalf. Well, I heard no more of it; the spark of hope, I must suppose, died out; he fell back on "the simpler plan" of killing other people; and when next I saw the translator of Molière, he was hearing, with singular and painful changes of countenance, the evidence on his own trial for

murder. I do not think murder can be a good profession; Chantrelle had talents to succeed in any trade, honest or dishonest; and though it may be said that he did for a while succeed in that grisly one he had selected, it never brought him even decent means of livelihood, and to judge from his face, can have contributed little to his peace of mind.

I am not going to say anything of local or legal celebrities. I stick as close as I can by letters, which have been my trade and my chief pleasure. So that I must pass on direct to a certain very fortunate visit which I paid to England in the summer of the year 1873. I was at that time, as I had always been, firmly decided upon the career of letters. I was exceedingly well read and up in the last humours and fashions of the day. My text-book, or perhaps I should rather say my organ, was the *Fortnightly Review*, where I had the satisfaction of finding something like my own views, it still seems to me, exceptionally well expressed, and enjoying the ripe work of John Morley and his contributors. About that time the *Review* embraced some small-type pages of critical notices, signed by what I supposed to be the agreeable pseudonym of Sidney Colvin, and conceived in a style which I then thought little short of perfect; although now-a-days I believe both Colvin and myself regard it as the last word of affectation. My visit to England was

to a country rectory, the house of a cousin of mine and of her husband, the delightful Churchill Babington; I knew what I had to expect, croquet parties, the parsons' wives, the ecclesiastical celebrations; that I should there meet with the flesh-and-blood Colvin of the *Fortnightly Review*, was a thing beyond the bound of my extremest hopes.

Yet so it fell out. Nor only that, but I was brought under his notice, by a lady whose generous pleasure—perhaps I might almost say, whose weakness—it was to discover youthful genius. With a little goodwill and a little friendship, genius is mighty easily supplied. Mrs. Sitwell found it or supplied it in my case, and announced the discovery or the attribution to Colvin. So it came about that when I went down to Cockfield Station, I was not only in a state of great agitation myself at the notion of meeting one of my great men, but the great man was prepared to notice me with favour. These preparations go a long way in life. I do not know, I do not think, that Colvin would have taken to me by nature; I am doubtful whether I should be taken to him. Meeting as we did, I the ready worshipper, he the ready patron, we had not got up the hill to the rectory before we had begun to make friends.

Sidney Colvin came of a stock of Indo-Scots. The most of his immediate ancestors and many of his collaterals had been men in high places in

the Government of Hindostan. From this descent and these relations, he had acquired something arbitrary, something a little official, in manner and character, which was not a little increased by his experience as a Cambridge don. He always had the air of a man accustomed to obedience; I do not know which was effect or which cause, but he was very generally obeyed; I have pretty generally obeyed him myself, and I am not subordinate by nature. A great shrewdness, a great simplicity of character, were conjoined in him; I do not know that I have ever found them dissociated: an almost childish simplicity seems the head-mark of the true reader of his neighbours. Certainly in Colvin the two were to be found in extreme, there is no man whose trenchant insight I more fear, none at whose childishness I have more often smiled. I conceive of him mostly as of a soldier or a public servant thrown away. As a man of letters, the weakness of his health, which was little fitted for the prolonged unhealthy strain of that trade, and the extreme, almost morbid morosity of his taste, have smitten him with something near to impotence. The little he has done has been accomplished at a great cost of labour to himself, a cost of money to his publishers and of time and temper to the unhappy printer, that would be hard to parallel. Balzac was a current writer when compared to Sidney Colvin. It is very hard for me, even if

I were merely addressing the unborn, to say what I owe to and what I think of this most trusty and noble-minded man. If I am what I am and where I am, if I have done anything at all or done anything well, his is the credit. It was he who paved my way in letters; it was he who set before me, kept before me, and still, as I write, keeps before me, a difficult standard of achievement; and it was to him and to Fleeming Jenkin that I owed my safety at the most difficult periods of my life. A friend of one's own age is too easily pleased or too easily silenced to be of much corrective use; a friend who is much our senior is too often a taskmaster whom we serve with counterfeits and please with falsehoods. These two had the tact and wisdom to suffer me to be very much myself; to accept and cherish what was good in me; to condone much of what was evil; and whilst still holding before me a standard to which I could never quite attain, neither to damp nor to disgust me of the trial. In the change of our relative ages, my dear Colvin has become so easy for me to live with, that I have a difficulty in recalling how it was at first. Doubtless the *Fortnightly Review* would always have filled me with some awe. But it was far from being that alone; it was rather the certainty of his relations, the strong and restful impression of his courage, his unselfishness in all great matters (where alone, as I am sometimes tempted to

think unselfishness is graceful) that began in me the somewhat awful respect with which I at first regarded him.

On that first summer of our acquaintance, he had me to stay with him at his house and to dine with him more than once at the old Savile Club, afterwards and so long my own headquarters. At the Savile I saw, just saw, Walter Pater; at Norwood, I dined with Kingdon Clifford, and was then, as always afterwards, principally impressed by his irresponsible boyishness of mind and manner. Clifford was then in the hot fit of the most noisy atheism, the stage in which I believe he died. It was indeed the fashion of the hour; even to the fastidious Colvin, the humblest pleasantry was welcome if it were winged against God Almighty or the Christian Church. It was my own proficiency in such remarks that gained me most credit; and my great social success of the period, not now to be sniffed at, was gained by outdoing poor Clifford in a contest of schoolboy blasphemy. I thought the more of this when I heard afterwards through Tait of some of Clifford's former vagaries of opinion, and of the mark of the cross with which he used to hallow his examination papers at Cambridge. He was a very brilliant fellow and he never grew up. I remember when he agreed to manage the scientific part of the *Academy* for Appleton; nothing, as I was told, could ever induce him to be up to time with his work;

arrears gathered in the scientific department up to monstrosity; Appleton himself, it is like enough, would be a little to leeward with the financing department; and one way or another at least, the whole affair blew up. Clifford was the most to blame, so I heard, and so, knowing Appleton's delightful temper, I am well prepared to believe; but the scientific Ariel had not the least idea he was in fault; and his talk at the time consisted almost entirely of humorous proposals for revenge upon poor Appleton. He used to plan at dinner time how to decoy the editor of the *Academy* to a desert island, or to wall him up in the safe where Henroi kept his explosives; and whether or not Appleton lost in money, I am sure that Clifford gained a vast deal of enjoyment from the quarrel. The last time I saw him, the hand of death was visibly upon him; not long after John Collier and his wife carried him to Madeira to die, in about the thirtieth year of his age and surely not more than the fifteenth of his character. Clifford on this occasion I saw; Swinburne I was to have seen. But this was in that somewhat stormy period of the bard's existence, when those who loved him best were sometimes tempted to desire his absence; and after consulting a common friend, it was judged unwise to send an invitation. I regret this the more, as Swinburne also, like the rest of us, was on the high seas of blasphemy; so that had I met him

then, I might have had a chance of shining; and much of what he has since done and become, induces me to think I should value his esteem. I could tell a lot of funny stories of the days when he was partial to the bottle, and I had rather not. Some other gentleman will probably preserve them.

STEVENSON AT PLAY

WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM STEVENSON'S NOTE-BOOK

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PREFATORY NOTE

IN an old note-book, soiled and dog-eared by much travelling, yellow and musty with the long years it had lain hid in a Samoan chest, the present writer came across the mimic war correspondence here presented to the public. The stirring story of these tin-soldier campaigns occupies the greater share of the book, though interspersed with many pages of scattered verse, not a little Gaelic idiom and verb, a half-made will and the chaptering of a novel. This game of tin soldiers, an intricate "Kriegspiel," involving rules innumerable, prolonged arithmetical calculations, constant measuring with foot-rules, and the throwing of dice, sprang from the humblest beginnings—a row of soldiers on either side and a deadly marble. From such a start it grew in size and complexity until it became mimic war indeed, modelled closely upon real conditions and actual warfare, requiring, on Stevenson's part, the use of text-books and long conversations with military invalids; on mine, all the pocket-money derived from my publishing ventures as well as a considerable part of my printing stock in trade.

The abiding spirit of the child in Stevenson was seldom shown in more lively fashion than during those days of exile at Davos, where he brought a boy's eagerness, a man's intellect, a novelist's imagination, into the varied business of my holiday hours; the printing press, the toy theatre, the tin soldiers all engaged his attention. Of these, however, the tin soldiers most took his fancy; and the war game was constantly improved and elaborated, until from a few hours a "war" took weeks to play, and the critical operations in the attic monopolised half our thoughts. This attic was a most chilly and dismal spot, reached by a crazy ladder, and unlit save for a single frosted window; so low at the eaves and so dark that we could seldom stand upright, nor see without a candle. Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn in chalks of different colours, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour, with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest, and excitement that I shall never forget. The mimic battalions marched and counter-marched, changed by measured evolutions from column formation into line, with cavalry screens in front and massed supports behind, in the most approved military fashion of to-day. It was war in miniature, even to the making and destruction of bridges, the entrenching of camps, good and bad weather, with corresponding influence on the roads, siege and horse

artillery proportionately slow as compared to the speed of unimpeded foot and proportionately expensive in the upkeep; and an exacting commissariat added the last touch of verisimilitude. Four men formed the regiment or unit, and our shots were in proportion to our units and amount of ammunition. The troops carried carts of printers' "ems"—twenty "ems" to each cart—and for every shot taken an "em" had to be paid into the base, from which fresh supplies could be slowly drawn in empty carts returned for the purpose. As a large army often contained thirty regiments, consuming a cart and a half of ammunition in every engagement (not to speak of the heavy additional expense of artillery), it will be seen what an important part the commissariat played in the game, and how vital to success became the line of communication to the rear. A single cavalry brigade, if bold and lucky enough, could break the line at the weakest link, and by cutting off the sustenance of a vast army could force it to fall back in the full tide of success. A well-devised flank attack, the plucky destruction of a bridge, or the stubborn defence of a town, might each become a factor in changing the face of the war and materially alter the course of campaigns.

It must not be supposed that the enemy ever knew your precise strength, or that he could divine your intentions by the simple expedient of looking at your side of the attic and counting your regiments.

Numerous numbered cards dotted the country wherever the eye might fall; one, perhaps, representing a whole army with supports, another a solitary horseman dragging some ammunition, another nothing but a dummy that might paralyse the efforts of a corps, and overawe it into a ruinous activity. To uncover these cards and unmask the forces for which they stood was the duty of the cavalry vedettes, whose movements were governed by an elaborate and most vexatious set of rules. It was necessary to feel your way amongst these alarming pasteboards to obtain an inkling of your opponent's plans, and the first dozen moves were often spent in little less. But even if you were befriended by the dice, and your cavalry broke the enemy's screen and uncovered his front, you would learn nothing more than could reasonably be gleaned with a field-glass. The only result of a daring and costly activity might be such meagre news as "the road is blocked with artillery and infantry in column" or "you can perceive light horse-artillery strongly supported." It was only when the enemy began to take his shots that you would begin to learn the number of his regiments, and even then he often fired less than his entitled share in order to maintain the mystery of his strength.

If the game possessed a weakness, it was the unshaken courage of our troops, who faced the most terrific odds and endured defeat upon defeat with an

intrepidity rarely seen on the actual field. An attempt was made to correct this with the dice, but the innovation was so heart-breaking to the loser, and so perpetual a menace to the best-laid plans, that it had perforce to be given up. After two or three dice-box panics our heroes were permitted to resume their normal and unprecedented devotion to their cause, and their generals breathed afresh. There was another defect in our "Kriegspiel": I was so much the better shot that my marksmanship often frustrated the most admirable strategy and the most elaborate of military schemes. It was in vain that we—or rather my opponent—wrestled with the difficulty and tried to find a substitute for the deadly and discriminating pop-gun. It was all of no use. Whatever the missile—sleeve-link, marble, or button—I was invariably the better shot, and that skill stood me in good stead on many an ensanguined plain, and helped to counteract the mental inequality between a boy of twelve and a man of mature years. A wise discretion ruled with regard to the *personnel* of the fighting line. Stevenson possessed a horde of particularly chubby cavalrymen, who, when marshalled in close formation at the head of the infantry, could bear unscathed the most accurate and overwhelming fire, and thus shelter their weaker brethren in the rear. This was offset by his "Old Guard," whose unfortunate peculiarity of carrying their weapons at the charge often involved whole regiments in a com-

mon ruin. On my side there was a multitude of flimsy Swiss, for whom I trembled whenever they were called to action. These Swiss were so weak upon their legs that the merest breath would mow them down in columns, and so deficient in stamina that they would often fall before they were hurt. Their ranks were burdened, too, with a number of egregious puppets with musical instruments, who never fell without entangling a few of their comrades.

Another improvement that was tried and soon again given up was an effort to match the sickness of actual war. Certain zones were set apart as unwholesome, especially those near great rivers and lakes, and troops unfortunate enough to find themselves in these miasmic plains had to undergo the ordeal of the dice-box. Swiss or Guards, musicians, Arabs, chubby cavalrymen or thin, all had to pay death's toll in a new and frightful form. But we rather overdid the miasma, so it was abolished by mutual consent.

The war which forms the subject of the present paper was unusual in no respect save that its operations were chronicled from day to day in a public press of Stevenson's imagination, and reported by daring correspondents on the field. Nothing is more eloquent of the man than the particularity and care with which this mimic war correspondence was compiled; the author of the "Child's Garden" had never outgrown his love for childish things, and

it is typical of him that, though he mocks us at every turn and loses no occasion to deride the puppets in the play, he is everywhere faithful to the least detail of fact. It must not be supposed that I was privileged to hear these records daily read and thus draw my plans against the morrow; on the contrary they were sometimes held back until the military news was staled by time or were guardedly communicated with blanks for names and the dead unnumbered. Potty, Pipes, and Piffle were very real to me, and lived like actual people in that dim garret. I can still see them through the mist of years; the formidable General Stevenson, corpulent with solder, a detachable midget who could be mounted upon a fresh steed whenever his last had been trodden under foot; whose frame gave evidence of countless mendings; the emaciated Delafield, with the folded arms, originally a simple artilleryman, but destined to reach the highest honours; Napoleon, with the flaming clothes, whom fate had bound to a very fragile horse; Green, the simple patriot, who took his name from his coat; and the redoubtable La Fayette in blue, alas! with no Washington to help him.

The names of that attic country fall pleasantly upon the ear and brighten the dark and bloody page of war: Scarlet, Glendarule, Sandusky, Mar, Tahema, and Savannah; how sweetly they run! I must expect my own (and solitary) contribution to the map, Samuel City, which sounds out of key with

these mouthfuls of melody, though none the less an important point. Yallobally I shall always recall with bitterness, for it was there I first felt the thorn of a vindictive press. The reader will see what little cause I had to love the *Yallobally Record*, a scurrilous sheet that often made my heart ache, for all I pretended to laugh and see the humour of its attacks. It was indeed a relief when I learned I might exert my authority and suppress its publication—and even hang the editor—which I did, I fear with unseemly haste. It will be noticed that the story of the war begins on the tenth day, the earlier moves being without interest save to the combatants themselves, passed as they were in uncovering the cards on either side; and in learning, with more or less success, the forces for which they stood. This was an essential but scarcely stirring branch of tin-soldiering, and has been accordingly unreported as too tedious even for the columns of the *Yallobally Record*. When the veil had been somewhat lifted and the shadowy armies discerned with some precision, the historian takes his pen and awaits the clash of arms.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

STEVENSON AT PLAY

WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM STEVENSON'S NOTE-BOOK

GLENDARULE TIMES.—10th. *Scarlet.*—"The advance of the enemy continues along three lines, a light column moving from Tahema on Grierson, and the main body concentrating on Garrard from the Savannah and Yallobally roads. Garrard and Grierson have both been evacuated. A small force, without artillery, is alone in the neighbourhood of Cinnabar, and some of that has fallen back on Glentower by the pass. The brave artillery remains in front of Scarlet, and was reinforced this morning with some ammunition. All day infantry has been moving eastward on Sandusky. The greatest depression prevails."

Editorial Comment.—General Stevenson may, or may not, be a capable commander. It would be unjust to pronounce in the meantime. Still, the attempt to seize Mar was disastrously miscalculated, and, as we all know, the column has fallen back on Sandusky with cruel loss. Nor is it possible to deny that the attempt to

hold Grierson, and keep an army in the west, was idle. Our correspondent at Scarlet mentions the passage of troops moving eastward through that place, and the retreat of another column on Glentower. These are the last wrecks of that Army of the West, from which great things were once expected. With the exception of the Yolo column, which is without guns, all our forces are now concentrated in the province of Sandusky; Blue Mountain Province is particularly deserted, and nothing has been done to check, even for an hour, the advance of our numerous and well-appointed foes.

11th. *Scarlet.*—The horse-artillery returned through Scarlet on the Glendarule road; hideous confusion reigns; were the enemy to fall upon us now, the best opinions regard our position as hopeless. Authentic news has been received of the desertion of Cinnabar.

Sandusky.—The enemy has again appeared, threatening Mar, and the column moving to the relief of the Yolo column has stopped in its advance in consequence. General Stevenson moved out a column with artillery, and crushed a flanking party of the enemy's great centre army on Scarlet, Garrard, and Savannah road; no loss was sustained on our side; the enemy's loss is officially calculated at four hundred killed or wounded.

Scarlet.—At last the moment has arrived.

The enemy, with a strong column of horse and horse-artillery, occupied Grierson this morning. This, with his Army of the Centre moving steadily forward upon Garrard, places all the troops in and around this place in imminent danger of being entirely cut off, or being forced to retreat before overwhelming forces across the Blue Mountains, a course, according to all military men, involving the total destruction of General Potty's force. Piffle's whole corps, with the heavy artillery, continued its descent on the left bank of the Sandusky river, while Potty, dashing through Scarlet at the hand-gallop, and among the cheers of the populace, moved off along the Grierson road, collecting infantry as he moved, and riding himself at the head of the horse-artillery.

NOTE:—General Potty was an airy, amiable, affected creature, the very soul of bravery and levity. He had risen rapidly by virtue of his pleasing manners; but his application was small, and he lacked self-reliance at the council board.

Piffle called him a parrot; he returned the compliment by calling Piffle "the hundred-weight of bricks." They were scarce on speaking terms.

Half an hour after, he had driven the fore-guard of the enemy out of Grierson without the loss of a trooper on our side; the enemy's loss is reckoned at 1,600 men. I telegraph at this juncture before returning to the field.

So far the work is done; Potty has behaved nobly. But he remains isolated by the retreat of Piffle, with a large force in front, and another large force advancing on his unprotected flank.

Editorial Comment.—We have been successful in two skirmishes, but the situation is felt to be critical, and is by some supposed to be desperate. Stevenson's skirmish on the 11th did not check the advance of the Army of the Centre; it is impossible to predict the result of Potty's success before Grierson. The Yolo column appears to meet with no resistance; but it is terribly committed, and is, it must be remembered, quite helpless for offensive purposes, without the coöperation of Stevenson from Sandusky. How far that can be managed, while the enemy holds the pass behind Mar, is more than we can see. Some shrewd, but perhaps too hopeful, critics perceive a deep policy in the inactivity of our troops about Sandusky, and believe that Stevenson is luring on the cautious Osbourne to his ruin. We will hope so; but this does not explain Piffle's senseless counter-marchings around Scarlet, nor the horribly outflanked and unsupported position of Potty on the line of the Cinnabar river. If General Osbourne were a child, we might hope for the best; there is no doubt that he has been careless about Mar and Yolo, and that he was yesterday only saved from a serious disaster by a fluke, and the imperfection of our

scout system; but the situation to the west and centre wears a different complexion; there his steady, well-combined advance, carrying all before him, contrasts most favourably with the timid and divided counsels of our Stevensons, Piffles, and Pottys.

Yallobally Record. — That incompetent shuffler, General Osbourne, has again put his foot into it. Blundering into Grierson with a lot of unsupported horse, he has got exactly what he deserved. The whole command was crushed by that wide-awake fellow, Potty, and a lot of guns and ammunition lie ignominiously deserted on our own side of the river. All this through mere chuckleheaded incompetence and the neglect of the most elementary precautions, within a day's march of two magnificent armies, either of which, under any sane, soldierly man, is capable of marching right through to Glendarule.

This is the last scandal. Yesterday, it was a whole regiment cut off between the Garrard road and the Sandusky river, and cut off without firing or being able to fire a single shot in self-defence. It is an open secret that the men behind Mar are starving, and that the whole east and the city of Savannah were within a day of being deserted. How long is this disorganisation to go on? How long is that bloated bondholder to go prancing round on horseback, wall-eyed and muddle-headed, while his men are

starved and butchered, and the forces of this great country are at the mercy of clever rogues like Potty, or respectable mediocrities like Stevenson?

General Piffle's force was, I learn, attacked this morning from across the river by the whole weight of the enemy's centre. Supports were being hurried forward. Ammunition was scarce. A feeling of anxiety, not unmixed with hope, is the rule.

Noon.—I am now back in Scarlet, as being more central to both actions now raging, one along the line of the Sandusky between General Piffle and the Army of the Centre, the other towards Grierson between Potty and the corps of Generals Green and La Fayette. News has come from both quarters. Piffle, who was at one time thought to be overwhelmed, has held his ground on the Sandusky highroad; and by last advices his whole supports had come into line, and he hoped, by a last effort, to carry the day. His losses have been severe; they are estimated at 2,600 killed and wounded; but it appears from the reports of captives that the enemy's losses must amount to 3,000 at least. The fate of the engagement still trembles in the balance. From the battle at Grierson, the news is both encouraging and melancholy. The enemy has once more been driven across the rivers, and even some distance behind the town of Grierson itself on the Tahema road; he has

certainly lost 2,400 men, principally horse; but he has succeeded in carrying off his guns and ammunition in the face of our attacks, and his immense reserves are close at hand. Both Green and La Fayette are sent wounded to the rear; it is unknown who now commands their column. These successes, necessary as they were felt to be, were somewhat dearly purchased. Two thousand six hundred men are *hors de combat;* and the chivalrous Potty is himself seriously hurt. This has cast a shade of anxiety over our triumph; and though the light column is still pushing its advantage under Lieutenant-General Pipes, it is felt that nothing but a complete success of the main body under Piffle can secure us from the danger of complete investment.

14th. *Scarlet.*—The engagement ended last night by the complete evacuation of Grierson. Pipes cleared the whole country about that town in splendid style, and the army encamped on the field of battle; sadly reduced indeed, but victorious for the moment. The enemy, since his first appearance at Grierson, has lost 4,400 men, and has been beaten decisively back. There is now not a man on our side of the Sandusky; and our loss of 2,600 is serious indeed, but, seeing how much has been accomplished, not excessive. The enemy's horse was cut to pieces.

Piffle slept on the ground that he had held

all day. In the afternoon he had once more driven back the head of the enemy's columns, inflicting a further loss of 3,200 killed and wounded at the lowest computation; but the enemy's camp-fires can still be plainly made out with a field-glass, in the same position as the night before. This is scarcely to be called success, although it is certainly not failure.

Sandusky.—All quiet at Sandusky, the army has fallen back into the city, and large reserves are still massed behind.

Editorial Comment.—The battle of Grierson is a distinct success; the enemy, with a heavy loss, has been beaten back to his own side. As to the vital engagement on the Sandusky and the heavy fighting before Yolo, it is plain that we must wait for further news of both. In neither case has any decided advantage crowned our arms, and if we are to judge by the expressions of the commander-in-chief to our Sandusky correspondent, the course of the former still leaves room for the most serious apprehensions. General Potty, we are glad to assure our readers, will be once more in the saddle before many days. It is an odd coincidence that all the principal commanders in the battle of Grierson were at one period or another of the day carried to the rear; and that none of the three is seriously hurt. Green and La Fayette were shot down, it appears, within a few moments of each other. It was reported that they had been having high

words as to the reckless advance over the Sandusky, each charging the blame upon the other; but it seems certain that the fault was La Fayette's, who was in chief command, and was present in Grierson itself at the time of the fatal manœuvre. The result would have been crushing, had not General Potty been left for some hours utterly without ammunition; Commissary Scuttlebutt is loudly blamed. To-morrow's news is everywhere awaited with an eagerness approaching to agony.

15th. *Scarlet.*—Late last night, orders reached General Pipes to fall back, on this place, where his reserves were diverted to support Piffle, hard-pressed on the Sandusky. This morning the manœuvre was effected in good order, the enemy following us through Grierson and capturing one hundred prisoners. The battle was resumed on the Sandusky with the same fury; and it is still raging as I write. The enemy's Army of the Centre is commanded, as we learn from stragglers, by General Napoleon; it boasts of large supports arriving, both from Savannah and Tahema directions. The slaughter is something appalling; the whole of Potty's infantry corps has marched to support Piffle; and as we have now no more men within a day's ride, it is feared the enemy may yet manage to carry Garrard and command the line of the river.

Sandusky.—This morning, General Stevenson marched out of town to the southward on the

Savannah and Sandusky road. It was fully expected that he would have mounted the Sandusky river to support Piffle and engage the enemy's Army of the Centre on the flank; and the present manœuvre is loudly criticised. Not only is the integrity of the line of the Sandusky ventured, but Stevenson's own force is now engaged in a most awkward country, with a difficult bridge in front. To add, if possible, to our anxiety, it is reported that General Delafield, in yesterday's engagement, lost 3,200 men, killed and wounded. He held his ground, however, and by the last advices had killed 800 and taken 1,400 prisoners, with which he had fallen back again on Yolo itself. This retrogression, it seems, is in accordance with his original orders; he was either to hold Yolo, or if possible advance on Savannah via Brierly. This last he judged unwise, so that he was obliged to cling to Yolo itself. This also is seriously criticised in the best-informed circles. Osbourne himself is reported to be in Savannah.

Yallobally Record.—"We have never concealed our opinion that Osbourne was a bummer and a scallawag; but the entire collapse of his campaign beats the worst that we imagined possible. We have received, at the same moment, news of Green and La Fayette's column being beaten ignominiously back again across the Sandusky river and out of Grierson, a place on our own side; and next of the appearance of a

large body of troops at Yolo, in the very heart of this great land, where they seem to have played the very devil, taking prisoners by the hundred and marching with arrogant footsteps on the sacred soil of the province of Savannah. General Napoleon, the only commander who has not yet disgraced himself, still fights an uphill battle in the centre, inflicting terrific losses and upholding the honour of his country single-handed. The infamous Osbourne is shaking in his spectacles at Savannah. He was roundly taken to task by a public-spirited reporter, and babbled meaningless excuses; he did not know, he said, that the force now falling in on us at Yolo was so large. It was his business to know. What is he paid for? That force has been ten days at least turning the east of the Mar Mountains, a week at least on our own side of the frontier. Where were Osbourne's wits? Will it be believed, the column at Lone Bluff is again short of ammunition? This old man of the sea, whom all the world knows to be an ass and whom we can prove to be a coward, is apparently a peculator also. If we were to die to-morrow, the word 'Osbourne' would be found engraven backside foremost on our hearts."

NOTE. *The Tergiversation of the Army of the West.*—The delay of the Army of the West, and the timorous counsels of Green and La Fayette, were the salvation of Potty, Pipes, and

Piffle. This is the third time we hear of this great army crossing the river. It never should have left hold. La Fayette had an overwhelming force at his back; and with a little firmness, a little obstinacy even, he might have swallowed up the thin lines opposed to him. On this day, the 16th, when we hear of his leaving Grierson for the third time, his headquarters should have been in Scarlet, and his guns should have enfiladed the weak posts of Piffle.

Sandusky. Noon.—Great gloom here. As every one predicted, Stevenson has already lost 600 men in the marshes at the mouth of the Sandusky, men simply sacrificed. His wilful conduct in not mounting the river, following on his melancholy defeat before Mar, and his long and fatal hesitation as to the Armies of the West and Centre, fill up the measure of his incapacity. His uncontrolled temper and undisguised incivility, not only to the Press, but to fellow-soldiers of the stamp of Piffle, have alienated from him even the sympathy that sometimes improperly consoles demerit.

Editorial.—We leave our correspondents to speak for themselves, reserving our judgment with a heavy heart. Piffle has the sympathy of the nation.

Scarlet. 9 P. M.—The attack has ceased. Napoleon is moving off southward. Our fellows smartly pursued and cut off 1,600 men; in spreading along the other side of the Sandusky

they fell on a flanking column of the enemy's Army of the West and sent it to the right-about with a loss of 800 left upon the field. This shows how perilously near to a junction these two formidable armies were, and should increase our joy at Napoleon's retreat. That movement is variously explained, but many suppose it is due to some advance from Sandusky.

Sandusky. 8 P. M.—Stevenson this afternoon occupied the angle between the Glendarule and the Sandusky; his guns command the Garrard and Savannah highroad, the only line of retreat for General Napoleon's guns, and he has already hopelessly defeated and scattered a strong body of supports advancing from Savannah to the aid of that commander. The enemy lost 1,600 men; it is thought that this success and Stevenson's present position involve the complete destruction or the surrender of the enemy's Army of the Centre. The enemy has retired from the passes behind Mar; but it is thought he has moved too late to save Savannah. Pleasant news from General Delafield, who, with a loss of 600, has destroyed thrice that number of the enemy before Yolo.

17th. *Scarlet.*—The enemy turned last night, inflicting losses on the combined forces of Generals Pipes and Piffle, amounting together to 1,600 men. But his retreat still continues, harassed by our cavalry and guns. The rest of the troops out of Cinnabar have arrived, via

Glentower, at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Every one is in high spirits. Potty has resumed command of his division; I met him half an hour ago at lunch, when he expressed himself delighted with the campaign.

Sandusky.—A great victory must be announced. To-day Stevenson passed the Sandusky, and occupied the right bank of the Glendarule and the country in front of Savannah. General Napoleon in full retreat upon that place, found himself cut off, and, after a desperate struggle, in which 2,600 fell, surrendered with 6,000 men. The wrecks of his army are scattered far and wide, and his guns are lying deserted on the Garrard road. At the very moment while Napoleon was surrendering his sword to General Stevenson, the head of our colours cut off 1,400 men before Savannah, which was under the fire of our guns, and destroyed a convoy on the Mar and Savannah highroad. This completes the picture; the enemy has now only one bridge over the Glendarule not swept by our artillery. Delafield has had another partial success; with a loss of 1,000 he has cut off 1,200 and made 400 prisoners, but a strong force is reported on the Yolo and Yallobally road, which, by placing him between two fires, may soon render his hold on the Yolo untenable.

Note.—General Napoleon. His real name was Clamborough. The son of a well-known

linen-draper in Yolo, he was educated at the military college of Savannah. His chief fault was an overwhelming vanity, which betrayed itself in his unfortunate assumption of a pseudonym, and in the gorgeous Oriental costumes by which he rendered himself conspicuous and absurd. He received early warning of Stevenson's advance from Sandusky, but refused to be advised, and did not begin to retreat until his army was already circumvented. A characteristic anecdote is told of the surrender. "General," said Napoleon to his captor, "you have today immortalised your name." "Sir," returned Stevenson, whose brutality of manner was already proverbial, "if you had taken as much trouble to direct your army as your tailor to make your clothes, our positions might have been reversed."

Editorial Comment.—Unlike many others, we have never lost confidence in General Stevenson; indeed, as our readers may remember, we have always upheld him as a capable, even a great commander. Some little ruffle at Scarlet did occur, but it was, no doubt, chargeable to the hasty Potty; and now, by one of the finest manœuvres on record, the head general of our victorious armies has justified our most hopeful prophecies and aspirations. There is not, perhaps, an officer in the army who would not have chosen the obvious and indecisive move up the Sandusky, which even our correspondent, able

as he is, referred to with apparent approval. Had Stevenson done that, the brave enemy who chooses to call himself Napoleon might have been defeated twelve hours earlier, and there would have been less sacrifice of life in the divisions of Potty and the ignorant Piffle. But the enemy's retreat would not have been cut off; his general would not now have been a prisoner in our camp, nor would our cannon, advanced boldly into the country of our foes, thunder against the gates of Savannah and cut off the supplies from the army behind Mar.—A glance at the map will show the authority of our position; not a loaf of bread, not an ounce of powder can reach Savannah or the enemy's Army of the East, but it must run the gauntlet of our guns. And this is the result produced by the turning movement at Yolo, General Stevenson's long inactivity in Sandusky, and his advance at last, the one right movement and in the one possible direction.

Yallobally Record.—"The humbug who had the folly and indecency to pick up the name of Napoleon second-hand at a sale of old pledges, has been thrashed and is a prisoner. Except the Army of the West, and the division on the Mar road, which is commanded by an old woman, we have nothing on foot but scattered, ragamuffin regiments. Savannah is under fire; that will teach Osbourne to skulk in cities instead of going to the front with the poor devils

whom he butchers by his ignorance and starves with his peculations. What we want to know is, when is Osbourne to be shot?"

NOTE.—The *Record* editor, a man of the name of McGuffog, was subsequently hanged by order of General Osbourne. Public opinion endorsed this act of severity. My great-uncle, Mr. Phelim Settle, was present and saw him with the nightcap on and a file of his journals around his neck; when he was turned off, the applause, according to Mr. Settle, was deafening. He was a man, as the extracts prove, not without a kind of vulgar talent.

YALLOBALLY *Evening Herald.*—"It would be idle to disguise the fact that the retreat of our Army of the Centre, and the accidental capture of the accomplished soldier whose modesty conceals itself under the pseudonym of Napoleon, have created a slight though baseless feeling of alarm in this city. Nearer the field the troops are quite steady, the inhabitants enthusiastic, and the loyal and indefatigable Osbourne multiplies his bodily presence. The events of yesterday were much exaggerated by some papers, and the publication of one rowdy sheet, suspected of receiving pay from the enemy, has been suspended by an order from headquarters. Our Army of the West still advances triumphantly unresisted into the heart of the enemy's country; the force at Yolo, which is a mere handful and quite

without artillery, will probably be rooted out to-morrow. Addresses and congratulations pour in to General Osbourne; subscriptions to the great testimonial Osbourne statue are received at the *Herald* office every day between the hours of 10 and 4."

ABSTRACT OF SIX DAYS' FIGHTING, FROM THE 19TH TO THE 24TH, FROM THE GLENDARULE *Times* SATURDAY SPECIAL.—"This week has been, on the whole, unimportant; there are few changes in the aspect of the field of war, and perhaps the most striking fact is the collapse of General Delafield's Yolo column. Fourteen hundred killed and eighteen hundred prisoners is assuredly a serious consideration for our small army; yet the good done by that expedition is not wiped away by the present defeat; large reinforcements of troops and much ammunition have been directed into the Far East, and the city of Savannah and the enemy's forces in the pass have thus been left without support. Delafield himself has reached Mar, now in our hands, and the cavalry and stores of the expedition, all safe, are close behind him. Yolo is a name that will never be forgotten. Our forces are now thus disposed: Potty, with the brave artillery, lies behind the south-east shoulder of the Blue Mountains, on the Sandusky and Samuel City road; Piffle, with the Army of the Centre, has fallen back into Sandusky itself; while Stevenson still holds the

same position across the Sandusky river, his advance to which will constitute his chief claim to celebrity. Savannah was bombarded from the 18th to the 20th, inclusive; 4,000 men fell in its defence. Osbourne himself, directing operations, was seriously wounded and sent to Yallobally: and on the evening of the 20th the city surrendered, only 600 men being found within its walls. A heavy contribution was raised: but the general himself, fearing to expose his communications, remains in the same position and has not even occupied the fallen city.

"In the meantime the army from the pass has been slowly drawing down to the support of Savannah, suffering cruelly at every step. Yesterday (24th) Mar was occupied by a corps of our infantry, who fell on the rear of the retreating enemy, inflicting heavy loss."

NOTE.—Retreat of the Mar column. The army which so long and so usefully held the passes behind Mar, over the neck of Lone Bluff, did not begin to retreat until the enemy had already occupied Mar and begun to engage its outposts. Supplies had already been cut off by the advanced position of Stevenson. The men were short of bread. The roads were heavy; the horses starving. The rear of the column was continually and disastrously engaged with the enemy pouring after. It is perhaps the saddest chapter in the history of

the war. My grandmother, Mrs. Hankey (*née* Pillworthy), then a young girl on a mountain farm on the line of the retreat, distinctly remembers giving a soda biscuit, which was greedily received, to Colonel Diggory Jacks, then in command of our division, and lending him an umbrella, which was never returned. This incident, trivial as it may be thought, emphatically depicts the destitution of our brave soldiers.

In the meantime, in the west, the enemy is slowly passing the rivers and advancing with his main body on Scarlet, and with a single corps on Glentower. Cinnabar was occupied on the 21st in the morning, and a heavy contribution raised. The situation may thus be stated: In the centre we are the sole arbiters, commanding the roads and holding a position which can only be described as authoritative. In the east, Delafield's corps has been destroyed; but the enemy's army of the pass, on the other hand, is in a critical position and may, in the course of a few days or so, be forced to lay down its arms. In the west, nothing as yet is decided, and the movement through the Glentower Pass somewhat hampers General Potty's position.

The comparative losses during these days are very encouraging, and compare pleasingly with the cost of the early part of the campaign. The enemy has lost 12,800 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, as against 4,800 on our side.

YALLOBALLY *Herald.*—Interview from General Osbourne with a special reporter.—"I met the wounded hero some miles out of Yallobally, still working, even as he walked, and surrounded by messengers from every quarter. After the usual salutations, he inquired what paper I represented, and received the name of the *Herald* with satisfaction. 'It is a decent paper,' he said. 'It does not seek to obstruct a general in the exercise of his discretion.' He spoke hopefully of the west and east, and explained that the collapse of our centre was not so serious as might have been imagined. 'It is unfortunate,' he said, 'but if Green succeeds in his advance on Glendarule, and if our army can continue to keep up even the show of resistance in the province of Savannah, Stevenson dare not advance upon the capital; that would expose his communications too seriously for such a cautious and often cowardly commander. I call him cowardly,' he added, 'even in the face of the desperate Yolo expedition, for you see he is withdrawing all along the west, and Green, though now in the heart of his country, encounters no resistance.' The General hopes soon to recover; his wound, though annoying, presents no character of gravity."

NOTE.—General Osbourne's perfect sincerity is doubtful. He must have known that Green was hopelessly short of ammunition. "Un-

fortunate," as an epithet describing the collapse of the Army of the Centre, is perhaps without parallel in military criticism. It was not unfortunate, it was ruinous. Stevenson was a man of uneven character, whom his own successes rendered timid; this timidity it was that delayed the end; but the war was really over when General Napoleon surrendered his sword on the afternoon of the 17th.

STEVENSON'S INFANCY

PREFATORY NOTE

THE following is a fragmentary little chronicle of R. L. S.'s infancy, kept by his mother, and is as fond and simple as such diaries usually are. Of course all children make quaint remarks, and of course their mothers recollect and treasure them; but the value of this record to lovers of Stevenson is more in its showing of the stern Calvinistic surroundings into which he was born, and the insistence of those about him to mould his eager little mind to that grim faith. From this point of view it is a very poignant document, indeed.

Stevenson told me that his whole childhood was darkened by these dogmas of hell and damnation; that he would often awake at night in a sweat of horror to ask himself if he were really "saved"; that one of his most vivid memories was finding himself clutched to Cummy's breast, both convulsed with emotion and streaming tears while she called on God in the broadest of Scotch accents to save his parents from the "peet"—this very literal pit of "burrrrning firrre" being the probable, and eternal, punishment for playing whist after dinner. That

the austere Stevensons should have been consigned to hell by a still austerer nurse is not without its humour; but what an upbringing for their frail, sickly, super-sensitive child! It is small wonder there are so many references to his illnesses—references which I have omitted on account of their pathetic similarity.

L. O.

STEVENSON'S INFANCY

BORN November 13th, 1850: Well and strong to begin with; sat alone and crept at seven months; walked at eleven months; climbed up eighteen steps without help when he was nine months old. When he was twenty months old some one said of him that "he understood pictures better than any child of his age he had ever known."

Sept. 1852: Lou begins to be fond of stories, and sometimes asks to be told about the "big stick," meaning Cain and Abel. That and Daniel among the "Growlies" are his favourites.

Oct. 23rd, 1852: Lou knows all the story of Eva and Uncle Tom, besides a great many out of the Bible, including the Flood and the burning bush. He remembers them wonderfully well.

Jan. 12th, 1853: Lou said: "*What* will follow me, Cummy?" alluding to the last verse of the 23rd Psalm.

Feb. 17th, 1853: After Lou went out for his walk he expressed great distress because he had not made "an elegant bow to Mamma."

April 3rd, 1853: When I was telling Lou about

the naughty woman pouring the ointment upon Christ, he said: "But Mamma, why did God make the woman so naughty?"

April 15th, 1853: Lou is so happy in dear Grandpapa's house at Colinton Manse that he says he will not go home again.

May 20th, 1853, at Bridge of Allan: The servant in our lodgings thinks Lou should be "put in the papers" as "something extraordinary."

July 24th, 1853: Lou's favourite occupation is "making a church." He makes a pulpit with a chair and stool, and reads sitting and then stands up and sings by turns.

August 4th, 1853, at St. Andrew's: Lou is delighted with the views of the Bishop's palace and the story of "Candel Beatel" and the bottle dungeon. He gets a bit of paper tied to a string, and standing on a chair shows the way the man shows the dungeon.

Oct. 1st, 1853: Lou's height is 2 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. He is a great chatterer, and speaks very distinctly. He knows a great many stories out of the Bible, and about half the letters of the alphabet, but he is not as fond of hymns as he used to be.

Dec. 3rd, 1853: Lou recited the first four lines of "On Kindness" in great style, waving his hand and making a splendid bow at the end. This is Cummy's teaching.

Dec. 8th, 1853: Lou said: "I don't like that moon, it has got a bit broken off it."

Jan. 15th, 1854: Lou was told about *Pilgrim's Progress*, much to his delight.

March 26th, 1854: When I read "There is beyond the Sky," to Lou, he said: "But why has God got a hell?" I said: "Are we good or bad people?" Lou: "I think you and Papa are good." I said: "But what kind of hearts have we?" Lou: "I think you've got a nice one."

June 26th, 1854. Lou and I were talking about Heaven and golden harps, and he said: "But I am afraid I couldn't play nicely on mine."

Dec. 8th, 1854: Lou said: "You can never be good unless you pray." When asked how he knew, he said with great emphasis: "Because I have tried it."

Dec. 11th, 1854: Lou is improving, but requires to be kept very quiet. When forbidden to run about with one of his cousins, he looked thoughtful for a moment, then threw away a toy he had in his hand, and said with great indignation: "I can't be bothered with such fiddle-dee-dee and nonsense."

Dec. 18th, 1854. Lou sits for his portrait in chalk to Mr. Archer. When Mr. Archer asked him what kind of stories he liked best, Lou said: "I like parables (a pause) and funny stories, too, you know."

Dec. 22nd, 1855: Lou prays of his own accord every night that God would bless the poor soldiers who are fighting at Sebastapol.

Dec. 25th, 1854: Lou got a sword for his Christ-

mas present. When his father was disparaging it, he said: "I can tell you, Papa, it's a silver sword and a gold sheath, and the boy's very well off, and quite contented."

Jan. 1st, 1855: Dear little Lou very well indeed just now; he neither coughs nor wheezes.

Jan. 9th, 1855: When made to wear his shawl above his sword he was in great distress for fear he would not look like a soldier, and then said: "Perhaps it will look like a *night march*, Mamma."

Jan. 16th, 1855: Cummy was climbing the ladder to-day to hang up Dicky, and told Lou to hold it for fear it gave way, and he began to say: "It's too heavy, it's too heavy," but he did not let go his hold even when he got his nose bled. Indeed, he clutched at Cummy's gown to keep her from falling.

Jan 18th, 1855: Lou snibbed himself into the nursery to-day, and we could not get the door opened till Mr. Hunter (the wright) came, and took out the panel. Lou was very good as long as any one spoke through the door to him, but cried whenever we tried to get him to open it. When he got out he said he was afraid he would never get out any more, but would "just be lost."

Jan. 22nd, 1855: Lou has taken a great fancy to the parable of the vineyard let out to the husbandmen, and can repeat it perfectly from hearing it read.

Feb. 6th, 1855: Lou dreamed that "he heard the noise of pens writing."

Feb. 7th, 1855: When I asked Lou what story he would like read, he said: "Oh, you may read the ninth story of John—that's about the man who was born blind, you know."

Feb. 15th, 1855: Lou is quite mad on the subject of soldiers and the war. He prays night and morning for "our poor soldiers who are fighting at Sebastapol, and may they get the victory." This is quite of his own accord.

Feb. 23rd, 1855: Lou said: "Mamma, how can God give us his Holy Spirit, and yet be good Himself?" He also said: "I am often sorry in the night when I think of all the Jews did to Jesus."

May 9th, 1855: Lou was naughty to-day, and after he went to bed he said to Cummy: "I would like to be good. I think I must say my prayers more *earnestly*, but if I forget it will you do it for me?"

June 16th, 1855: Lou said: "Am I to get a sweetie every night? I thought I heard a *slight voice* of it."

Sept. 1st, 1855: Lou's poetry:

No sun is in the sky
While nights comes on.
Then stars and moon come out
And then another day
The sun comes out again.

Jan. 17th, 1856: Lou's prayer: "Oh, Lord, if it seems good to you, let me have a new brother or sister, if you think proper."

Feb. 5th, 1856: Dear, wee Lou prayed among other things "that God would be very near every person that was not very well."

Feb. 23rd, 1856: When I asked Lou what he had been doing, he said: "I have been playing all day; at least I have been *making myself cheerful.*"

Feb. 23rd, 1856: Lou said, when walking with his father: "I'll show you another thing I want to know the meaning of, and that's why they put soda-water bottles on the telegraph."

Feb. 24th, 1856: I said something to Lou about Christ having died to save him, and he said: "Did he die to save me?" "Yes." "*Me?*" "Well, then, doesn't that look very much as if I were saved already?"

April. 18th, 1856: Lou can't understand the days getting longer, and says he "would rather go to bed at the seven o'clock *that used to be.*"

Nov. 23rd, 1856: Lou begins to-day to dictate a history of Moses, to try for a prize which Uncle David is to give for the best.

Nov. 26th, 1856: Lou has inflammation of the cheek; it is terribly swollen, and he suffers so much that he tells me "perhaps he may never be better."

Dec. 21st, 1856: Lou finishes his history of

Moses, he dictated every word himself on the Sunday evenings.

Dec. 25th, 1856. Lou gets a Bible picture-book as a prize for his Moses, and is greatly charmed. When he got it, he said: "But I don't deserve it."

Sept. 30th, 1857: Dear Lou goes to Mr. Henderson's school in India St., from ten till twelve o'clock. He says: "Mr. Henderson is the most nicest man that ever was."

Jan. 10th, 1858: Lou says: "The churches are much to blame for not sending missionaries to convert the Arabs, Mamma." Mamma: "But if people won't go, what can the churches do? Will you go when you're big?" Lou: "I think you've forgotten one word that was needful." Mamma: "What is that?" Lou: "If I'm spared!"

Jan. 18th, 1858: To-day Lou drew a picture of Sir Henry Havelock praying, which he sent to David Alan before his Papa had seen it. When he heard that I was vexed he drew two others, but neither was so good as the first. The next time I saw him, he said: "I am blamed for kindness, and get no encouragement for endeavour."

Feb. 6th, 1858: When I went into the nursery at midnight, Lou was wide awake, and said: "You see, I have very bad nights. I am always thankful when the morning comes."

NOTES ABOUT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FROM HIS MOTHER'S DIARY

Printed here from manuscript.

NOTES ABOUT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FROM HIS MOTHER'S DIARY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, at 1:30 P. M. on Wednesday the 13th Nov., 1850. He was a lively happy baby, always awoke laughing. He was a forward child, cut his 2 first teeth when he was just 5 months old, walked alone before he was 11 months old, begins to speak when he is a year old and at 14 months he begins to like pictures; he calls books "oufs" because he expects to find pictures of dogs in them—from this time he begins to enjoy looking at the pictures in some bound volumes of *Punch*. His father was fond of giving him absurd names. Bonlibasker was the first but no one would adopt that, then followed Smontil, Baron Broadnose, Signor Sprucki and many others—Smontil stuck to him till he was about 15 when he put a stop to it by fining everybody who used it one penny. Alison Cunningham came as nurse when he was just 18 months old and his dedication to her of the *Child's Garden of Verse* shews how grateful he was to her for

her devotion to him. Before he was two years old he was fond of hearing stories told him; he asks for "the big stick," meaning Cain and Abel; that and Daniel among the "growlies" are his two favourites; he was also fond of Eva and Uncle Tom. We were at Portobello the August and September before he was 2 and Mr. David Constable said that he understood pictures better than any child of his age that he had ever seen. He was twice at Church before he was 2 and behaved very well. Once it was at Colinton and when he was asked who had preached he said "Gatty (Grandpapa) and a man" (the precentor). In the spring of 1853 he had an attack of croup and when he got better he went to Colinton Manse for a change; he was delighted with everything there, the garden and the river in which he could "to throw tonies" so he announced that he would not go home again and when his visit came to an end his only comfort was that he would see "Bo and Mary" —two of his Stevenson cousins. During that visit Auntie was telling Smout about an owl and said that it could not see in the daylight; he at once said "O, Auntie, you might put up the gas for it." This summer his favourite occupation is "making a Church" in which he reads and sings by turns. This autumn we go to St. Andrew's for a short time; there was a cat in the house which delighted Smout very much; when it purred he said it was "singing joyful." He takes a great interest in the ruins of the Bishop's

palace and the story of Cardinal Beaton and the bottle dungeon; he gets a bit of paper tied to a string and standing on a chair he acts the way the man shews the dungeon and tells the tale of "Candel Beatel" evidently thinking that the candle has something to do with the name. In December he drove to Lasswade with his aunt and at night Grandpapa's horse was specially mentioned in his prayers for he thought it must be very tired. He was much interested in the Tabernacle at this time and used to build it with his bricks—he said he was putting up the pins for the court and then remarked: "This Tabernacle is sticked on to the road, it is not meant to be carried about." One day when Louis was walking with his father in Inverleith Row he said to him: "I'll shew you that when we come to the next lamp post—if I'm spared"; his nurse was rather fond of the expression.

1854

In January he is told about the *Pilgrim's Progress* and is greatly delighted—this month his uncle and Aunt Alan and Bob pay us a visit and when they go home Bob told his sisters of the delights of Inverleith Terrace where "there was one dear child who was always good, a nurse who was never cross, and late dinners." After they left, Louis had an attack of infantile remittent fever which confined him to bed for some time; when he was recovering he played with his bricks on a tea tray in bed—the beginning of "the

land of counterpane." In April his little cousin "Bo" died—he did not like to hear about it and said he "hoped it would please God never to let him die"; he asked if Bo would be playing in Heaven. When he was drawing a picture this month he said: "I have drawed a man's body, shall I draw his soul now?" When he was shewn a bird's nest at Colinton he said: "there were little birdies in the nest and eggies for the little birdies to eat." Louis was very delicate this spring and summer, suffering from bronchitis and bronchitic asthma. We went to Lasswade and then to Musselburgh and in October to Morningside on his account. He was better by the end of the year but still required to be kept very quiet—when forbidden one day to run about with a cousin he looked thoughtful for a minute then threw away a toy he had in his hand and said: "I can't be bothered with such fiddle-dee-dee and nonsense". In December he sits for his portrait in chalks to Mr. Archer. When Mr. A. asked him what kind of stories he liked best he said: "I like parables (a pause) and funny stories too, you know"—he chalks over every picture he can get hold of. He is very much interested in the Crimean War and prays every night that God would bless the poor soldiers that are fighting at Sebastopol. He got a sword for his Christmas present and when his father was disparaging it he said: "I can tell you, Papa, it's a silver sword and a gold sheath, and the boy's very well off and quite contented."

1855

Lou's curls cut off in January which spoils his appearance very much. Lou said: "Do the flies make honey?" "No, dear." "Then do they make butter like butterflies?" "Butterflies don't make butter." "Then what is the use of them?" When he had a cold and was made to wear a shawl over his sword he was in distress for fear it would not look like a soldier and then he said: "Do you think it will look like a *night march*, Mamma?" Lou took a fancy to the parable of the vineyard let out to husbandmen and can repeat it perfectly just from hearing it read. He learned in the same way about Samson killing the lion and the story of the Shunamite and her son. In February when I asked Lou what story he would like read he said: "O, you may read the 9th story of John, that's about the man that was born blind, you know." He is still mad on the subject of the soldiers and prays night and morning that they may get the victory—this is quite of his own accord. At this time Cummy had been ill and had gone home for a change. I had influenza and was confined to bed, so Lou was very much alone and spent most of his time in colouring the pictures in pictorial papers with coloured chalks. One day when his Aunt Warden went to see him she asked if he did not weary all alone, to which he replied: "O, no, I'm always doing something, you know." Lou thinks he is more like Jonathan than any of

the other Bible characters as Jonathan had a sword and a bow and arrows and so has he—he is generally either Jonathan or Lord Raglan just now.

Smout's dream in March—"I dreamt that I was at a marriage and a boy asked me to go to his room and when I looked out at the window I saw a basket hanging down from the sky and it was full of doors all round and somebody gave me something that wasn't good for me and I would not take it;" "the something" appears to have been some kind of cookie (bun) and he said "the basket was hung on a nail driven into a cloud." Louis is wonderfully well this summer; we spend June and July at Lasswade and August and September at Portobello where he bathes in the sea and enjoys it.

1856

Lou is very anxious for a brother or sister and asked if there was anything that he could do.—I said you know what Hannah did when she wanted a baby, so that night he added to his prayer: "O Lord, if it seems good to you, let me have a new brother or sister, if you think proper." In January, he had a slight attack of scarlatina and on Feby. 5th prayed among other things "that God would be very near every person that was not very well." I asked him one day what he had been doing and he said: "I've been playing all day; at least I've been making myself cheerful." When his father told him that his grandfather had

put lines of stones on steep hills for the wheels of carts Smout said: "That was a very good idea and when we come to that bridge I'll shew you the railway and it's just the very same thing and I'll shew you another thing that I want to know the meaning of, and that's why they put soda-water bottles on the telegraph." I said something to Smout about Christ having died to save him, he said: " Did he die to save me?" "Yes." "*Me?*" "Yes." "Well, then, doesn't that look very like as if I was saved already?" One day he said: "I'm going to call you Mother sometimes just that I may remember to do it when I am a big man" and at night he said: "Good-night my jewelest of mothers."

Smout's syllogism: "Mamma, has a match gas?" "Why do you ask, dear?" "Because papa said flame was gas, now a match has a flame." In March he went to Mr. Low's for dancing lessons; the teacher pronounced him stupid and gave him several blows with the fiddlestick—poor Smout looked at Cummy but did not cry.—When his Aunt Warden asked him how he liked the dancing he said: "It was rather disappointing."

In April he and I spend a week at Colinton Manse and as usual he is very sorry to come away; he does not understand the days getting longer and says he "would rather go to bed at the 7 o'clock that used to be." When saying the second verse of "I'm not too young," he said: "Surely that's gross nonsense for it

looks as if God only saw me when I sinned, now I thought he saw me *always* whatever I was doing."

We spent June and July at Colinton this year; we lived in Mr. Macfarlane's house. He was the village shoemaker and also the Precentor which office he held for more than 50 years. When Mrs. M. called on me to make arrangements about our going I left the room to get a glass of wine for her and on coming back I overheard the following conversation. Mrs. M.: "Eh, my dear, I'm prood to think that your mother's coming to live in my house." Lou: "O, I know that. Mamma said you would just be as proud as Punch." Two families of cousins were home from India and staying at the Manse and then he had his cousins Henrietta and Willie Traquair at the Farm, so he had a very happy time. One day Willie and he ate buttercups and at night Lou had a bad attack of "Mrs. Sauley"; he woke in a great fright screaming and was quite delirious for some time—we had to send to town for the Doctor. He had the first attack at Musselburgh in 1854 when he cried out with tears running down his cheeks: "O, send the parcel to Mrs. Sauley," hence the name—he was subject to such attacks for a good many years. One day his father explained to him the rise of the sap up the stem to the branches—on asking him if he understood it, he said: "Yes, the sap is like an old man and the root and stem the horse that pulls him up the hill." We spent August and September at Portobello; the whole sum-

mer was very wet and sunless and disappointing. Lou's uncle David [Balfour] gave him a pony this summer and he rather liked riding but he preferred playing with his companions so we did not keep it very long—he had no one to ride with him.

Early in October Bob Stevenson, Alan's son, came to spend the winter with us. The two boys were very fond of each other and were great companions though Bob was 4 years older than Louis—they lived much in a world of imagination—each had an island; one was called Encyclopædia and the other Nosingtonia somewhat in the style of De Quincey and his brother. On Lou's birthday his Aunt Warden gave him a toy theatre and the painting and cutting out of the figures and the scenes was a great source of delight to both the boys. In November Uncle David offered a prize to his own children and Bob for the best history of Moses—Louis was allowed to try for it also by dictating his history to me; it was begun on Nov. 23rd and finished Dec. 21st; he dictated every word himself on the Sunday evenings—the only help I gave him was occasionally to read aloud to him from the Bible to refresh his memory. He made several illustrations for it and in some of them the Israelites were represented smoking pipes and cigars. He got a Bible picture-book as a prize and was much pleased with it;—from that time forward it was the desire of his heart to be an author.

This History of Moses still exists.

1857

In January Lou has a bad bronchitic attack and on Feby. 6th he is still so feverish that we get Dr. Christison to see him. He says it is nothing but bronchitis and that he will soon be better but he advises us to leave Inverleith Terrace as the house is too cold for him, being an end one. On Feby. 20th Lou went to Colinton Manse where he stayed till April 10th and had a very happy time with Auntie and his cousins Johnnie and Noona. Auntie introduced him to "the Young Jäger" by Mayne Reid and gave him a splendid toy gun and he is in a new world of delight. During this visit he dictated to Auntie the beginning of a story of adventure *after* Mayne Reid. He also dictated to me "a History of Joseph by the author of a History of Moses." It shews a considerable advance on his first effort.

In April we took him to Bridge of Allan where we had lodgings at Viewforth where Lou was very happy with his gun. One day when Mrs. Warden came to see us she found him crouching behind a bush in the garden and when she asked him what he was doing he said: "I'm just hunting blawboks." In May we leave Inverleith Terrace and move to 17 Heriot Row, but the house is not ready for occupation till the end of September. Part of the summer is spent at Aberdour where Louis is very well. On September 30th Lou goes to school for the first time to Mr. Hender-

son's preparatory school in India Street, and on October 6th he gives it as his opinion that Mr. H. is "the most nicest man that ever was." Before Nov. 13th he was again suffering from bronchitis and spent his 7th birthday in bed, but he was much comforted by the companionship of his Skye terrier dog called Coolin which had lately arrived from the West Coast.

1858

In January Lou has another attack of bronchitis; when told to take a sleep through the day he said: "I'm just like papa, I can never sleep in the day, I would be very thankful if I could." This month he drew a picture of Sir Henry Handcock praying, which he sent to his Cousin David Alan before his father had seen it. When he heard that I was vexed, he drew two others but neither was so good as the first—the next time I saw him he said: "I'm blamed for kindness and get no encouragement for endeavour." He continued better and worse from the 13th till February 2nd when he became much more feverish; on the 6th when his father went into his room about 12 P. M. he found him wide awake and he said: "You see I have my bad nights, Papa, I'm always thankful when the morning comes." By the 17th he was so much better as to be able to go to Colinton, much to his delight; he stayed till March 9th.

At this time as he was too delicate to go to school we got a young English student called Wimberley to

come and teach him from 10 to 12 every day. He was a disappointment and very soon left Edinburgh without giving any warning. Louis told his father that he did not like Mr. Wimberley so well as Mr. Thomson, adding: "he often gives me approving words but he never gives me approving looks." In May we go to Bridge of Allan where Louis has another attack of bronchitis. We stay till nearly the end of June by which time he is well again. We spend August at Burntisland and are at home in September planning a trip to Scarborough. On the 15th Lou complains of headache. On the night of the 17th he has a very bad attack of "Mrs. Sauley"; he screamed dreadfully and said to me: "I'll give you three hundred guineas if you'll keep me." He told us afterwards that he thought he had to swallow the world. Next day it is pronounced gastric fever and after that we have three weeks of terrible anxiety when our darling hangs between life and death. Dr. Hunter comes two or three times a day and Dr. Christison sees him repeatedly, and on Sunday the 26th Dr. Stoner prays for him in Greenside Church. At the end of three weeks the fever leaves him and then the troubles of convalescence begin. He has boils on his back and we get a water bed for him and he suffers much from restlessness and irritability—it is the 20th of October before he is able to raise himself in bed. On the 24th he stands for the first time, takes two steps and totters into my arms. He is able [to go] for a short

drive on his 8th birthday the 13th of November and on the 18th we go to Colinton for a few days. His cousins Johnnie Royle and Lewis Balfour give him two bound volumes of Cassell's paper and he is so anxious to find out what the pictures are about that he really takes to reading for his amusement. Hitherto he had been very lazy about it as he could always get Cummy to read to him.

1859

Louis continued very delicate all winter and much troubled with toothache but by the 11th of March he is pretty strong and begins to take dancing lessons from Madame D'Egirlle and he missed very few of them. In June he has cold so we go on the 14th to Viewforth, Bridge of Allan, where we stay till the 6th July when we went a short trip to Perth, Dundee and Crieff—Louis dictated an account of part of this trip which he entitled "Travels in Perthshire." We spent August at Thornley Bank, Dysart, and the last half of Sept. at North Berwick. On the 2nd October Louis went back to Mr. Henderson's school much to his delight; he is in the 3rd class and keeps a good place, sometimes dux, oftener 4 or 5; before the end of the year he was twice at home with cold and once with chicken pox.

1860

Louis was pretty regular at school till March when he has such a bad cold that he goes to Colinton on

April 2nd to recruit; he returned home on the 20th on account of the illness of his grandfather who died on the 24th and so he lost his beloved second home. Louis was still complaining so we took him to Bridge of Allan on the 8th of May where we stay at Viewforth and Mine Cottage till July 6th. We spend August and September at North Berwick where Louis was well and happy and enjoyed bathing though it was a cold season. He goes back to Mr. Henderson's school in October, this year he has Mr. Rutherford as his teacher and he is very fond of him; and we get him to come as his tutor in the evening to make up for his frequent absences from cold.

1861

Louis continues wonderfully regular at school and keeps a good place and even appears at *Roland's Assault* on the 13th of April but on 15th he begins to cough and it turns out a very bad attack of whooping cough which lasts for six weeks and leaves him very weak. We take him to Mount Clussie, Lasswade, for the month of June and he complains much of the want of companions, declaring that there is not a single boy in Lasswade. He improves so much that he is able to go back to school on the 1st of July, much to his delight. On the 17th he was sent home from school with a sore throat and that turned out scarlet fever, so once more school was interrupted and he was not able to go to the examination, which was a great

disappointment to him.—His first prize, for reading, was sent to him. The attack of fever was slight and he was able to go to North Berwick in the beginning of August where we remain till the end of Sept. Mr. Rutherford continues to act as tutor and teaches Louis for 2 hours every day along with two of his cousins.

On the first of October Louis goes to the first class in the Edinburgh Academy—Mr. Darcy Wentworth Thompson is the Master. His attendance is very irregular as he has two bad colds before the end of the year.

1862

Louis continues to attend the Academy off and on till April when his father having had a severe illness is ordered to the south of England, and as we think the change will be good for Louis we take him with us. He sees the Cathedral at York; The National Gallery, St. Paul's, and Madame Tussaud's in London, Salisbury Cathedral, and Stonehenge, then we go on to the Isle of Wight. On the way home we stay for a time at Richmond and I take Louis to Windsor, Hampton Court, the Crystal Palace, The International Exhibition, Westminster Abbey, and the Zoölogical Gardens. We return home on 17th May. In July Mr. Stevenson is ordered to Homburg and Louis has his first taste of foreign travel. We go by Brussels and Cologne and sail up the Rhine to Rudesheim, the rest of the way by train. We stay four weeks at

Homburg, drinking water, enjoying the music, and watching the gambling which is all conducted in a quiet and orderly way without any apparent excitement. Louis is very well but has no companions and wearies for them. We visit Heidelberg after leaving Homburg and then return home by Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, and Ostend. A Dutchman on board the steamer to Dover took a great fancy to Lou and repeated over and over again, "I like this boy." We go to North Berwick for Sept. Louis is very well then, but I have an attack of inflammation of the lungs which leaves me very weak. Louis goes back to the Academy in October. In December I am ordered to go to Mentone and we decide to take Louis with us.

1863

On 2nd January we start for Mentone a party of 5, our 3 selves, a niece, Bessie Stevenson, and Alison Cunningham. We make out our journey comfortably and are much delighted to get into the region of sunshine and flowers. We stay at Nice for a time and Louis even goes to school there for a week or two. On Feby. 4th we go to Villa Bosan at Mentone and are delighted with the beauty of the place, the olive yards and the lemon groves and the lovely wild flowers. We get a M.[onsieur] to teach Louis French —he is rather a character,—says to Lou: "Ah, you will never speak French with a drawl like that," and the

way he takes to cure him of the drawl is to make him scream out his lessons at the pitch of his voice so that he is heard over the whole house. I confess it does do him some good. We stayed at Mentone till the end of March and then started on our grand tour. We travelled *vetturino* by the Corniche road to Genoa; stayed a few days more, then 3 days more on the other side and on to Pisa by train, then to Leghorn from which we sailed to Naples in the Steamer *Principe Umberto*. Here we visited Pompeii, the Museum, Virgil's tomb, the grotto of Posilipo, and many churches. We then came to Rome by train, stayed there a week seeing as much as we could. Then left for Florence travelling *vetturino*, enjoyed our stay there very much, then went on by Bologna and Ferrara and Padua to Venice. After a few delightful days there we cross the Alps by the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck, then on to Munich and Nüremberg and home down the Rhine. I stay near London for a time and Louis travels to Edinburgh by himself and is much pleased. In August '63 he also paid a visit to his uncle, Mr. Traquair, at Overshiels, a farm house in the parish of Stow among the Lammermuirs. I think his recollections of this visit were used in his descriptions in *Weir of Hermiston*.

Louis has a Mr. Macbeth as a tutor after he goes home. It is arranged that I am to go back to Mentone for another winter, so we make up our minds to send Louis to a school in England. We fix upon one

at Spring Grove near London kept by a Mr. Wyatt —because two of his uncles and "Auntie" are all living there. Before he starts, his father takes him a little trip to Fife to cheer him up. They visited 17 lights in one day and Lou enjoyed it very much. Just before he leaves he was walking in Leopold Place when the sight of Greenside Church and the Terrace where his cousins live overcame him and he sat down on a door step to cry, and a cat came and comforted him—it was the lowest house in Leopold Place. His father took him to school on the 28th of August. I see him again in the beginning of Nov. on my way to Mentone and find him looking well but rather round shouldered. Jessie Warden, a niece of my husband's, goes with me to Mentone, also Alison Cunningham, and we take rooms in the Hôtel de Londres. We expect Mr. Stevenson and Louis to arrive on Christmas day but they do not come which is a great disappointment. It turns out that they travelled all night to try to be in time and were both so much knocked up that they had to stay a day in Marseilles to rest, and Louis took a fit of "Mrs. Sauley" with his clothes on and gave his father a great fright. They arrived the day after Christmas looking well.

1864

Louis had really been over-excited at school. Mr. Wyatt complained that he did not eat and used to

threaten to give him medicine. As usual he started a magazine, one number of which still exists. Immediately after the New Year he had a bad attack of bronchitis and was very ill for a month and was so weak at the end of the time that he had to be carried up and down stairs by two of the waiters. I was too weak to be much with him, but his father was devoted to him and invented all sorts of things for his amusement. I still have some of the pasteboard figures that they cut out and painted together and that used to hang in great numbers round his bed. While he was ill he got his father to promise that he was never to be sent away to school again—he loved to be at home.

Professor Bennet of Edinburgh was at Mentone at this time and attended Lou and said that he would require great care. Louis is well enough to let his father leave on the 11th Feby. and soon after M. Gaillier begins again to give him lessons, but he is told that he is just to talk to Louis in French and amuse him, so he teaches him piquet and takes him out to walk and introduces him to French people, takes him to visit convents, and Louis enjoys his lessons very much and picks up a great deal of French. On April 9th we go on to San Remo. We had just heard of the sudden death of Mrs. Warden, and Jessie and I did not go to the table d'hote, so Louis went alone and made friends with the people and was quite at his ease. He amused me by being

anxious to introduce some of his friends to me because he wanted to let them see that he had "a young mamma." We go from San Remo to Nice where Mr. Stevenson joins us with another niece, May Wilson, and Jessie Warden goes home accompanied by Cummy. We go on to Cannes where we stay for a time and then return home by Toulon, Marseilles, Dijon, Fontainebleau, Paris, Boulogne, and Folkestone and so home. We take a house at Peebles for July, August, and September. It is a delightful summer, dry and warm, and Louis is very well and enjoys himself rowing on the Tweed and bathing in it. That was next year. His cousin Bob stays for some time with us and altogether he is very well and wild and happy. For a time Lou gets lessons from Mr. Cameron, the teacher of the Burgh school, who called on me one day to tell me that "Louis is without exception the most intelligent and best-informed boy I have ever come across and that is saying a good deal." Lou used to try to fish in the Keystone but he never made anything of it and soon gave up the attempt. He also tried to start writing some story along with a new companion called Robert Romanes, but it did not come to anything. Whatever there was in him of Puck came very much to the front this summer, he was the leader of a number of boys who went about playing tricks on all the neighbours on Springhill, tapping on their windows after nightfall. When on one occasion he went into a

house where ironing was going on and the servant had left her work for the time, he put the hot iron on the dress which was being ironed and made off—of course the dress was burned and needed to be replaced and he was scolded.

At the beginning of October we were afraid to send him back to the Academy where he so often took cold, so he went to a private school in Frederick St. kept by a Mr. Thomson where the lessons were supposed to be prepared during the school hours. I don't think very much was learned, at least I know that he escaped learning Greek altogether and also French Grammar; he was already a good talker and all his teachers liked him and I think they found it pleasanter to talk to him than to teach him. At this school one of his companions was Henry Bellyse Baildon who also had literary aspirations and they started a magazine together called *Jack o'Lantern* of which one copy still exists.—Louis kept pretty well till the end of the year.

Apropos of Mr. Baildon I was amused to hear from Lou's cousin Henrietta Traquair that Louis had told her in 1864 that he had at last found a literary friend; he added: "I think he has better abilities than I have but I think I have cultivated mine more."

Louis was always very tender and nice in taking care of me from the time he was about 3 years old. When he was left alone in the dining room with me after

dinner one day when I lay down on the sofa—he had seen Cummy put a shawl over me so he took a doiley off the table unfolded it and came and spread it over me saying: "That's a wee bittie, Mamma." In Spring 1865 he began to give me his arm when his father was away and not long after that, much to my amusement, he began to look after my morals, advising me not to read certain books that he thought were not quite suitable!

1865

On March 14th we go to Torquay to escape the east winds, the weather was very cold when we arrived and Louis and I both got ill and were so dreadfully low after Mr. Stevenson left us that we got Jessie Warden, who was visiting at Exmouth, to come and cheer us. By the 28th Louis is able to begin lessons, a M. Mistonsky gives him lessons in French and German and Mr. Dent teaches him mathematics. He is very well and bright here. His cousin Jessie has a strong sense of humour and the two together keep the party in roars of laughter. Our landlady was rather a prim, long-faced Methodist and once when she came into the room and found me in the midst of a fit of laughter she opened her eyes very wide, held up her hands and said, "O! hystericks!!" Louis was always bursting out into rhyme at this time. He said Jessie always imitated me in everything:

"I'll do just as my Auntie does,
as far as I can see
I'll do just as my Auntie does,
for that's the best for me."

Lou slept in a small room off mine and as we both took breakfast in bed, his bed was pulled in front of the open door so that we might enjoy each other's company—Jessie refused to breakfast alone so she joined the party. One morning I complained of having stale bread and Jessie immediately followed —Lou hid his face behind the door for a minute and then produced the following:

"Ma was sitting in her bed, and she'd got a bit of bread,
Soon she gave an awful wail, 'Cummy, see, my bread is stale.'
Jessie heard Mamma complain, so thinks she, 'I'll do the same,'
So she gave another wail, 'My bread also you see is stale.'
But in a minute and a half against her we got up a laugh,
For it was proved that Jessie's slice was taken from a loaf as nice
As Mamma's was the opposite—Jessie *wrong* and *Ma quite right.*"

He wrote a description of Torquay in rhyme which was sent to a good many of his friends, it began:

"This rhyming letter's writ to thee
From Glen Villa at Torquay."

He also composed an opera called "The Baneful Potatoe."

He used to dress himself up like an operatic actor, making much use of a large bunch of paper flowers that decorated our room, and act it all, much to our amusement. I am sorry to say that this opera has been lost. I remember that two of the characters were "Dig him up, O" the gardener, and "Seek him out, O" the policeman, and that the heroine sang a song beginning: "My own dear casement window," from which she was supposed to be looking out. Louis gets riding lessons here and is pronounced fit to be trusted with a pony. We return home in May and Louis goes back to Mr. Thomson's on the 11th. At this school he made the acquaintance of Henry Bellyse Baildon, who shared his literary aspirations and they started a magazine together. Louis informed his cousin, Henrietta Traquair, that he had found a literary friend and added: "I think he has greater abilities than I have but I think I have cultivated mine better." We returned to Elibank Villa, Springhill, Peebles, for July, August, and September and Lou had a pony and enjoyed riding about with

his friends Janey and Bob Murray. The pony was called "Charley." In Sept. we take a trip to Aberdeen, Inverness, Dornoch, and Golspie, coming home by the Caledonian Canal, spending a night on board the *Pharos*, visiting Coran Lighthouse and Iona, landing at Crina and so home by the Crinan Canal. In October Louis returns to Mr. Thomson's School. Mr. Weisse comes in the evenings to give him German lessons—these are shared by his Cousin Lewis Balfour commonly called "Cramond," and Mr. Macdougal comes 3 times a week to give him lessons in mathematics. Louis kept pretty well till the end of the year and I have specially noted that he was able to be present at the funeral of his Uncle Alan Stevenson, which took place on the 27th of December. Miss Murray says: "My strongest recollection of Louis is when my brother Bob and he and I used to ride together at Peebles in 1865. Bob had a black pony and Louis called it 'Hell;' his own was brown and was called 'Purgatory,' while mine was named 'Heaven.' The two boys used to gallop off together and I followed after them in great fear and trembling—once they galloped right through the Tweed on the way to Inverleithen and I had to follow in fear of my life; poor Heaven had the worst of it on that occasion." In January, 1866, the first number of the *Sunbeam* Magazine appeared—it was called "an illustrated Miscellany of Fact Fiction and Fun new series edited by R. L. Stevenson." It was written

out by his cousin Jessie Warden and lent out at 1d. a night. 3 numbers appeared and 2 still exist.

1866

On the 6th of March Louis and I return to Torquay and Mrs. Alan Stevenson and her oldest daughter go with us; we have lodgings in Sulyarde Terrace, where we have a splendid view of Tor Bay, and in storms the windows are nearly knocked in by the force of the spray dashing against them. Louis goes two hours a day to a Mr.—— for Latin, Greek, and mathematics. We have a pleasant time at Torquay. Lou gets more riding lessons and rides about with his cousin; and two little cousins, Bessie and George Balfour, stay some time with us and make a lively household. We return home on the 16th of May and Lou returns to school but the weather is cold and wet and his work is interfered with by an attack of pleurisy and a bad sore throat. We go to the hotel at North Berwick for a change in July and take a house at Callander for August and September where we have a succession of young visitors and Lou has his pony and enjoys himself. In October he goes to Mr. Thomson for Latin and Greek, to old Mr. Lang for mathematics, to young Mr. Lang for practical mechanics and to Mr. Roland for gymnastics. The outcome of the practical mechanics was that he made a box which is now at Vailima—he was always making mistakes which caused the size of the box to be

reduced, so at last some extraneous aid had to be called in lest it should disappear altogether! Lou was measured on his 16th birthday and was 5 ft. 6 in.

1867

After keeping wonderfully well through the winter Louis had an attack of pleurisy in February. Instead of going to Torquay we make up our minds to try Bridge of Allan. We take lodgings at Darnley House for the 8th March but are prevented from going till the 16th by a snow storm. We have much cold weather but stay on till the 27th of April. This year we have taken a lease of Swanston Cottage at the foot of the Pentlands as we have found that hill air suits us all better than sea air. We get the house in the end of May and have it furnished and in order by the 15th of June when we three take possession of it. With much delight we enter it under an arch of seringa in full bloom. We all enjoy wandering on the hill and Louis makes the acquaintance of John Todd the shepherd and of our delightful old gardener Robert Young. We have a little pony carriage and Lou has his pony. At the end of summer Mr. Stevenson gets a brougham as he is afraid to let Louis and me drive in an open conveyance. We have arranged to have an addition made to Swanston Cottage so it is given over to the work people in October. I have an attack of diphtheria in December which leaves me very weak for a long time and dear Lou

is so good and tender in taking care of me and guessing what I mean when I use wrong words. He entered the University in November taking the classes for Latin, Greek, and Natural Philosophy.

1868

In April when the college classes are over Louis goes to a class for engineering drawing and a mathematical tutor comes to him in the evenings. We go out to Swanston on the 29th of May and find the addition most comfortable. On the 1st of July Louis goes to Anstruther where harbour works are going on, this is his first business expedition—we pay him a visit on the 10th and find him in comfortable lodgings and take supper with him one day and lunch another—he comes home on the 31st glad to be back as he is wearying for grass and trees. On the 25th of August he goes to Wick with his father and is left there to watch what is going on at the harbour works—he comes home on the 10th of October having travelled all night *outside* the mail without being the worse for it. In October he has an attack of influenza followed by bronchitis and is not able to go to College till quite the end of November. I think he took Latin, Natural Philosophy, and mathematics this year, Greek being found hopeless for an examination. On the 12th of December he gave his first dinner party of his own friends—when I asked him how he intended to amuse them he said: "I think you will

find that we do not want anything but conversation" and it was quite true. Mr. Wilson comes in the evening as tutor.

On March 2nd, 1869, Louis is admitted a member of the Speculative Society—he was proposed by Mr. George Melville, Advocate.

1869

Louis pretty well this winter, he rides pretty regularly and even occasionally follows the hounds, just to give him an object—not that he cares for the sport.

He enjoys society at this time and has several dinner parties and small dances of his own friends. We go to Swanston in April and had lovely weather for the last fortnight. This summer he suffers a good deal from neuralgia in his head—he used to carry a box of quinine pills in his pocket and take them when he felt it coming on. On the 13th May Lou's favourite dog Coolin was killed by being run over by an Irish car—he was getting rather deaf and did not hear it coming. Coolin had been Lou's inseparable companion since he was seven years old and his death was a great grief to us all. Mr. Stevenson could not bear to see the dog after he was dead but when Louis heard of it he went off at once to Hunter's Tryst where the accident took place and brought Coolin home, had the grave dug and laid him in himself—the grave had to be made behind a hedge so that his father might not see what was going on. In June

Louis went a trip to Shetland with his father in the *Pharos* and enjoyed it much. He wrote several very nice letters to me but afterwards asked to have them as he intended to make some use of them—they may be among the papers sent home from Samoa. We have friends staying with us constantly through the summer and always have little parties on Saturday when we generally walk up the hill in the afternoon and have tea in the garden; Louis kept well and we all had a very happy time.

We go to North Berwick from the middle of August till the end of September and I think it was at this time that the "lantern bearers" began their meetings. On the 19th of Nov. Lou has cold and cannot go to his Cousin Cecilia Balfour's birthday party. I suggest that he might send her a hand mirror and write some lines; he sat down at once and dashed off "A picture frame for you to fill." He went to College again this winter but strangely enough I can find no record of his classes for this year except that he attended the class for Civil Engineering taught by Professor Fleeming Jenkin, he also attended a wood merchant's yard about this time to learn to distinguish the different kinds of wood.

1870

Louis pretty well this winter and able for visiting parties both at home and abroad. On the 26th February he was taken up along with some fellow students

for snowballing, he was standing on a ledge at Surgeon's Hall to watch the proceedings when he was caught—the trial took place on March 1st when he is bound over to keep the peace for a year.

1870 *Courant*

THE RIOTOUS STUDENTS

At the Police Court on Monday, before Bailie Skinner, Daniel Beckingsale, residing in Gladstone Place, and Henry Hitchcock, Dublin Street, were charged with having, on Friday last, in Nicolson Street, behaved in a riotous and disorderly manner, by shouting, bawling, and making a great noise, whereby a crowd was collected, the lieges were annoyed and disturbed, and a breach of the peace was committed. They were also accused of molesting three police-officers while in the execution of their duty, and of attempting to rescue James Wallace, then in custody. Sergeant Severn deponed that some one caught him by the collar, and that Beckingsale took hold of his baton and tried to pull it away, after Wallace was secured. He was not going to strike any persons with the baton when the snatch was made at it. Constable Carson stated that a snowball riot was being carried on when Wallace was apprehended, and that those who took part in it were principally students. He saw Beckingsale come forward and take a grip of Sergeant Severn, and heard him cry "Rescue" several times. Constable Beith saw him seize Wallace while he was in custody, and heard him shout out to those who were engaged in the disturbance, "Do not let the police take him." Constable Marshall spoke of seeing Hitchcock likewise attempt a rescue. He tried to pull Wallace away by the collar; and exclaimed to the mob, "Don't let them"—meaning the officers. The panels were sentenced to pay a fine of £2 each, or in default of payment, to suffer ten days' imprisonment. Alexander Suttie, Clerk Street, was charged with disorderly conduct in South Bridge Street on the same day. Constable Mackenzie said he noticed him throwing a snowball, and then turning his back to avoid suspicion. An omnibus was passing at the time, and he did not see where the ball took effect. A fine of 10s. was imposed, with the alternative of five days' imprisonment. Alexander Cook, St. Andrew's, was accused of having obstructed two of the police in the High Street, and endeavoured to release Thomas Ogilvie Jackson from custody. Constable Munro deponed that Cook made the attempt twice, and that

a considerable crowd followed him up the street. He was adjudged to pay a fine of 30s., or go ten days to prison.

Tuesday.

At the Police Court this day, before Sheriff Hallard, Alfred Clunas Ross, John Robertson, James Wallace, R. Lewis Stevenson, Edward Chessman, Charles Nairn, George De Wolf, W. Stevenson, J. M'Fie, J. Stewart, and Lewis Balfour—all medical students—were charged with having "behaved in a riotous and disorderly manner, having discharged one or more snowballs or other missiles, whereby a breach of the peace was committed."

Mr. Macdonald, advocate, appeared for four of the accused, and Mr. A. G. Young for Mr. M'Fie.

They all pled not guilty to the full charge, but several of them admitted the breach of the peace.

Sergeant Stars was the first witness called and deponed—I was on duty in Nicolson Street on Thursday and Friday last. On Friday I was opposite the College of Surgeons and the University, I identify Ross and R. L. Stevenson. About twenty minutes to three o'clock Ross was on the gravel walk leading a number of gentlemen to rescue prisoners. I apprehended him in the act of shouting "come on to the rescue." There was a serious tumult going on at the time, snowballs were being thrown at every one that passed.

Thomas Carson, a police constable identified J. Wallace. He saw him between 12 and 1 and again at 2 o'clock, both inside and outside the gates at the College of Surgeons. Saw him throw snowballs and trying to "ignite" the crowd outside.

Peter M'Cabe saw Ross, and could not identify any of the others.

Alex. Harper was doing duty in plain clothes. He saw Robertson between 2 and 3 o'clock. He was very disorderly and shouting in the street. J. Wallace was throwing snowballs from the inside. R. L. Stevenson was on the wall throwing, and Chessman was along with him. The place where they were taken from was very narrow, but there was a niche in it.

Police-Constable Flynn saw Robertson, and T. Grassick identified Wallace, Stevenson, and Chessman throwing from the inside of the railings. Wallace was on the balcony; it is a very narrow place, but they could throw balls from it on to the street.

J. Hay, constable, identified Stevenson, R. Campbell, Wallace, Geo. Peters, and Charles Nairn.

Thomas Work, who did police duty in plain clothes, said he saw Wallace throw snowballs from the inside. Nairn was throwing at the south gate, and Stevenson was on the balcony, throwing snow-

balls and shouting. M'Fie was outside the gate, shouting and throwing. I went on duty at nine o'clock in the morning, and was there till three. It was two o'clock when I saw M'Fie. Did not see him before. It was outside the north gate. There was a great many there at the time. When I apprehended him he resisted at first.

Mr. Young—Declined to go in your company I suppose.

Hugh M'Kay identified Wallace and DeWolf.

John M'Kay, sergeant, said—De Wolf was very disorderly. There was a great disturbance at the time. He saw Stewart in the South Bridge throwing snowballs while the police were taking the prisoners to the office.

George Duncan identified W. Stevenson, and L. Innes said J. Wallace was one of these on the balcony. Balfour was in Nicolson Street. He had some books with him, and was only a short time in his sight. There was no more evidence against him, and he was allowed to go.

For the defence, Thomas Paterson Dove was called. He said—I am a student and know Mr. Stewart. I was at the University with him, and we left it together shortly after 2 o'clock. We went out Nicolson Street, towards Surgeon's Hall. I proposed to go and see the row. After entering the gate he proposed to go on the ledge (called by the other witnesses the balcony), to be out of the way of the row. He went up, whilst I remained down below. He was smoking the whole time, and did not throw any snowballs. He came down when the policeman ordered him. There was six others there, but I did not see them throwing. There was no snow on the ledge. The ledge is only seven or eight inches wide. John Leitch, student, got on the ledge to see the row, and stood next Stevenson smoking and took no part in the row. Mr. Hay Christie corroborated and swore to several other of the prisoners being on the ledge.

Several other witnesses were examined, who swore to four of the gentlemen not being concerned in the row.

For M'Donald said it appeared to be a very hard case for every one who was on the ledge, for they could do far less than others; and whenever the police told them they had only to step down and be taken, while the others got clear off. It was alleged they threw snowballs from the ledge, but there was no evidence led by the public prosecutor that there was snow on the ledge, or that it had been handed up to them. There was a great deal of noise and uproar, and it would not be remarkable if the constables made mistakes. Some of his clients had pled to a breach of the peace, and he hoped his Lordship would recall what he said a few years ago when he had

another generation of students before him, that the boyish element must be taken into account.

Mr. Young followed in defence of M'Fie.

The Sheriff found that it was a case of mistaken identity in regard to M'Fie and Stevenson, and the others were ordered to find caution for one, or three days' imprisonment.

Edward Cunningham Craig, and George Irvine, two students, pled guilty to molesting the police and attempting to rescue prisoners. They were ordered to find caution for one, or three days' imprisonment.

A large concourse of students crowded the court and vicinity, and when the lenient sentences became known, a loud shout from the outside proclaimed the satisfaction with which it was hailed by those unable to gain admission.

On March 9th he reads his first paper at the Speculative Society on the effects produced by the persecution of the Covenanters. It was well received. On the 8th April he goes to Dundee with Prof. Fleeming Jenkin and his class; on the 20th he goes to Newcastle with his father on business; on the 26th he goes to Dunoon for a week to look after some work that is being done. In June while attending Prof. Jenkin's summer session and levelling on the Braid Mills, he ran a levelling rod into his leg and with some difficulty got as far as the house of Mr. Sam Bough, the artist. His wife is very kind and takes a great fancy to Lou. He gets a cab and goes to his Aunt Jane's house in Morningside. In June Mr. Stevenson and I go to Scarborough and Louis is left alone and allowed to invite his friends out. They have a lively time running races up the hill and Cummy was shocked at the amount of smoking that went on.

On August 1st Louis leaves for the Island of Earraid where the stones are being prepared for Dhu Heartach lighthouse, he travels to Iona with Mr. Sam Bough who tells him what a conquest he had made of his wife; his letters tell more of their meeting. We pay him a visit in the *Pharos* on the 19th and stay a night and he leaves with us. On Sept. 30th he goes to Cockfield Rectory in Suffolk to stay with Professor and Mrs. Churchill Babington. Mrs. B. is his cousin and he goes to be present at the marriage of another cousin; he returns home on the 15th October, having to travel all night for want of *one shilling!* He walked about a great part of the day and spent some time in a barber's shop just to put off the time.

In Nov. he returns to College to the Engineering Class I believe also to Natural Philosophy, he goes also to Engineering drawing and to Mr. Hillhouse for mathematics.

We have some nice frosty weather in Dec. and Lou enjoys skating.

1871

On 4th January Lou dines at his first Academy Class dinner and gives a round robin. This month he has an attack of shingles from which he suffers a good deal—it is uncommon in one so young—otherwise he keeps very well this winter and continues to enjoy skating and going out both to dinners and dances. On 6th Feby. he dined at the Conservative

Club where he made his first speech in public—he proposed the health of the honorary members and got on well. On the 27th of March he read his first paper at the Society of Arts. He got on very well and was quite at his ease; it was a description of an improvement on Lighthouse apparatus and he got a prize for it.[1] On April 4th Louis was at a supper given to Prof. Jenkin. He said to me afterwards, "Louis was the nicest pupil I ever had, he was always so pleasant and gentlemanlike and he never gave me any trouble in correcting papers and then he got up such a nice supper for me at the end of the session!" On the 5th the whole class goes to Glasgow to visit works and they stay all night and that was Lou's farewell to Engineering. On the 8th he has his first talk with his father about giving up the profession. I have put in my notebook, "Tom wonderfully resigned." As Louis has taken no degree, meaning to take a science one, his father does not approve of his

[1] Royal Scottish Society of Arts.—A meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts was held last night in their hall, 117 George Street—Mr. A. D. Stewart, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, C. E. read a paper on a new form of the "intermittent" light invented by the late Mr. Robert Stevenson in 1830. He proposed to produce this characteristic by the revolution of a hemispherical mirror, or a number of smaller sectors of spherical mirror, round a central flame inside Fresnel's fixed light apparatus. By the addition of different coloured glass screens between the sectors of mirror, the further distinction of varying colour and period may be produced. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Stevenson for his interesting paper, and a committee appointed to consider the invention. Mr. H. F. Alexander communicated "a new application of principles to ventilation," for which he received the thanks of the meeting. March 28, 71. *Courant.*

going in for literature without having something to fall back upon, as we fear to count too much on his success, so it is arranged that he is to study for the Bar to give him a position, his father thinks that he may be able to combine the two. This change of plan is announced on the 12th April. On the 24th of April Lou for the first time assists Prof. and Mrs. Jenkin with their private theatricals, on this occasion it is in the humble position of prompter. In May of 1871 Louis wrote a letter to the *Missionary Record* of the Church of Scotland on Parochial Organisation—it must have been at this time, I think, the Gospel of St. Matthew made a deep impression on him as noted in his paper on "Books which have influenced me."

Lou suffers much from toothache this summer; he is low and is sent off to the Lakes for a trip in June, we join him afterward and come home by Annan, Dumfries, Dalbeattie, and Dundrennan Abbey. Charles Baxter, Jameson Torrie, and Tom Raleigh are Lou's principal visitors this summer, also Walter Ferrier. In September we visit my brother Mackintosh at Balnauld Kirkmichael, Louis goes on to Glenogil to visit the Leveson Stewarts and then we all meet at the Marine Hotel, Nairn. At Balnauld Lou caught 10 trout one day—his father had promised him 6d a piece! At Glenogil he sometimes caught 3 dozen in a day and enjoyed his visit very much. A young Miss Mackintosh of Gedes and a son and daughter of

Norman Macleod were staying in the hotel and Lou helped to act a charade with them. On the 16th October we hear that Louis is to get a £3 prize for his improvement on lights and he says: "No one can say that I give up engineering because I can't succeed in it, as I leave the profession with flying colours." In November he begins his Law Classes; he took Civil Law and Public Law. At the first he was present at five out of twelve examinations—just enough to gain a certificate, but at Prof. Lorimer's class which he enjoyed he gained an honourable mention. He gets his prize on his 21st birthday in the evening, so it is celebrated on the 16th by a young dinner party of nineteen when his health is proposed by Mr. Wilson, a former tutor.

In the spring of 1872 Louis was in a very depressed state; his Uncle Dr. Balfour said it was nervous depression and ordered him to have change. He wrote one terribly morbid letter to me from Dunblane all about death and Churchyards—it vexed me so much that I put it in the fire at once. Years after when he was writing *Old Mortality* he applied to me for that letter and was quite vexed when I told him that I had destroyed it.

1872

Lou's classes finish in March. He has got through the winter pretty well and has been able to fulfil most

of his engagements; he is 3rd in honours in the Public Law class. He rather breaks down when his work is over and goes to Bridge of Allan and Dunblane for a change, coming back every few days for Prof. Jenkin's theatricals at which he is to act this year—he acts Biondello and the Tailor in the *Taming of the Shrew*. We go to Swanston on the 9th. Louis goes to Mr. Peacock Edward's office to learn about law writing; he likes it very much because he has no trouble only to copy and then he gets paid so much a page! He proposes at this time to go for a summer session to Germany with Sir Walter Simpson. I persuade his father to let him go the next day, but awake at 2 o'clock next morning feeling quite certain that if he goes I shall never see him again; the impression is so strong that though I fight against it with all my might I finish by going into hysterics—the first time in my life. When Lou is told in the morning, he at once agrees to stay at home but declares he "would have been much less surprised if his father had taken hysterics about his going away and he has now lost all confidence in his mother's strength of mind."

On May 14th he begins Professor Muirhead's class for Civil Law—the summer session.

On July 20th Lou starts for Germany with Sir Walter Simpson. We follow in August and join him at Baden Baden on August 23rd. While we are there Louis goes for a short walking trip in the Black Forest; we return home by Strasburg, Paris, and Boulogne.

On Nov. 9th Louis passed his preliminary examination in Law. The French examiner's report was: "Mr. Stevenson's is the most extraordinary case I have ever come across for while he reads, writes and translates French as well as I could do he does not know a word of the grammar." Lou said to him: "To the best of my knowledge and belief I never saw the inside of a French Grammar till this morning." This winter he took Professor Hodgson's class for Political Economy at which he gained a certificate of merit for essays; he enjoyed this class very much.

1873

Louis was not very strong in Dec. and after trying a change to Bridge of Allan without result he and I are ordered to Malvern where we stay for three weeks and he comes home much better. In May he again helps the Jenkinses with their theatricals; he acts Æschylus and a French cook and gives satisfaction in both. We return to Swanston on the 10th May. On the 14th he begins Prof. Douglas Mac—— class of Medical jurisprudence and is present at 7 out of 13 attendances. Everything is white with snow on the 17th of May!

On the 19th Louis reads a paper before the Royal Society on the *Thermal Influence of Forests*. On the 2nd July he reads a paper on *Local Climate*, at the meeting of the Meteorological Society. On the 25th July he goes to Cockfield Rectory to visit the

Babingtons, here he meets Prof. Sidney Colvin for the first time, and they were fast friends ever after. Prof. Colvin encouraged him in his literary aspirations and I always called him his literary godfather. He came home in the end of August in rather a weak state complaining of neuralgia, he goes on better and worse till October 24th, when he goes to London. While there he consults Dr. Clark who puts him on a diet and forbids him to go home. A little later we hear that he advises him to go to Mentone for the winter. Mr. Stevenson and I go to London to see Dr. Clark. He tells us that Lou's nervous system has quite broken down, that his lungs are delicate and just in the state when disease might very easily set in. When I ask if I ought to go with him he said: "No, he wants a complete change of everything, scene, diet, and companionship; strangers will be much more likely to bring him out of himself than if you were with him." When I told him that he was my only child, he said, "I am very sorry for you both." On Sunday the 2nd Nov. we go to St. Michael's Paddington, in very low spirits and longing for some comfort. The Gospel for the day was St. John IV:46, that seemed wonderful enough but still more wonderful and comforting it was when the Clergyman gave out his text: "Go thy way, thy son liveth." We came away much cheered. Dear Lou left on the 5th and we returned to the empty house next day. The letters from Mentone are in low

spirits at first and from the 24th to the 1st Dec. we do not hear at all so send a telegram to which we get for answer: "All right." The history of this period is told in his letters from Mentone. In the Dec. *Portfolio* his first paper is published; it is called "Roads" and is descriptive of the roads in Suffolk.

1874

Louis returns to Edinburgh on the 26th of April looking wonderfully well. *Ordered South* appeared in *Macmillan's* for May and I am thankful that Louis is home before I read it because it is so sad. We go to Swanston on the 2nd May.[1] Louis joins Sir Walter Simpson, in a small yacht which he has taken along with a friend; on July 22nd, they cruise on the West Coast; Louis enjoys it much and it does his health much good—he comes home on the 24th August looking brown and strong. Here is a quotation from a letter he wrote after his return: "I left my pipe on board the yacht, my umbrella in the dog cart, and my portmanteau by the way, and I reached home in the baronet's hat, the scribe's coat and my own integrity." The scribe was Charles Baxter. Lou's own hat had been blown away while he was bathing. In September we go a trip to Wales and visit Chester Cathedral on the way, the verger's admiration for Louis is very amusing. He says: "Something must

[1] I find from letters that Louis spent some time at Hampstead in June and July before joining the Yacht *Huron*.

come out of that head," and he wonders if it will be *music*. L. goes to London on 24th Sept. when we come home; he returns in time to begin College work on 4th Nov. He takes Prof. Æneas Mackay's class for Constitutional Law and History, Prof. Macpherson's for Scots Law and Prof. Stuart Tytler's for Conveyancing. On Dec. 2nd Lou goes to London and Cambridge to visit Prof. Sidney Colvin; he comes home on 13th.

It must have been some time in the winter of 1874–5 that Louis was first introduced to W. E. Henley by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Henley was in the Surgical Hospital at the time to be under Mr. Lister. Louis used to visit him every day and sit for hours with him. Years after when I was talking to Mr. Constable about this time he said: "Oh, you know he just saved his soul."

In 1875 he wrote "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, with a note for the Laity." It is dated Feb. 12, 1875, and a copy of it was given to every member of the General Assembly of that year.

1875

Louis goes on with his work till March when he has a giddy fit and a breakdown and is ordered off for a change; he leaves for London and Paris on the 13th and returns on 23rd April in time to help with the Jenkins' theatricals—they act *Twelfth Night*. This year, Louis is the Duke. He wears silk fleshings, a

crimson velvet doublet covered with jewels and a hat to match that looks like a crown. In the last scene he has a dark blue velvet cloak trimmed with ermine. He looks so well that I feel inclined to cry out: "I am the Duke's mother." He always took the greatest delight in dressing up. We all go to Swanston on the 6th May. Lou goes to London for a few days in June. On the 14th of July he passes his final examination for the Bar—he gets on well and is complimented on his knowledge of Civil Law. On the 16th, he is called to the Bar, appears in his wig and gown and is kindly received by the Lord President Inglis and Lord Ardmillan. On the 23rd he got his first brief and on the 24th he sailed for London with Sir Walter Simpson en route for France; it was on this walking excursion that he was taken up as a tramp and kept in a dungeon for two hours—everything being taken away from him, even his pocket handkerchief, lest he should commit suicide! He visits his father and me for a few days at Wiesbaden in Sept., travels home with us as far as Homburg and Mayence and then returns to Paris; he comes home to Edinburgh on the 25th Sept. For a few months Louis went every day to the Parliament House and it was hoped that he might carry on his writing in the library but he soon found that it was impossible; the Parliament House was too pleasant a place to be idle in and he told his father that he would fall between two stools if he went on, so the pretence was

given up and he stayed at home and worked busily and happily at his literary work. He got four briefs in all.

1876

Louis kept very well this spring. In January he was complaining a little and started for Ayr on the 8th to take a walking excursion in Galloway. Severe frost comes on the next day but in spite of that he comes home on the 17th quite well, having walked seventy miles. In March he helps the Miss Barclays with private theatricals. *Forest Notes* published in *Cornhill* in May. He goes to London on April 15th and returns to Swanston on 18th May. *Walking Tours* published in *Cornhill* in June. In July he goes to Queensferry to the Hames Inn for quiet as we have had so many visitors at Swanston. We have always very happy times at Swanston, often have friends staying with us, and every Saturday we send the carriage to bring out friends to spend the day, and we send them home at night. The usual programme is tea in the garden, then a walk up the hill, back to dinner, winding up with a second tea in the rose garden which is delightfully sheltered. In August Louis goes to Attadale near Loch Carron to visit Prof. and Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin. *Virginibus Puerisque* published in *Cornhill* this month. Later in August he goes to London by steamer and starts with Sir Walter Simpson for the Canal trip which is described in *An In-*

land Voyage. He came home on October 16th, looking well and "with arms as brown as a blacksmith's."

1877

Louis leaves for London on 2nd January and returns on 19th Feby. In March he goes off to Swanston by himself for a few days and we all go out on 4th May. Every thing is very far back, even the hedges are not quite out yet. Louis helps Mrs. Jenkin with her theatricals this year. He acts the Messenger in *Dejanira* and Sir Charles Pomander in *Art and Nature.* He looked so well in Sir Charles's dress that I made him get himself photographed in it.

On 19th June Lou leaves for France. The *Plea for Idlers* in June *Cornhill.*—L. Comes home on 19th July. Paper on *Villon* in August *Cornhill.* On the 3rd we start for Penzance visiting the Cathedrals at Carlisle, Hereford, Gloucester, and Exeter en route. We visit Land's End, St. Michael's Mount, and Louis and I sail to the Scilly Isles where we find palms and aloes and cactuses in the Inn Garden, but the climate is so damp that it gives Lou bad toothache, so we go back by the return boat, and on the 16th Louis left for Grez. *A Night's Lodging*[1] in *Temple Bar* for October. Louis returns on 18th November having had a bad cold in Paris. This winter he takes a fancy for building with bricks—whenever he is tired of writing he builds great structures in his room and

[1] *A Lodging for the Night.*

often says he is sorry he did not become an architect.

On the 22nd Dec. Lou starts suddenly for London by night train much to our disappointment; he returns to Paris.

About this time Louis became rather impatient of the restraints of civilisation; it was difficult to get him to keep his engagements and on one occasion he said, "the modern dinner party is the most expensive way that has yet been invented of being *un*-social."

1878

Will o' the Mill appears in January *Cornhill* and *The Sire de Maletroit's Door* in *Temple Bar*. That first is very much liked by many people, specially by Prof. Sidney Colvin and Mrs. Jenkin. Hear on the 8th that Mr. Kegan Paul has accepted *An Inland Voyage*. Louis stayed in Paris till March when he joined us in London at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington. Lou wishes to be in the country and Mr. Kegan Paul recommends Bexhill so we go to Burford Bridge Hotel on the 15th. We all like the place very much, and here Louis makes the acquaintance of Mr. George Meredith, much to his delight. On the 27th we go to 13 Lowndes Square to see the *Sire de Maletroit's Door* acted; it has been turned into a play called *A Romance of Venice* by Mr. John Collier and Mr. W. H. Pollock. Lou reads aloud *The Young*

Man with the Cream Tart to me at Burford Bridge. *Aes Triplex* is published in the April *Cornhill*. I return home on 13th April. Louis is detained in London by Mr. Colvin and follows on the 27th. We go to Swanston on 9th May. The first book, *An Inland Voyage*, arrives on the 13th and gives us all much satisfaction. The next morning when I came downstairs I went first into the pantry where I found Madame Smuroch in a basket with her first pup looking supremely proud and happy. I then went to the dining room where I found Lou fingering his book and with the same look of delighted *maternity* on his face. The reviews are very good, especially the one by Mr. P. G. Hamerton in the *Academy*. Lou goes off to London again on the 22nd and returns on the 29th and on June 7th he leaves for Paris with Prof. Fleeming Jenkin who is to be a juror at the International Exhibition and Louis is to be his secretary. In the beginning of August we expect him home; he comes to London and then he has to return to Paris again. *Child's Play* appears in the Sept. *Cornhill* and *The New Town* in the *Portfolio*. *Greyfriars* appears in the *Portfolio* for October and *The Gospel according to Walt Whitman* in *The New Quarterly*, *Winter and New Year* in the Nov. *Portfolio*. *Edinburgh with Picturesque Notes* arrives on 13th December. *At last* on the 21st after being more than six months away Louis came home.

1879

Mr. Henley arrived from London on the 13th Jany. and Louis and he go to Swanston the next day to work quietly on *Deacon Brodie.* Louis is dressed in his donkey driver's suit; he looks well but so queer that Smuroch barks at him. I drive out to Swanston on the 17th to see how they are getting on and find them very comfortable and the house tolerably warm in spite of frost and snow; they come home on the 22nd. Louis leaves for London 5th Feby. and returns on the 18th; on 4th March Lou returns to Swanston alone to get "pure air and good milk"; returns on 14th. He gets a little cold from walking on the hill in the snow so for a change we go on 5th April to Shandon Hydropathic on the Gareloch; it does him good, and we return on the 14th. In the beginning of May he has a bad attack of neuralgia and leaves for London and Paris on the 9th. *Travels with a Donkey* published on 2nd June.

Louis returns on 14th July and his father has a sharp attack of illness next day. This was a very cold wet summer; we had a river through the garden at Swanston and lakes outside and great part of the garden wall fell in consequence of the damp. Mr. Stevenson is ordered to Gilsland to drink the water and we expect Louis to go with us, but he meets us at the train and tells us that he is called away on business —this is on the 30th of July and we hear later that

he has started for America. And this was the *Amateur Emigrant* trip from the effects of which I do not think he ever fully recovered.

1880

On 5th January there is a paragraph in the *Glasgow Herald* saying that "Robert Louis Stevenson is lying dangerously ill in the States." We get a great fright and send telegrams in all directions and get no answer for a week. On the 12th we get a letter dated Dec. 22nd saying that he had been ill for a month but was better. The Doctor says it is the effects of malaria and that he requires care, quinine, and especially *rest*. I want to go to California but cannot leave my husband who is far from being strong, and my brother says that he dares not cross the Rockies in winter. On the 31st of March we hear through Mr. Baxter that Louis has been worse and has had hemorrhage. We telegraph on 1st April and get the answer "Better" on the 4th, and on the 12th, another "Health steadily improving," which comforted us much. About this time Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne whom he had known in Paris takes him into her house and nurses him back to some measure of health. On the 6th of May we have a letter to say that he is much better and is to be married to Fanny Van de Grift on the 19th and they are to go afterwards to the mountains. We give up our dear little Swanston this year as it is too lonely without Louis and we say good-bye to it

with great sorrow on the 17th of May. We hear that they are to sail from New York on the 7th August and go to Liverpool to meet them. Professor Colvin also comes from Cambridge. They arrive on the 17th, Louis looking better than we had dared to hope. Fanny very entertaining and Lloyd a pale-faced, delicate looking boy of 12; he rather made a commotion in the hotel and at last a chambermaid dashed breathless into my room and cried out. "Oh, if you please, ma'am, is it possible that that young gentleman is your son's son?" He was really so much liker Louis than his mother that bets had been made on the subject on board the vessel. Fanny fitted into our household from the first, it was quite amusing how entirely she agreed with my husband on all subjects, even to looking on the dark side of most things, while Louis and I were more inclined to take the cheery view. On literary subjects they thought so much alike that before my dear husband's death he made Louis promise that he would never publish anything without his wife's approval. That Louis might have more mountain air we went first to Blair Atholl and then to Strathpepper. The first morning at the latter place when I went into our sitting room I found Louis and Fanny both hard at work writing with the table covered with papers. When I asked for Lloyd I was told he was in his bedroom as there was no room for him at the table. When I followed him I found him on his knees before a chair busy writing a

magazine article! So said I: "This is what it is to have a literary family." On this visit for the first time Louis acknowledged that the Highlands of Scotland was the most beautiful place in the world; before that he used to say it was too gloomy and declared that coming down from Dalnaspidal the river and the train seemed to be trying which could get out first. Principal Tulloch comes to the Ben Nevis Hotel while we are there. Louis reads *The Scotsmen's Return from Abroad* to him which he immediately begs for *Fraser*. They had long talks together and Louis planned writing a history of the Union which the Principal highly approved. We return to Edinburgh on the 15th Sept. Louis and Fanny leave a day sooner than the others that Louis may buy old books at Nobles in Inverness. It is settled that Louis is to winter at Davos, so after seeing a good many Edinburgh friends the trio leave on October 7th for London, Fanny with a dog (the famous Woggs) in one basket and a cat in another. They lived at the Hotel Belvedere and made the acquaintance of Mr. Symonds which was a great resource to Louis. I remember his writing: "It is as much to me as it would be to my father to meet Tait (Professor of Natural Philosophy) in a foreign land." The life was very monotonous, enlivened only by a little skating and tobogganing and Lloyd's printing press—the only press in Davos. Louis kept fairly well and Dr. Ruedi gave hopeful reports of his case.

1881

Louis and Fanny return from Davos on the 30th May, Louis looking pretty well, but he can't stand seeing people so he goes off to Perth on the 2nd of June. Fanny and I join him next day and we go on to Pitlochry which we have determined to try. Louis wishes to be quite in the country and he wishes to be "near a pine wood and a burn, the one for his bodily health and the other for his moral well being." I went to the house agent and stated what I wanted and he said: "You had better try Kinnaird Cottage. Prof. Blackie was there last summer and wrote a poem to the burn." We went and were charmed. It was a mile and half higher beyond the village of Monlin and just at the foot of Ben Vrackie, with heather close to our back door and a lovely burn all to ourselves. We take it for two months and I stay the greater part of the time, Mr. S. coming and going. We had a very pleasant time. Here *Thrawn Janet* was written and also I think *The Merry Men.* Here also he applied for the Professorship of History but he was too long of thinking of it and his friends had already committed themselves; when his testimonials were arriving he used to declare that they were like reading your own obituary notices. One of the books which we read was Parton's *Life of Voltaire* which we all found so interesting that whenever one person laid down one of the two

volumes, another took it up. Unfortunately the summer was cold and wet. Louis always was unfortunate in weather—he got cold and was confined to bed for a time in July. We had taken a house at Braemar for August and September and I expected great things from the air there which I had always heard so much praised. On 1st August we left Kinnaird and drove to Braemar, staying a night at the Spittal of Glenshiel; we all enjoyed the scenery much and the views and drives about Braemar were lovely, but the climate was terrribly harsh and cold—not at all good for delicate lungs, and poor Lou was much confined to the house. Here *Treasure Island* was begun and read aloud to us in the evenings; here also *A Child's Garden of Verses* took its rise. I had Kate Greenaway's children's birthday book. Lou took it up one day and said: "These are rather nice rhymes and I don't think they would be difficult to do", and he proceeded to try. It was here that Mr. Japp paid his visit which we all enjoyed much and of which he has given such a pleasant account. Mr. Gosse, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baxter, Prof. Sidney Colvin, and Dr. and Mrs. Balfour all pay us pleasant visits. Dr. B. orders Louis away from Braemar. The cold has really been as great as winter. We leave on the 21st September and find the country all under water between Aberdeen and Lochaber. Louis and Fanny return to Davos for the winter—this time they have a chalet to themselves which

they greatly prefer to hotel life; it is in connection with the Hotel Buol. Fanny gets ill and is ordered away to Berne—Louis has to go after her to take her home and on Christmas day they travelled seven hours in an open sleigh in the midst of fearful cold—and wonderful to relate they were none the worse.

1882

They return to London in the end of April and we join them in Tedmatte Square, Chelsea. Louis took refuge at Weybridge for rest, later we all pay another visit to Burford Bridge Hotel and come to Edinburgh on 20th May. In June Louis goes a trip with his father to Lochearnhead and makes many enquiries about the trial of James Stewart.

On the 26th June we go to Stobo Manse which we have taken, without seeing it, for summer quarters. We are disappointed in it as it is much shut in by large trees and is rather relaxing. We have wet weather too and Louis gets ill and is ordered off. He goes to London and sees Dr. Clark who advises him to try Speyside. So he goes off to Kingussie to look for a house and we sublet Stobo Manse. We all join Lou at Kingussie on the 8th August and are delighted with the place and the burn which is just paradise! Unfortunately the weather became wet again towards the end of the month and once more Louis had to run away; he was much disappointed as he had been invited to meet "Cluny" with whom

he was most anxious to have a talk about the Highlands; he had also arranged to be made a Freemason, but that too had to be given up. Louis and Fanny are both tired of Davos,[1] Fanny says "it is like a 'Maison de Sante' but more dreary," so Louis goes off to the south of France to see if he can find a suitable place; his Cousin Bob goes with him. He tries Montpellier first, then goes on to Marseilles where Fanny joins him, travelling alone from Edinburgh. We are anxious about her but "through idiocy and being an American she made it out." On the 16th October we hear that they have taken a house five miles from Marseilles called "Campagne Defli" and they are both charmed with it. We always feared that there must be something wrong as it was too cheap for a place that sounded so delightful. Sure enough Louis never was well there and before Christmas a bad attack of fever broke out and Louis had to take flight to Nice. The change at once did him good and after many troubles they got quit of the St. Marcel house and the next move was to Hyères where in the month of May they once more settled in the little chalet called "La Solitude." They were both delighted with it, but this was in

[1]Besides being tired of Davos it had not suited Fanny at all well, she had to be sent away 3 times during the winter on account of her health; besides this, there was an outbreak of fever in the spring, supposed to be caused by defective drainage. Fanny continued rather an invalid through the summer which was the reason that Louis was allowed to set forth with Bob in quest of a new abode.

1883

and here it was I suppose where he was really "happy" the only time in his life. His father was far from being well this summer and was recommended to take baths, so we arranged to go to Royat where Louis and Fanny could join us and where we spent a very happy time together and both Louis and his father seemed to improve there. Till the end of the year all went well, the house and garden were enchanting. Louis was working well. *Treasure Island* was published and was a great success and the letters up to the first of Jany. were full of joy and gratitude.

1884

But the peace and joy were of short duration. In January Charles Baxter and Mr. Henley went to pay a visit at "La Solitude" and Louis and Fanny accompanied them to Nice for a little change. Here Louis was suddenly seized with a congestive chill and was for a time very seriously ill. He had two doctors and a nurse attending him and Bob Stevenson went out to help Fanny to take him back to Hyéres. They returned in the end of February and Louis seemed to be pretty well again, but on the 14th of May I received a most alarming letter from Fanny telling me that Louis had had a dreadful attack of hemorrhage. Mr. Stevenson and I were at Londonderry at the time, my husband was far

from well and I never allowed him to go anywhere without me. I did not dare to tell him the bad news as I knew it would make him ill and we had no means of getting further information, so I put the letter in my pocket and had a dreadful time of anxiety till we got home on the 17th. The difficulty of keeping up and saying nothing of the subject which filled my thoughts night and day was I think the hardest task that ever fell to my share. When I reached Edinburgh, I found that C. Baxter and Mr. Henley when they heard of the attack had sent Dr. Mennell out from London to see Louis. They did this, knowing his father's state of health. Mennell's report was that no artery had given way but the bleeding had proceeded from a gorged part of the lung (the result most likely of the congestion in Jany.) and with perfect rest and great care he may recover perfectly. The relief of this report is very great. Louis improves slowly but steadily, and by the beginning of June he is able to go by easy stages to Royat with a courier and Valentine to help Fanny. By this time cholera had appeared at Hyères, so once more the tent had to be shifted; the pleasant home given up. So they decide to come to London to have a consultation of doctors—they arrived on the 1st of July and Louis was looking better than I had dared to hope though he was very thin and waxen looking. They arrive just in time for Fanny to go with us to see *Deacon Brodie* played at the

Prince's Theatre—Louis is not able to go. We go to the Queen Hotel at Richmond. Louis sees four doctors, two say he may stay in England, one that he should return to Davos and the 4th that he should go to Switzerland for two years. We all go to Bournemouth for a time and eventually Louis makes up his mind to stay the winter there and we are very thankful to have him within railway reach of us. They take Bonallie Towers in Branksome Park for the winter and we go and spend Christmas with them, the first time we have been together at that time since 1878.

1885

In February we buy a house at Welbourne for Louis called "Sea View"—the name was at once altered to "Skerryvore". It had been nicely done up by the former proprietor and Louis and Fanny are both charmed with it. In March we are in London and Fanny joins us to choose furniture for the new house. When this important work is finished we all go to Bournemouth in such a worn-out condition that Fanny declared: "If we were in a shop we should be sold cheap as remnants"! We like the house very much and in April pay another visit when we see it fully furnished and most comfortable. In June we are in London again when Louis and Fanny join us from Cambridge where Mr. Dew-Smith had photographed Louis and we go back with them to "Skerry-

vore" which is looking lovely. In the end of August Louis and Fanny go to Exeter for a little change and Louis has a bad illness there and cannot return home till Sept. 12th.

My husband has had very hard work for some time and rather breaks down, so in November he is ordered away for a change and we return to "Skerryvore" and find Louis looking very well. We have cold and damp weather and leave in the end of the month. Louis has another cold after we leave.

1886

My husband being still unfit for work we are advised to go to Bath in January. Fanny joins us there for a time. On the way to Bath I ask at every station for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the answer always is: "We are just sold out but are expecting more copies." On the 8th of March we go to Bournemouth where we find Louis looking wonderfully well in spite of very cold weather. In the end of the month we all go to London and live for a time at Bacon's Private Hotel, 5 Fitzroy Square. In April Mr. Stevenson and Louis go to Smedley's Hydropathic Institution at Matlock where Louis proposes to take care of his father for a time, but he finds the place does not suit him so in four days he telegraphs for me and returns to "Skerryvore." In June he pays a visit to London, staying at the British Museum.[1]

[1] "The Monument," as he always called Mr. Colvin's house.

In August Fanny and he are again in London and they go on to Paris and pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Low; they enjoy their holiday very much. On Sept. 19th we heard the Revd. W. W. Tulloch, son of Principal Tulloch, preach a sermon on *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* I felt it rather overpowering to hear my own son talked of from the pulpit as "one of the greatest masters of the English language now living." My husband is still unfit for work and it worries him to be in Edinburgh when he cannot go to the office, so we make up our minds to let Heriot Row for the winter and go to Bournemouth to be near Louis. We go to Frankenloy on the 2nd Nov. having seen Louis in passing through London; he is ill at Mr. Colvin's and not able to return home. The weather is dreadful at Bournemouth and we are so dreadfully dull that we return to London on the 13th and take rooms at 20 Montague Street. On the 22nd fog began and on the 25th Louis was ordered to leave London on account of it. And we follow the next day. We passed a very quiet winter. Louis was far from being strong and not able to see much of his father. In December I take Mr. Stevenson to Bath for ten days for a little change. We return for Christmas and Mrs. Alan Stevenson and Snoodie come to pay us a visit and we all spend the evening at "Skerryvore" on Christmas day. We have a very heavy snowstorm on the 27th.

1887

In January Louis has a congestive chill and is very weak after it and so little able to see his father that he wearies to get away from Bournemouth, so we leave on the 7th Feby. and go to Torquay; later on we go to St. Leonard's and on 1st April return to Bournemouth as the doctors will not allow Mr. Stevenson to return to Edinburgh. We find Louis looking pretty well. My husband is still so ill that we start for Edinburgh on the 21st, have an invalid carriage and are three days on the way. On the 3rd of May he is so ill that the doctors are anxious about him and I write to tell Louis who telegraphs to say that he is coming and he arrives on the 5th, but his father was so low that he did not recognise him, and on the 8th at 12:45 A. M. he gently fell asleep. I was very thankful to have my dear boy with me during those sad days, but he soon took cold and could not go to the Cemetery on the 13th when the funeral took place. I was told afterwards that there were many people waiting outside the door hoping to see him and some of them mistook Lloyd for him. Louis has one cold after another and my brother advises him to go back to Bournemouth, he also strongly advises him to try a complete change of climate for a year and suggests either Colorado or one of the health resorts in India. They leave on the 31st May and that was the last

sight of Scotland that Louis ever had. After consultation with Dr. Scott at Bournemouth Louis decided to try a complete change of climate and fixed on America that Fanny might have an opportunity of seeing her relations. Louis wished me to go with them. At first I said it was impossible, I was not in spirits to think of such an undertaking; then Fanny wrote to say, "The doctor says that Louis *must* go and he won't go without you." So of course I had to give in and I never regretted it, but have been truly thankful that I was so much with my precious child in his last years. I join them at "Skerryvore" on the 5th of August and find Louis looking very delicate. Fanny has taken cabins for us on the *Ludgate Hill*, a vessel that used to sail to the East Indies. The advantages are that she is a slow ship and Louis will have the advantage of a longer voyage, that the cabins are large and the passengers few. She is to sail on the 22nd August from the Albert Dock. On the 20th we all go to Armfield's South Place Hotel, Finsbury, which we find most comfortable. Louis says, "This Hotel is just 'Togers' where the Micawbers used to go." A number of people came to say good-bye to us—Mr. James, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Archer, Mr. Henley—and Mr. Colvin stays Sunday night with us and sees us on board next day. The *Ludgate Hill* looked shabby and dirty when we went on board—Fanny had only seen the companion ship; we soon find out that it is a cattle ship

and that we are going to Havre to take in horses. After consultation we agree to look upon it as an adventure and make the best of it. Louis tells us that the stable smell is wholesome and somebody else tells us that it must be a very safe ship as horses are much too valuable to be sent on any other. We had stormy weather and many of the passengers were sick and Louis was in his element going about visiting them and giving champagne to those who were very bad. I enjoyed getting into the bows and watching the waves and Louis called me "the stormy Petrel." We were kept back by fog as we neared the American coast and Louis got cold. At last on the 6th September the pilot came on board—a Scotsman called Burns. Curiously enough he was called "Hyde" on his own boat because he had a bad temper, and his good-natured partner was called "Jekyll." When we reached New York on the 7th, Louis received a message by private wire from Mr. Fairchild of Boston, telling him that rooms were prepared for him at the Victoria Hotel where he was to stay as Mr. F.'s guest till he is sufficiently rested to go to Newport, a carriage from the Hotel was waiting for us. Mr. Burlingame from *Scribner's* also met us with a bundle of letters, Lou's artist friend Will H. Low, and an interviewer from the *Herald*. We found the best rooms on the first floor engaged for us and were informed that the Hotel was the one to which "foreign swells" were

invited and that our rooms had lately been occupied by Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii and the Duke of Marlborough. Louis went to bed at once and was visited by eight different interviewers—the last after he was asleep for the night, and it was with some difficulty that we convinced the waiter that no more were to be admitted. Besides Louis and Fanny our party consisted of Lloyd, Valentine, and myself—too many to accept of such liberal hospitality, so it was arranged that Louis and Lloyd, with Valentine to take care of Louis who was still far from being well—should start for Newport on Thursday the 8th while Fanny and I go to a quiet hotel recommended by Mr. Low—the St. Stephen Hotel, East 11th Street. We got Mr. Low to call at the Victoria after we left to try to pay the bill for the outsiders of the party and we were amused at the Secretary's reply: "Tell these ladies it will be well for them if their way into Heaven is as open as their way out of this Hotel." The reason that Fanny stays in New York is that the play of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is to be acted on Monday and she is most anxious to see it. Mr. Sullivan calls on us on Friday and is very pleasant. He gives up the Author's box to Fanny saying that he has no right to it; he also says that he will not appear alone on the stage as the Author, as Louis cannot go with him—along with him he would have gone gladly. We see the play on Monday and are much pleased with Mr. Mansfield's

acting. The transformation from Jekyll to Hyde in full view of the audience was something not to be forgotten. Madison Theatre was crowded and the applause deafening. Lloyd comes back from Newport by train on the 14th. We find Louis in bed with a good deal of cold. Lloyd and I go to a boarding house near the Fairchilds, kept by a family of Quakers from Pennsylvania—the house clean as a new pin, the servants all coloured women, pleasant and kind, and the food very good. I am amused to find that there is not a bell in the house though there is a telephone. We are much with the Fairchilds who are kindness itself, we go and sit in their luxurious verandah whenever we like and they take us delightful drives and sails in a cat-boat. On Sunday the 18th I go to service at "glorious old Trinity." It was with a shock that I discovered that a church with such a grand name was a wooden erection painted white. Return to New York on the 19th by river steamer. All this time we have been discussing our winter plans; we find the best health resort in Colorado is so high that it is very dangerous for persons with weak hearts—they just die off suddenly without any warning. As Fanny has a weak heart, Louis decides that we cannot go there. A good many people recommend Saranac in the Adirondack Mountains where Dr. Trudeau, himself a consumptive patient, has started a sanitarium where much good has been done. I suggest that Fanny and

Lloyd had better start at once as pioneers while Louis and I remain in New York and wait for their report. They start on the 23rd and on the 24th Mr. St. Gaudens, the sculptor, begins his medallion of Louis sitting up in bed. On the 29th we hear that Fanny has taken a house at Saranac and we are to go at once and we start on Friday the 30th up the Hudson to Albany by steamer. Mr. Low saw us off and secured a nice little sitting room all to ourselves; he was very deferential in his manner to Louis and after watching the proceedings for a time the "darkie" who was to attend upon us said in an excited manner to Mr. Low: "You might tell me the names of these people—something royal, ain't they?" Mr. Low said afterwards that he was so sorry it did not occur to him to say: "Prince Florizel of Bohemia and suite." Louis enjoyed this little trip so much. First the beautiful scenery on the Hudson and then on Saturday by train to Plattsburgh, through woods where the autumn tints were most gorgeous. Louis got quite excited and rushed about the carriage, exclaiming, "This is exactly Skelt's twopence coloured." We stayed till Monday at the Tougnet House, Plattsburgh; on Sunday I went to the Presbyterian Church. A young man preached a good sermon about the danger of not resisting the beginnings of evil, "if we did not resist in time then Hyde would conquer Jekyll." I wondered much if any one would understand the allusion but my-

self—it was so strange to hear it in that out-of-the way place. On Monday we went by train to Loon Lake where the railway stopped and we found a buggy and team waiting for Louis and me, and Valentine went by stage. The scenery was fine but wild—pine-clad mountains and lonely lakes and here and there a log hut. Rain came on after we started and I was afraid of Louis getting cold, but it turned out that there was a waterproof apron that buttoned to the top of the hood of the buggy, and when that was put up we were really in a close carriage lighted by a pane of glass in the back. When we reached Mr. Andrew Baker's house we found Fanny in a petticoat and jacket, busy cooking dinner for us. The house is of wood painted white with green shutters and a verandah round it. We entered through the kitchen to the sitting room, off which open also Louis and Fanny's bedroom, my bedroom and a steep stair which leads to Lloyd's bedroom and the spare room. There is also a door from the sitting room to the verandah which we shut up for fear of draughts. We have stoves in all the bedrooms but a large open fireplace in the sitting room where we have a splendid log fire—fortunately Fanny understands such things and teaches us the mysteries of a "gathering log." All the water has to be carried from the river which is a good bit below our house and we ask our landlord Mr. Baker to do it for us; they live in one end of the house which has a separate

door; he acts as a guide in summer to camping-out parties and refuses to do anything for us under a dollar a day so we find a schoolboy who comes twice a day for a short time and does all we want for half the money. Everything is made of wood in Saranac, all the fences and even the footpaths and of course the houses. Fanny leaves very soon to visit her mother, and she comes home by Montreal to buy warm furs for us all. We have a conveyance every afternoon, either a "buggy"—which is like an old-fashioned gig with a cover which can be put up or down—or else a "buckboard", which is just a long thin board fastened on two pairs of wheels and with a seat perched in the middle—a very tight fit for two. You have only the board to put your feet on and no way of keeping rugs in, and the length makes it very difficult to turn; but the board is so elastic that it suits very well instead of springs and makes driving on rough roads quite pleasant. Louis keeps pretty well and takes short walks on the hill behind our house; he will not drive as he dislikes the shaking. Snow begins on 9th November. Louis goes out for a little in his buffalo coat, astracan cap, and Indian boots and looks very picturesque. Lloyd suffers a good deal from toothache this winter and to amuse him Louis plans a yacht trip, and they discuss all the arrangements even to where the piano is to stand in the saloon, how many rifles and other instruments of war they are to have, and where they are to be

hung. Many pleasant hours are passed in this way and many keen discussions take place. In the evenings we often played a round game at cards, the foundation of it was called "Commit" in an American book that we got hold of, but Louis and Lloyd introduced so many alterations that it was almost a new game. Lloyd started a bank and all our gains and losses were carefully marked down in the book which he kept. After a time it turned out that I was much the largest holder of the imaginary gains, so Lloyd wanted me to take over the bank and pay him as manager, but I refused to have anything to do with it. In spite of this he put my name in as the proprietor of the bank and I declared that I felt as wretched with my new possession as De Quincey did when his brother announced that his Islanders had tails. We all have a very peaceful and pleasant time together. On the 20th Nov. I have entered: "Lou out every day and enjoying the cold." On 1st Dec. the thermometer fell to 18 below zero. Lloyd goes to Boston on 2nd Dec. to pay the Fairchilds a visit and on the 8th Fanny is ordered to New York as she is suffering from breathlessness. On the 12th Louis was rather depressed but he is comforted by an air of Beethoven's, the theme of "Six Variations Faciles." He arranges the words: "Come unto me all ye that labour" to go with it and is most anxious to have it sung in church. He says that "the music conveys to him all that any one can desire in the way of comfort."

Louis continues rather low and I think he wants a little society and as Fanny does not care for visitors except on Saturday I get him to send for Dr. Trudeau who is a very pleasant man. Louis and he take to each other and he comes every few days to have a chat with L. and cheers him wonderfully. *The Master of Ballantrae* is begun while we are alone together and the day's work is read aloud to me in the evening and I enjoy it much. Lloyd returned on Christmas day and we had a fine big Yule log. On the 31st the thermometer was 25 below zero.

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The cold increases much after the new year. On the 6th Jany. a young fellow called Oliver Herford came to see Louis. He had come 50 miles *out of his way on snow shoes* to get a sight of him—he was a nice young fellow. On the 12th the thermometer is 20 below zero and Lou is out twice skating on Moody pond at the back of our house and enjoys it. On the 14th he goes again and loses a piece of his skate which disappoints him much. On the 17th Mr. McClure[1] comes from New York. He reads Lloyd's story *The Wrong Box* and likes it, he also hears the yacht mentioned and is most anxious to join in the scheme. On the 18th we all return to the pond, the men skate and I sweep but it is so cold that we cannot stay very long. The cold has fairly got inside the house now

[1]Col. S. S. McClure.

and we feel it rather disagreeable. I get up in the middle of the night to put wood on the dining room fire and in Lou's stove and mine to keep us from freezing. I suffer from neuralgia in my head so Dr. Trudeau thinks the severe cold does not agree with me and he orders me to New York for a change. Fanny has been ill again at Philadelphia and I am glad to go and bring her back. On the 21st the thermometer is 40 degrees below zero, Lou's buffalo coat is found frozen to the kitchen door, the floor of kitchen was a sheet of ice after Valentine washed it—cold venison that we had for lunch was *crunching* with ice after being an hour in the oven and I saw a large lump of ice still unmelted in a pot where the water was steaming all round on the point of boiling. Among our visitors on this day was Mrs. Custer, author of *Boots and Saddles*, a very pleasant woman who tells us many strange things about blizzards. On the 24th I reached New York and found that Fanny had been very ill but was better. On the 26th there was a dreadful blizzard all over the Hudson Valley, so I had a narrow escape. Fanny and I start for Saranac on the 1st February. Mr. Burdick, the manager of passenger traffic on the Railway, gives us complimentary tickets in honour of Louis. We stay one night at Albany and one at Plattsburgh. The railway is now open all the way to Saranac and Mr. Burdick has telegraphed to have a parlour car ready for us; men are up all night getting

it thawed to be ready for us but they manage it and we arrived in Saranac in the first parlour car that was ever seen there and found it a great comfort. We found Louis looking very well; he had been lunching out and making calls and doing many wonderful things during our absence. He told us an amusing story about his luncheon at Miss Cooper's to meet Mrs. Custer. He expressed the opinion that the American woman was very superior to the American man at all events in social qualities. All the women present rushed into the fray to defend their men but the men who were present sat perfectly dumb. Louis listened for a while then waved his hand round the table and said, "Could I have a better proof of the truth of what I have been saying?" On 5th Feby. Valentine is taken ill. At first we fear rheumatic fever but it turns out influenza. Louis was principal sick nurse at first, before we knew what was the matter. He and Lloyd act as kitchen and scullery maids. They get breakfast very nicely for the three women all in different beds. Louis washed the dishes splendidly and Lloyd dried them and then, much to my amusement, while Louis tidied up the kitchen Lloyd brought his penny whistle and sat on the table and played tunes to amuse him. Fanny cooked and I looked after the bedrooms and so we managed the work as best we could till Mrs. Low sent us another servant from New York. On the 9th Feby. the cold was very great with a bitter icy wind; things are all

freezing in the cellar and we have to bring the fruit and vegetables (that come from New York) to the dining room to keep them fit for use. I am stoker and keep the fires in through the night. Most unfortunately Louis takes the infection from Valentine and on the 11th he takes to his bed feverish and coughing a good deal; this is very vexing as he had hitherto kept very well. On the 16th we had another very cold night, 40 below zero, and everything in the house freezes in spite of the fires. Louis continues up and down after this, better for a day or two and then back to bed again. Rapid thaw comes on on the 21st; the ponies get into a pool of snow and water and break their harness in taking Mr. McClure to the station, and he has to get out and walk. Louis is taking koumiss and thinks it is strengthening him. On the 27th I leave for Boston to stay a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild. I meet many very clever and pleasant people there and they all receive me so warmly because I am the mother of R. L. S. and talk so nicely of him, among others Mr. Russell Lowell, Dr. Phillips Brooks, Longfellow's brother and daughter, Prof. William James (brother of Henry), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, &c &c. One very sweet young woman, a doctor's wife, said to me: "My husband and I always liked your son's books, but since he wrote those nice things about doctors we just *love* [him] himself." I return home on the 9th, just in time as another hard snowstorm comes on. On the

12th the trains are stopped for several days and there are blizzards and accidents in all directions—New York quite snowed up. On the 19th Mr. McClure comes bringing Mr. Bonner, the proprietor of the *New York Ledger;* they only stay for an hour and a half, so it is very hurried. Mr. Burlingame arrives on the 20th and pays several visits to Louis in his own room; he leaves on 22nd. We have very wet weather now. Mr. Russell Sullivan comes on the 24th and spends the greater part of his time with us till he leaves on the 27th; he is a very nice fellow. Fanny leaves for California on the 26th with directions to see if she can hear of a yacht for us. The weather very changeable now, some days like summer with the air dry and delicious in spite of rivers of melting snow on all sides. Louis much better and out again three times in one day, finishing with a walk by moonlight at 9 P.M. and he is not too tired—next day another snowstorm! On April 2nd Mr. Bandmann, an Austrian actor who has brought out a new play of *Jekyll and Hyde*, comes all the way from New York to try to get Louis to accept some money from him, but as Louis has already authorised the other edition he does not see his way to do so. Mr. B. is a very pleasant old man who invites us all to go and pay him a visit on his ranche in the South. After this the weather is very trying, changing from rain to snow and the woods almost impassable. We all have colds. At last I am the only person who

can venture near Louis and so he determines to leave at once and he and I start for New York on the 13th. We are three nights on the way and Louis feels tired and stays in bed at Albany but otherwise is not the worse for the journey. Lloyd is at New York before us, with his cold gone. Louis is very well here, out walking every day, making calls, but he soon begins to feel tired and says he must get out of town, so we arrange to go to Manasquan, a place on the New Jersey Coast recommended by Mr. Low. On 2nd May we all go to the Union House, a summer boarding house which we have all to ourselves at present. The house is surrounded by a green lawn which slopes down to an inlet of the sea sheltered outside by a spit of sand so it forms a small loch very safe for bathing and boating—Lloyd gets a cat-boat and is very happy sailing it, and Louis joins him when he feels inclined —one day they stuck on a sand bank and had to be brought back by a man. On the 9th we are all much excited by hearing from Fanny that she had found a yacht that she thought would suit us; after much telegraphing it was all settled that we were to get the *Casco* for a seven months' cruise and were to start on the 15th of June and are all much delighted with the prospect. Mr. and Mrs. Low and Mr. Charles Scribner pay us visits. On the 21st Louis gets some worrying letters which upset and depress him very much and he stays much in his bed. On the 28th we go to New York, meaning to start for San Fran-

cisco on the 31st but the weather is damp and cold and Lou takes sore throat. We send for Dr. Cleveland who attended him at Newport in Sept.; he throws off the cold very quickly and the doctor is delighted with the improvement in him since he saw him last. We get leave to start on our great journey on Saturday, the 2nd June. We have a stateroom and dressing room all to ourselves, which is the only way of travelling comfortably on American railways for a long journey. We have a Wagner dining car attached as far as Chicago and are most comfortable. The country is green and beautiful just like England. Louis thought he would be less fatigued by going right to San Francisco than by breaking the journey and he got on wonderfully well though I was always dreading a breakdown. Fanny met us at Sacramento looking very well and very pretty—the people in the carriage thought she was a Spanish lady—and we all reached San Francisco in safety on Thursday, the 7th. We had a busy time ordering stores, and at last after some troubles we all take up our abode on the *Casco* on Tuesday, the 26th of June, and find it very confortable. A tug, the *Kate*, came at 3 P. M. on 27th to tow us over to North Beach and at 5 A. M. on the 28th we are towed out through the "Golden Gate." It is a lovely morning but the wind is cold and the swell great; next day was much warmer and Louis was on deck from early morning till late at night and looks well and brown. On

July 2nd the weather was really warm. We stayed on deck till 10 P. M. and it was enchanting. We are all beginning to be painfully burned by the sun. On 5th, began to read aloud Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* We have seven sails set and are going at a good rate. On 7th the run for 24 hours was 206 miles. On 9th the heat was great; Lou went about in shirt and trousers and bare feet. On the 13th we had a head sea very heavy and a strong current against us and only made 35 miles in 24 hours; that evening we see the Southern Cross for the first time. We play whist in the evening, Captain Otis is my partner and we are now eight rubbers ahead. On the 16th we cross the line at 2.45 P. M. Neptune does not come on board and the event is only celebrated by giving each sailor a bottle of beer. On Friday the 20th Louis calls us at 5 A. M. to see land and our excitement is great. Both Hona-Hona and Nuka-hiva are in sight; we make Anaho Bay, Nuka-hiva, about noon. It is a lovely spot with picturesque mountains all round and lots of vegetation, trees of all kinds including cocoanut palms and bread fruits. Mr. Wryler, a German beach comber, is our first visitor and he brings the Chief Tai-pi-ki-kano to see us; he is a tall, handsome, good-natured fellow who laughs at everything. Three canoes with outriggers arrive soon with cocoanuts, oranges, pigs, and fowls to sell—at one time we have fourteen natives on board in all stages of undress. They all go through the *Casco* and admire it

much but the wag of the party says: "For such a fine vessel there seems to be very little money on board." It is all most interesting and exciting not without a touch of fear when all these natives were on board who might be fierce cannibals for all we knew; one or two of them had rather alarming faces. We have the awning put up on the cockpit and cushions in it and it makes a delightful open-air drawing-room. We stay here till the 12th of August and enjoy it much. The natives are all most kind to us and Louis is very well and able for walks and rides and much shell gathering. Many of the natives come on board and admire the *Casco* very much—one old lady had never seen a stair before and was half carried down in much fear and trembling; the large mirror in the saloon was much admired, specially by the ladies. We all had names given to us in the native fashion. Louis was called "Koona"—the old man—but later they discovered that he and not the Captain was the head of the party. They called him "Owna," Fanny "Vahine" or wife. I was "Kui" or mother, and Lloyd was "Matagalahi"[1] or the young man with glass in his eyes. On the 12th August we sail round to Farohoe which is the capital of the island, a beautiful place but not so picturesque as our dear little Anaho, which we were very sorry to leave. At Farohoe we make the acquaintance of old Queen Vaekehu whose hands and arms are most beautifully tatooed like the finest lace

[1] "Maté Karahi" in *Saranac to the Marquesas*.

mittens; she is now a good Catholic and was rather ashamed when we admired her decoration—also of her adopted son Stanislas Moanatine—the Commandant M. Delaruelle, a very agreeable naval officer, and many others. We sail on the 22nd for Hiva-oa which we reach on the 23rd where we cast anchor in the bay of Tahauku.[1] The nearest village is Atuona, beautifully situated at the foot of a very picturesque mountain. Here we are adopted into the family of the Chief *Paaena*, and Lloyd afterwards made brothers with Moepu who was formerly the Chief but was degraded by the French for misconduct—he used to be a great cannibal—but Lloyd said it was "as well to be friends with both parties as there might be a change of government." Louis takes too long a walk one day with Frère Michel, a lay brother of the R. C. Mission who came with us from Taiohae, is too tired and takes a little cold. We leave on the 4th September and sail for the Paumuto Islands in the Low Archipelago, the weather is lovely and the sea quite calm and the sail most enjoyable—no one sick this time. On the 8th we see the first real coral island which looks just like a grove of palm trees growing out of the sea. We have to go slowly and keep a careful watch as we come upon these low islands so suddenly. On the 9th at 2:45 we cast anchor in the lagoon of Fakarava just opposite the Residency. The lagoon is 30 miles long and 10 miles

[1]Or Taahauku.

wide and looks like an inland sea. Mr. Donat comes on board, a very pleasant man, half French and half Lakitian. The Resident is away at present and he is acting in his absence. Most of the inhabitants are away in another island for registration of land purposes. We go ashore and walk across to the ocean which takes about two minutes; we see small crabs walking across. Louis finds the cabin of the *Casco* so close in this sheltered lagoon that we take a small furnished house by the week and Louis and Fanny live there and the rest of us come and go. The natives brought us a gift so we invited [them] on board the *Casco*, 21 came. We shewed them over the vessel which was always much admired for its brightness compared to the trading schooners that they were accustomed to; we gave biscuits and cakes and their choice of syrup and water or rum and water; all chose syrup but one man. We thought that our feast would be despised because they had lately been entertained on board the Admiral's vessel with a band on board, so we were much amused to hear afterwards that they thought ours much grander because we gave them plates and spoons to eat the jam with! The Captain saw some of them deftly scooping the jam out of the spoon with their thumb and so conveying it to their mouths. We enjoy our stay here very much; the shells are more beautiful than we have seen elsewhere and the sea in the lagoon is a lovely pale green and quite clear down to the bottom,

where there is a lovely garden of coral of all colours and we see fish of every hue darting about. The cocoanut avenue between the Residency and Lou's cottage is very beautiful; the trees are only half grown and it is a wonderful sight to see the shadow of the branches waving in the moonlight, on the white coral path; you feel inclined to stoop and pick them up. We have two native divers to clean the bottom of the *Casco*—they sit on a rope and look quite happy, smoking a pipe part of the time, but when they do the lowest part they have to stay under water; there is also much painting and cleaning going on inside which we find rather a bore.

LETTERS TO THE "TIMES," "ATHENÆUM," "PALL MALL GAZETTE," ETC.

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I

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Yacht Casco, *Hawaiian Islands, February 10, 1889.*

SIR,—News from Polynesia is apt to come piecemeal, and thus fail of its effect, the first step being forgotten before the second comes to hand. For this reason I should like to be allowed to recapitulate a little of the past before I go on to illustrate the present extraordinary state of affairs in the Samoan Islands.

It is quite true that this group was largely opened up by German enterprise, and that the port of Apia is much the creation of the Godeffroys. So far the German case extends; no further. Apia was governed till lately by a tripartite municipality, the American, English, and German Consuls, and one other representative of each of the three nations making up the body. To both America and Germany a harbour had been ceded. England, I believe, had no harbour, but that her position was quite equal to that of her neighbours one fact eloquently displays. Malietoa—then King of Samoa, now a prisoner on the Marshall Islands—offered to accept the supremacy of England. Unhappily for himself, his offer was refused, her Majesty's Government declaring, I am told, that they would prefer to see him independent. As he now wanders the territory of his island prison, under the guns of an Imperial war-ship, his independence (if it still exists) must be confined entirely to his bosom.

Such was the former equal and pacific state of the three nations

at Apia. It would be curious to tell at length by what steps of encroachment on the one side and weakness on the other the present reign of terror has been brought about; but my time before the mail departs is very short, your space is limited, and in such a history much must be only matter of conjecture. Briefly and roughly, then, there came a sudden change in the attitude of Germany. Another treaty was proposed to Malietoa and refused; the cause of the rebel Tamasese was invented or espoused; Malietoa was seized and deported, Tamasese installed, the tripartite municipality dissolved, the German Consul seated autocratically in its place, and the Hawaiian Embassy (sent by a Power of the same race to moderate among Samoans) dismissed with threats and insults. In the course of these events villages have been shelled, the German flag has been at least once substituted for the English, and the Stars and Stripes (only the other day) were burned at Matafatatele. On the day of the chase after Malietoa the houses of both English and Americans were violently entered by the Germans. Since the dissolution of the municipality English and Americans have paid their taxes into the hands of their own Consuls, where they accumulate, and the German representative, unrecognised and unsupported, rules single in Apia. I have had through my hands a file of consular proclamations, the most singular reading—a state of war declared, all other authority but that of the German representative suspended, punishment (and the punishment of death in particular) liberally threatened. It is enough to make a man rub his eyes when he reads Colonel de Coetlogon's protest and the high-handed rejoinder posted alongside of it the next day by Dr. Knappe. Who is Dr. Knappe, thus to make peace and war, deal in life and death, and close with a buffet the mouth of English Consuls? By what process known to diplomacy has he risen from his one-sixth part of municipal authority to be the Bismarck of a Polynesian island? And what spell has been cast on the Cabinets of Washington and St. James's, that Mr. Blacklock should have been so long left unsupported, and that Colonel de Coetlogon must bow his head under a public buffet?

I have not said much of the Samoans. I despair, in so short a space, to interest English readers in their wrongs; with the mass of people at home they will pass for some sort of cannibal island-

ers, with whom faith were superfluous, upon whom kindness might be partly thrown away. And, indeed, I recognise with gladness that (except as regards the captivity of Malietoa) the Samoans have had throughout the honours of the game. Tamasese, the German puppet, has had everywhere the under hand; almost none, except those of his own clan, have ever supported his cause, and even these begin now to desert him. "This is no Samoan war," said one of them, as he transferred his followers and services to the New Malietoa—Mataafa; "this is a German war." Mataafa, if he be cut off from Apia and the sea, lies inexpugnable in the foot-hills immediately behind with five thousand warriors at his back. And beyond titles to a great deal of land, which they extorted in exchange for rifles and ammunition from the partisans of Tamasese, of all this bloodshed and bullying, the Germans behold no profit. I have it by last advices that Dr. Knappe has approached the King privately with fair speeches assuring him that the state of war, bombardments, and other evils of the day, are not at all directed at Samoans, but against the English and Americans; and that, when these are extruded, peace shall again smile on a German island. It can never be proved, but is highly possible he may have said so; and, whether he said it or not, there is a sense in which the thing is true. Violence has not been found to succeed with the Samoans; with the two Anglo-Saxon Powers it has been found to work like a charm. I conclude with two instances, one American, one English:

First. Mr. Klein, an American journalist, was on the beach with Malietoa's men on the night of the recent German defeat. Seeing the boats approach in the darkness, Mr. Klein hailed them and warned them of the Samoan ambush, and, by this innocent and humane step, made public the fact of his presence. Where much else is contested so much appears to be admitted (and, indeed, claimed) upon both sides. Mr. Klein is now accused of firing on the Germans and of advising the Samoans to fire, both of which he denies. He is accused, after the fight, of succouring only the wounded of Malietoa's party; he himself declares that he helped both; and, at any rate, the offence appears a novel one, and the accusation threatens to introduce fresh dangers into Red Cross work. He was on the beach that night in the exercise of his profession. If he was with Malietoa's men, which is the real

gist of his offence, we who are not Germans may surely ask, Why not? On what grounds is Malietoa a rebel? The Germans have not conquered Samoa that I ever heard of; they are there on treaty like their neighbours, and Dr. Knappe himself (in the eyes of justice) is no more than one-sixth part of the town council of Apia. Lastly, Mr. Klein's innocence stands very clearly proven by the openness with which he declared his presence. For all that, this gentleman lay for a considerable time, watched day and night by German sailors, a prisoner in the American Consulate; even after he had succeeded in running the gantlet of the German guards, and making his escape in a canoe to the American war-ship *Nipsic*, he was imperiously redemanded from under his own flag, and it is probable his extradition is being already called for at Washington.

Secondly. An English artist had gone into the bush sketching. I believe he had been to Malietoa's camp, so that his guilt stands on somewhat the same ground as Mr. Klein's. He was forcibly seized on board the British packet *Richmond*, carried half-dressed on board the *Adler*, and detained there, in spite of all protest, until an English war-ship had been cleared for action. This is of notoriety, and only one case (although a strong one) of many. Is it what the English people understand by the sovereignty of the seas?—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A LETTER TO ANDREW LANG

Letter from Andrew Lang to the *Athenæum*, published together with a letter from Stevenson to Lang in the *Athenæum*, Oct. 18, 1890.

1 Mailoes Road, Oct. 3, 1890.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson writes to me from Sidney that he has been interested in a discussion about sacred stones and the origin of their holiness. Mr. Grant Allen has maintained, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that the sacredness of stones arose from the gravestone, which came to be regarded as the home of the ghost or god. In the *Contemporary Review*, in an article headed, "Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" I tried to show that Mr. Allen's theory was inadequate, pointing out that some races worship standing stones, but do not set them up over graves, while others

set them up over graves, but do not worship them. I enclose Mr. Stevenson's letter. It will be seen that, as far as his knowledge goes, he is on my side. The photograph which he sends, however, has a very sepulchral look about it; one has seen such stones erected over places in the Highlands where men had fallen in old clan battles.

ANDREW LANG.

MY DEAR LANG,—I observed with a great deal of surprise and interest that a controversy in which you have taken sides at home, in yellow London, hinges in part at least on the Gilbert Islanders and their customs in burial. Nearly six months of my life has been passed in the group; I have revisited it but the other day; and I make haste to tell you what I know. The upright stones—I enclose a photograph of one on Apemanæ—are certainly connected with religion; I do not think they are adored. They stand usually on the windward shore of the islands, that is to say, apart from habitation. (On *inclosed islands*, where the people live on the seaside, I do not know how it is, never having lived on one.) I gathered from Temlinoka, Rex Apemanæ, that these pillars were supposed to fortify the island from invasion: spiritual martellos. I think he indicated they were connected with the cult of Tenti—pronounce almost as "chintz" in English, the T being explosive; but you must take this with a grain of salt, for I know no word of Gilbert Island, and the king's English, although creditable, is rather vigorous than exact. Now here follows the point of interest to you: such pillars, or standing stones, have no connection with graves. The most elaborate grave that I have ever seen in the group—to be certain—is in the form of a *raised border* of gravel, usually strewn with broken glass. One, of which I cannot be sure it was a grave, for I was told by one that it was and by another that it was not, consisted of a mound about breast high in an excavated taro swamp, on the top of which was a child's house, or rather *moniapa*—that is to say shed, or open house, such as is used for social or political gatherings—so small that only a child could creep under its eaves. I have heard of another great tomb on Apemana, which I did not see; but here again, by all accounts, no sign of a standing stone. My report would be: no connection between standing stones and

sepulture. I shall, however, send on the terms of the problem to a highly intelligent resident trader, who knows more than perhaps any one living, white or native, of the Gilbert group, and you shall have the result. In Samoa, whither I return for good, I shall myself make inquiries; up to now I have neither seen nor heard of any standing stones in that group.—Yours,

R. L. STEVENSON.

II

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Upolu, Samoa, October, 12, 1891.

SIR,—I beg leave to lay before your readers a copy of a correspondence, or (should that have reached you by another channel) to offer a few words of narrative and comment.

On Saturday, September 5, Mr. Cedercrantz, the Chief Justice of Samoa, sailed on a visit to Fiji, leaving behind him certain prisoners in jail, and Baron Senfft von Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council, master of the field. The prisoners were five chiefs of Manono who had surrendered of their own accord, or at the desire of Mataafa, had been tried by a native magistrate, and received sentence of six months' confinement under "gentlemanly" (*sic*) conditions. As they were marched to prison, certain of their country-folk of Manono ran beside and offered an immediate rescue; but Lieutenant Ulfsparre ordered the men of the escort to load, and the disturbance blew by. How little weight was attached to this incident by the Chief Justice is sufficiently indicated by the fact of his departure. It was unhappily otherwise with those whom he left behind. Panic seems to have marked them for her own; they despaired at once of all lawful defence; and on Sunday, the day after the Chief Justice's departure, Apia was in consequence startled with strange news. Dynamite brought from the wrecker ship, an electrical machine and a mechanic hired, the prison mined, and a letter despatched to the people of Manono advising them of the fact, and announcing that if any rescue were attempted, prison and prisoners should be blown up—such were the voices of rumour; and the design appearing equally feeble, reckless, and wicked, considerable agitation was aroused. Perhaps it had some effect. Our Govern-

ment at least, which had rushed so hastily to one extreme, now dashed with the same speed into another. Sunday was the day of dynamite, Tuesday dawned the day of deportation. A cutter was hurriedly prepared for sea, and the prisoners, whom the Chief Justice had left three days before under a sentence of "gentlemanly" detention, found themselves under way to exile in the Tokelaus.

A Government of this agility escapes criticism: by multiplying surprises it obliterates the very memory of past mistakes. Some, perhaps, forgot the dynamite; some, hearing no more of it, set it down to be a trick of rumour such as we are all well used to in the islands. But others were not so sure. Others considered that the rumour (even if unfounded) was of an ill example, might bear deplorable fruit, and, from all points of view of morality and policy, required a public contradiction. Eleven of these last entered accordingly into the annexed correspondence with the President. It will be seen in the crevice of what quibble that gentleman sought refuge and sits inexpugnable. In a question affecting his humanity, his honour, and the well-being of the kingdom which he serves, he has preferred to maintain what I can only call a voluble silence. The public must judge of the result; but there is one point to which I may be allowed to draw attention—that passage in the fourth of the appended documents in which he confesses that he was already acquainted with the rumours in question, and that he has been present (and apparently not protesting) when the scandal was discussed and the proposed enormity commended.

The correspondence was still passing when the President surprised Apia with a fresh gambado. He has been a long while in trouble as to his disposition of the funds. His intention to build a house for himself—to all appearances with native money—his sending the taxes out of the islands and locking them up in deposits, and his noisy squabbles with the King and native Parliament as to the currency, had all aroused unfavourable comment. On Saturday, the 3rd of October, a correspondence on the last point appeared in the local paper. By this it appeared that our not too resolute King and Parliament had at last and in one particular defied his advice and maintained their own opinion. If vengeance were to be the order of the day, it might have been

expected to fall on the King and Parliament; but this would have been too direct a course, and the blow was turned instead against an innocent municipal council. On the 7th the President appeared before that body, informed them that his authority was lessened by the publication, that he had applied to the King for a month's leave of (theatrical) absence, and must now refuse to fulfil his duties. With this he retired to his own house, which is under the same roof, leaving the councillors and the municipality to do what they pleased and drift where they could without him. It is reported he has since declared his life to be in danger, and even applied to his Consul for protection. This seems to pass the bounds of credibility; but the movements of Baron Senfft von Pilsach have been throughout so agitated and so unexpected that we know not what to look for; and the signatories of the annexed addresses, if they were accused to-morrow of a design on the man's days, would scarce have spirit left to be surprised.

It must be clearly pointed out that this is no quarrel of German and anti-German. The German officials, consular and naval, have behaved with perfect loyalty. A German wrote the letter to the paper which unchained this thunderbolt; and it was a German who took the chair which the President had just vacated at the table of the municipal board. And though the Baron is himself of German race, his conduct presents no appearance of design, how much less of conspiracy! Doubtless certain journals will so attempt to twist it, but to the candid it will seem no more than the distracted evolutions of a weak man in a series of panics.

Such is the rough outline of the events to which I would fain direct the attention of the public at home, in the States, and still more in Germany. It has for me but one essential point. Budgets have been called in question, and officials publicly taken the pet before now. But the dynamite scandal is unique.

If it be unfounded, our complaint is already grave. It was the President's duty, as a man and as a responsible official, to have given it instant and direct denial: and since he neither did so of his own motion, nor consented to do so on our repeated instances, he has shown that he neither understands nor yet is willing to be taught the condition of this country. From what I have been able to collect, Samoans are indignant because the

thing was decided between the King and President without consultation with the native Parliament. The thing itself, it does not enter in their thoughts to call in question; they receive gratefully a fresh lesson in civilised methods and civilised justice; a day may come when they shall put that lesson in practice for themselves; and if they are then decried for their barbarity—as they will surely be—and punished for it, as is highly probable, I will ask candid people what they are to think? "How?" they will say. "Your own white people intended to do this, and you said nothing. We do it, and you call us treacherous savages!"

This is to suppose the story false. Suppose it true, however; still more, suppose the plan had been carried out. Suppose these chiefs to have surrendered to the white man's justice, administered or not by a brown judge; suppose them tried, condemned, confined in that snare of a jail, and some fine night their mangled limbs cast in the faces of their countrymen: I leave others to predict the consequences of such an object-lesson in the arts of peace and the administration of the law. The Samoans are a mild race, but their patience is in some points limited. Under Captain Brandeis a single skirmish and the death of a few youths sufficed to kindle an enduring war and bring on the ruin of the Government. The residents have no desire for war, and they deprecate altogether a war embittered from the beginning by atrocities. Nor can they think the stakes at all equal between themselves and Baron Senfft. He has nothing to lose but a situation; he is here in what he stands in; he can swarm to-morrow on board a war-ship and be off. But the residents have some of them sunk capital on these shores; some of them are involved in extended affairs; they are tied to the stake, and they protest against being plunged into war by the violence, and having that war rendered more implacable by the preliminary cruelties, of a white official.

I leave entirely upon one side all questions of morality; but there is still one point of expediency on which I must touch. The old native Government (which was at least cheap) failed to enforce the law, and fell, in consequence, into the manifold troubles which have made the name of Samoa famous. The enforcement of the law—that was what was required, that was the salvation looked for. And here we have a Government at a high figure,

and it cannot defend its own jail, and can find no better remedy than to assassinate its prisoners. What we have bought at this enormous increase of expenditure is the change from King Log to King Stork—from the man who failed to punish petty theft to the man who plots the destruction of his own jail and the death of his own prisoners.

On the return of the Chief Justice, the matter will be brought to his attention; but the cure of our troubles must come from home; it is from the Great Powers that we look for deliverance. They sent us the President. Let them either remove the man, or see that he is stringently instructed—instructed to respect public decency, so we be no longer menaced with doings worthy of a revolutionary committee; and instructed to respect the administration of the law, so if I be fined a dollar to-morrow for fast riding in Apia street, I may not awake next morning to find my sentence increased to one of banishment or death by dynamite.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S., October 14.—I little expected fresh developments before the mail left. But the unresting President still mars the quiet of his neighbours. Even while I was writing the above lines, Apia was looking on in mere amazement on the continuation of his gambols. A white man had written to the King, and the King had answered the letter—crimes against Baron Senfft von Pilsach and (his private reading of) the Berlin Treaty. He offered to resign—I was about to say "accordingly," for the unexpected is here the normal—from the presidency of the municipal board, and to retain his position as the King's adviser. He was instructed that he must resign both, or neither; resigned both; fell out with the Consuls on details; and is now, as we are advised, seeking to resile from his resignations. Such an official I never remember to have read of, though I have seen the like, from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach.

R. L. S.

TO THE "TIMES"

COPIES OF A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CERTAIN RESIDENTS OF APIA AND BARON SENFFT VON PILSACH

I

September 28, 1891.

BARON SENFFT VON PILSACH.

SIR,—We are requested to lay the enclosed appeal before you, and to express the desire of the signatories to meet your views as to the manner of the answer.

Should you prefer to reply by word of mouth, a deputation will be ready to wait upon you on Thursday, at any hour you may please to appoint.

Should you prefer to reply in writing, we are asked only to impress upon you the extreme desire of the signatories that no time should be unnecessarily lost.

Should you condescend in either of the ways suggested to set at rest our anxiety, we need scarce assure you that the step will be received with gratitude.—We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
E. W. GURR.

II

(*Enclosed in No. 1.*)

The attention of the President of the Municipal Council is respectfully directed to the following rumours:

1. That at his suggestion, or with his authority, dynamite was purchased, or efforts were made to procure dynamite, and the use of an electrical machine was secured, or attempted to be obtained.

2. That this was for the purpose of undermining, or pretending to undermine, the jail in which the Manono prisoners were confined.

3. That notification of this design was sent to the friends of the prisoners.

4. That a threat of blowing up the jail and the prisoners, in the event of an attempted rescue, was made.

Upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information.

It is suggested for the President's consideration that rumours uncorrected or unexplained acquire almost the force of admitted truth.

That any want of confidence between the governed and the Government must be fruitful in loss to both.

That the rumours in their present form tend to damage the white races in the native mind, and to influence for the worse the manners of the Samoans.

And that the President alone is in a position to deny, to explain, or to correct these rumours.

Upon these grounds the undersigned ask to be excused for any informality in their address, and they hope and humbly pray that the President will accept the occasion here presented, and take early and effectual means to inform and reassure the whites, and to relieve them from possible misjudgment on the part of the Samoans.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
E. W. GURR.
(*And nine other signatures.*)

III

Apia, September 30, 1891.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, ESQ., E. W. GURR, ESQ.

DEAR SIRS,—Thanking you for your kind letter dated 28th inst., which I received yesterday, together with the address in question, I beg to inform you that I am going to answer the address in writing as soon as possible.—I have the honour to be, dear Sirs, your obedient servant,

SENFFT.

IV

Apia, October 2, 1891.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, ESQ., E. W. GURR, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of an address without date which has been signed by you and some other foreign residents and handed to me on the 29th of September.

In this address my attention is directed to some rumours, specified therein, concerning which I am informed that "upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information."

Generally, I beg to state that, with a view of successfully performing my official duties, I believe it is advisable for me to pay no attention to any anonymous rumour.

Further, I cannot forbear expressing my astonishment that in speaking to me so seriously in the name of "the white residents" the subscribers of the address have deemed it unnecessary to acquaint me with their authorisation for doing so. This omission is by no means a mere informality. There are white residents who in my presence have commented upon the rumours in question in a manner directly opposed to the meaning of the address.

This fact alone will justify me in objecting to the truth of the above-quoted statement so prominently set forth and so positively affirmed in the address. It will also justify me in abstaining from a reply to the further assertions of gentlemen who, in apostrophising me, care so little for the correctness of the facts they deal with.

If, in consequence, according to the apprehensions laid down in the address, those unexplained rumours will "damage the white races in the native mind," I think the signing parties will then remember that there are public authorities in Samoa officially and especially charged with the protection of "the white residents." If they present to them their complaints and their wishes I have no doubt by so doing they will get all information they may inquire.

I ask you, Gentlemen, to communicate this answer to the parties having signed the address in question.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

FRHR. SENFFT VON PILSACH.

V

October 9, 1891.

The signatories of the address are in receipt of the President's favour under date October 2. Much of his answer is occupied in dealing with a point foreign to the matter in hand, and in itself surprising to the signatories. Their address was an appeal for

information on specific points and an appeal from specific persons, who correctly described themselves as "white residents," "the undersigned," and in the accompanying letter as the "signatories." They were so far from seeking to collect evidence in private that they applied frankly and directly to the person accused for explanation; and so far from seeking to multiply signatures or promote scandal that they kept the paper strictly to themselves. They see with regret that the President has failed to appreciate this delicacy. They see with sorrow and surprise that, in answer to a communication which they believe to have been temperately and courteously worded, the President has thought fit to make an imputation on their honesty. The trick of which he would seem to accuse them would have been useless, and even silly, if attempted; and on a candid re-examination of the address and the accompanying letter, the President will doubtless see fit to recall the imputation.

By way of answer to the questions asked the signatories can find nothing but what seems to be a recommendation to them to apply to their Consuls for "protection." It was not protection they asked, but information. It was not a sense of fear that moved them, but a sense of shame. It is their misfortune that they cannot address the President in his own language, or they would not now require to explain that the words "tend to damage the white races in the native mind," quoted and misapplied by the President, do not express any fear of suffering by the hands of the Samoans, but in their good opinion, and were not the expression of any concern for the duration of peace, but of a sense of shame under what they conceived to be disgraceful imputations. While agreeing generally with the President's expressed sentiment as to "anonymous rumours," they feel that a line has to be drawn. Certain rumours they would not suffer to remain uncontradicted for an hour. It was natural, therefore, that when they heard a man of their own white race accused of conspiring to blow up the jail and the prisoners who were there under the safeguard of his honour, they should attribute to the accused a similar impatience to be justified; and it is with a sense of painful surprise that they find themselves to have been mistaken.

(*Signatures as to No.* II.)

VI

Apia, October 9, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—Being in receipt of your communication under to-day's date, I have the honour to inform you that I have undertaken the re-examination of your first address, which you believe would induce me to recall the answer I have given on the 2nd inst.

From this re-examination I have learned again that your appeal begins with the following statement:

"Upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information."

I have called this statement a seriously speaking to me in the name of the white residents, and I have objected to the truth of that statement.

If after a "candid re-examination" of the matter from your part you may refute me in either or both points, I shall be glad, indeed, in recalling my answer.

At present I beg to say that I see no reason for your supposing I misunderstood your expression of damaging the white races in the native mind, unless you have no other notion of protection than that applying to the body.

Concerning the assertion contained in the last clause of your second address, that five Samoan prisoners having been sentenced by a Samoan judge for destroying houses were in the jail of the Samoan Government "under the safeguard of my honour," I ask for your permission to recommend this statement also and especially to your re-examination.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

FRHR. SENFFT VON PILSACH.

III

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Samoa, April 9, 1892.

SIR,—A sketch of our latest difficulty in Samoa will be interesting, at least to lawyers.

In the Berlin General Act there is one point on which, from the earliest moment, volunteer interpreters have been divided.

The revenue arising from the customs was held by one party to belong to the Samoan Government, by another to the municipality; and the dispute was at last decided in favour of the municipality by Mr. Cedercrantz, Chief Justice. The decision was not given in writing; but it was reported by at least one of the Consuls to his Government, it was of public notoriety, it is not denied, and it was at once implicitly acted on by the parties. Before that decision, the revenue from customs was suffered to accumulate; ever since, to the knowledge of the Chief Justice, and with the daily countenance of the President, it has been received, administered, and spent by the municipality. It is the function of the Chief Justice to interpret the Berlin Act; its sense was thus supposed to be established beyond cavil; those who were dissatisfied with the result conceived their only recourse lay in a prayer to the Powers to have the treaty altered; and such a prayer was, but the other day, proposed, supported, and finally negatived, in a public meeting.

About a year has gone by since the decision, and the state of the Samoan Government has been daily growing more precarious. Taxes have not been paid, and the Government has not ventured to enforce them. Fresh taxes have fallen due, and the Government has not ventured to call for them. Salaries were running on, and that of the Chief Justice alone amounts to a considerable figure for these islands; the coffers had fallen low, at last it was believed they were quite empty, no resource seemed left, and bystanders waited with a smiling curiosity for the wheels to stop. I should add, to explain the epithet "smiling," that the Government has proved a still-born child; and except for some spasmodic movements which I have already made the subject of remark in your columns, it may be said to have done nothing but pay salaries.

In this state of matters, on March 28, the President of the Council, Baron Senfft von Pilsach, was suddenly and privately supplied by Mr. Cedercrantz with a written judgment, reversing the verbal and public decision of a year before. By what powers of law was this result attained? And how was the point brought again before his Honour? I feel I shall here strain the credulity of your readers, but our authority is the President in person. The suit was brought by himself in his capacity (perhaps an

imaginary one) of King's adviser; it was defended by himself in his capacity of President of the Council; no notice had been given, the parties were not summoned, they were advised neither of the trial nor the judgment; so far as can be learned, two persons only met and parted—the first was the plaintiff and defendant rolled in one, the other was a judge who had decided black a year ago, and had now intimated a modest willingness to decide white.

But it is possible to follow more closely these original proceedings. Baron von Pilsach sat down (he told us) in his capacity of adviser to the King, and wrote to himself, in his capacity of President of the Council, an eloquent letter of reprimand three pages long; an unknown English artist clothed it for him in good language; and nothing remained but to have it signed by King Malietoa, to whom it was attributed. "So long as he knows how to sign!"—a white official is said thus to have summed up, with a shrug, the qualifications necessary in a Samoan king. It was signed accordingly, though whether the King knew what he was signing is matter of debate; and thus regularised, it was forwarded to the Chief Justice enclosed in a letter of adhesion from the President. Such as they were, these letters appear to have been the pleadings on which the Chief Justice proceeded; such as they were, they seem to have been the documents in this unusual case.

Suppose an unfortunate error to have been made, suppose a reversal of the Court's finding and the year's policy to have become immediately needful, wisdom would indicate an extreme frankness of demeanour. And our two officials preferred a policy of irritating dissimulation. While the revolution was being prepared behind the curtain, the President was holding night sessions of the municipal council. What was the business? No other than to prepare an ordinance regulating those very customs which he was secretly conspiring to withdraw from their control. And it was a piece of duplicity of a similar nature which first awoke the echoes of Apia by its miscarriage. The council had sent up for the approval of the Consular Board a project of several bridges, one of which, that of the Vaisingano, was of chief importance to the town. To sanction so much fresh expense, at the very moment when, to his secret knowledge, the municipality was to be left bare of funds, appeared to one of the

Consuls an unworthy act; and the proposal was accordingly disallowed. The people of Apia are extremely swift to guess. No sooner was the Vaisingano bridge denied them than they leaped within a measurable distance of the truth. It was remembered that the Chief Justice had but recently (this time by a decision regularly obtained) placed the municipal funds at the President's mercy; talk ran high of collusion between the two officials; it was rumoured the safe had been already secretly drawn upon; the newspaper being at this juncture suddenly and rather mysteriously sold, it was rumoured it had been bought for the officials with municipal money, and the Apians crowded in consequence to the municipal meeting on April 1, with minds already heated.

The President came on his side armed with the secret judgment; and the hour being now come, he unveiled his work of art to the municipal councillors. On the strength of the Chief Justice's decision, to his knowledge, and with the daily countenance of the President, they had for twelve months received and expended the revenue from customs. They learned now that this was wrong; they learned not only that they were to receive no more, but that they must refund what they had already spent; and the total sum amounting to about $25,000, and there being less than $20,000 in the treasury, they learned that they were bankrupt. And with the next breath the President reassured them; time was to be given to these miserable debtors, and the King in his clemency would even advance them from their own safe—now theirs no longer—a loan of $3,000 against current expenses. If the municipal council of Apia be far from an ideal body, at least it makes roads and builds bridges, at least it does something to justify its existence and reconcile the ratepayer to the rates. This was to cease: all the funds husbanded for this end were to be transferred to the Government at Mulinuu, which has never done anything to mention but pay salaries, and of which men have long ceased to expect anything else but that it shall continue to pay salaries till it die of inanition. Let us suppose this raid on the municipal treasury to have been just and needful. It is plain, even if introduced in the most conciliatory manner, it could never have been welcome. And, as it was, the sting was in the manner—in the secrecy and the

surprise, in the dissimulation, the dissonant decisions, the appearance of collusion between the officials, and the offer of a loan too small to help. Bitter words were spoken at the council-table; the public joined with shouts; it was openly proposed to overpower the President and seize the treasury key. Baron von Pilsach possesses the redeeming rudimentary virtue of courage. It required courage to come at all on such an errand to those he had deceived; and amidst violent voices and menacing hands he displayed a constancy worthy of a better cause. The council broke tumultuously up; the inhabitants crowded to a public meeting; the Consuls, acquainted with the alarming effervescency of feeling, communicated their willingness to meet the municipal councillors and arrange a compromise; and the inhabitants renewed by acclamation the mandate of their representatives. The same night these sat in council with the Consular Board, and a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon, which was rejected the next morning by the President.

The representations of the Consuls had, however, their effect; and when the council met again on April 6, Baron von Pilsach was found to have entirely modified his attitude. The bridge over the Vaisingano was conceded; the sum of $3,000 offered to the council was increased to $9,000, about one half of the existing funds; the Samoan Government, which was to profit by the customs, now agreed to bear the expenses of collection; the President, while refusing to be limited to a specific figure, promised an anxious parsimony in the Government expenditure, admitted his recent conduct had been of a nature to irritate the councillors, and frankly proposed it should be brought under the notice of the Powers. I should not be a fair reporter if I did not praise his bearing. In the midst of men whom he had grossly deceived, and who had recently insulted him in return, he behaved himself with tact and temper. And largely in consequence his *modus vivendi* was accepted under protest, and the matter in dispute referred without discussion to the Powers.

I would like to refer for one moment to my former letter. The Manono prisoners were solemnly sentenced to six months' imprisonment; and, by some unexplained and secret process, the sentence was increased to one of banishment. The fact seems to have rather amused the Governments at home. It did

not at all amuse us here on the spot. But we sought consolation by remembering that the President was a layman, and the Chief Justice had left the islands but the day before. Let Mr. Cedercrantz return, we thought, and Arthur would be come again. Well, Arthur is come. And now we begin to think he was perhaps an approving, if an absent, party to the scandal. For do we not find, in the case of the municipal treasury, the same disquieting features? A decision is publicly delivered, it is acted on for a year, and by some secret and inexplicable process we find it suddenly reversed. We are supposed to be governed by English law. Is this English law? Is it law at all? Does it permit a state of society in which a citizen can live and act with confidence? And when we are asked by natives to explain these peculiarities of white man's government and white man's justice, in what form of words are we to answer?

April 12.

Fresh news reaches me; I have once again to admire the accuracy of rumour in Apia, and that which I had passed over with a reference becomes the head and front of our contention. The *Samoa Times* was nominally purchased by a gentleman who, whatever be his other recommendations, was notoriously ill off. There was paid down for it £600 in gold, a huge sum of ready money for Apia, above all in gold, and all men wondered where it came from. It is this which has been discovered: The wrapper of each rouleau was found to be signed by Mr. Martin, collector for the municipality as well as for the Samoan Government, and countersigned by Mr. Savile, his assistant. In other words, the money had left either the municipal or the Government safe.

The position of the President is thus extremely exposed. His accounts up to January 1 are in the hands of auditors. The next term of March 31 is already past, and although the natural course has been repeatedly suggested to him, he has never yet permitted the verification of the balance in his safe. The case would appear less strong against the Chief Justice. Yet a month has not elapsed since he placed the funds at the disposal of the President, on the avowed ground that the population of Apia was unfit to be entrusted with its own affairs. And the

very week of the purchase he reversed his own previous decision and liberated his colleague from the last remaining vestige of control. Beyond the extent of these judgments, I doubt if this astute personage will be found to have committed himself in black and white; and the more foolhardy President may thus be left in the top of the breach alone.

Let it be explained or apportioned as it may, this additional scandal is felt to have overfilled the measure. It may be argued that the President has great tact and the Chief Justice a fund of philosophy. Give us instead a judge who shall proceed according to the forms of justice, and a treasurer who shall permit the verification of his balances. Surely there can be found among the millions of Europe two frank and honest men, one of whom shall be acquainted with English law, and the other possess the ordinary virtues of a clerk, over whose heads, in the exercise of their duties, six months may occasionally pass without painful disclosures and dangerous scandals; who shall not weary us with their surprises and intrigues; who shall not amaze us with their lack of penetration; who shall not, in the hour of their destitution, seem to have diverted £600 of public money for the purchase of an inconsiderable sheet, or at a time when eight provinces of discontented natives threaten at any moment to sweep their ineffective Government into the sea to have sought safety and strength in gagging the local press of Apia. If it be otherwise—if we cannot be relieved, if the Powers are satisfied with the conduct of Mr. Cedercrantz and Baron Senfft von Pilsach; if these were sent here with the understanding that they should secretly purchase, perhaps privately edit, a little sheet of two pages, issued from a crazy wooden building at the mission gate; if it were, indeed, intended that, for this important end, they should divert (as it seems they have done) public funds and affront all the forms of law—we whites can only bow the head. We are here quite helpless. If we would complain of Baron Pilsach, it can only be to Mr. Cedercrantz; if we would complain of Mr. Cedercrantz, and the Powers will not hear us, the circle is complete. A nightly guard surrounds and protects their place of residence, while the house of the King is cynically left without the pickets. Secure from interference, one utters the voice of the law, the other moves the hands of authority; and now they

seem to have sequestered in the course of a single week the only available funds and the only existing paper in the islands.

But there is one thing they forget. It is not the whites who menace the duration of their Government, and it is only the whites who read the newspaper. Mataafa sits hard by in his armed camp and sees. He sees the weakness, he counts the scandals of their Government. He sees his rival and "brother" sitting disconsidered at their doors, like Lazarus before the house of Dives, and, if he is not very fond of his "brother," he is very scrupulous of native dignities. He has seen his friends menaced with midnight destruction in the Government jail, and deported without form of law. He is not himself a talker, and his thoughts are hid from us; but what is said by his more hasty partisans we know. On March 29, the day after the Chief Justice signed the secret judgment, three days before it was made public, and while the purchase of the newspaper was yet in treaty, a native orator stood up in an assembly. "Who asked the Great Powers to make laws for us; to bring strangers here to rule us?" he cried. "We want no white officials to bind us in the bondage of taxation." Here is the changed spirit which these gentlemen have produced by a misgovernment of fifteen months. Here is their peril, which no purchase of newspapers and no subsequent editorial suppressions can avert.

It may be asked if it be still time to do anything. It is, indeed, already late; and these gentlemen, arriving in a golden moment, have fatally squandered opportunity and perhaps fatally damaged white prestige. Even the whites themselves they have not only embittered, but corrupted. We were pained the other day when our municipal councillors refused, by a majority, to make the production of invoices obligatory at the Custom-house. Yet who shall blame them, when the Chief Justice, with a smallness of capacity at which all men wondered, refused to pay, and, I believe, still withholds, the duties on his imports? He was above the law, being the head of it; and this was how he preached by example. He refused to pay his customs; the white councillors, following in his wake, refuse to take measures to enforce them against others; and the natives, following in his wake, refuse to pay their taxes. These taxes it may, perhaps, be never possible to raise again directly. Taxes have never been popular in

Samoa; yet in the golden moment when this Government began its course, a majority of Samoans paid them. Every province should have seen some part of that money expended in its bounds; every nerve should have been strained to interest and gratify the natives in the manner of its expenditure. It has been spent instead on Mulinuu, to pay four white officials, two of whom came in the suite of the Chief Justice, and to build a so-called Government House, in which the President resides, and the very name of taxes is become abhorrent. What can still be done, and what must be done immediately, is to give us a new Chief Justice—a lawyer, a man of honour, a man who will not commit himself to one side, whether in politics or in private causes, and who shall not have the appearance of trying to coin money at every joint of our affairs. So much the better if he be a man of talent, but we do not ask so much. With an ordinary appreciation of law, an ordinary discretion, and ordinary generosity, he may still, in the course of time, and with good fortune, restore confidence and repair the breaches in the prestige of the whites. As for the President, there is much discussion. Some think the office is superfluous, still more the salary to be excessive; some regard the present man, who is young and personally pleasing, as a tool and scapegoat for another, and these are tempted to suppose that, with a new and firm Chief Justice, he might yet redeem his character. He would require at least to clear himself of the affair of the rouleaux, or all would be against him.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IV

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Samoa, June 22, 1892.

SIR,—I read in a New Zealand paper that you published my last with misgiving. The writer then goes on to remind me that I am a novelist, and to bid me return to my romances and leave the affairs of Samoa to subeditors and distant quarters of the world. "We, in common with other journals, have correspondents in Samoa," he complains, "and yet we have no news from them of the curious conspiracy which Mr. Stevenson appears to

have unearthed, and which, if it had any real existence, would be known to everybody on the island." As this is the only voice which has yet reached me from beyond the seas, I am constrained to make some answer. But it must not be supposed that, though you may perhaps have been alone to publish, I have been alone to write. The same story is now in the hands of the three Governments from their respective Consuls. Not only so, but the complaint to the municipal council, drawn by two able solicitors, has been likewise laid before them.

This at least is public, and I may say notorious: The solicitors were authorised to proceed with their task at a public meeting. The President (for I was there and heard him) approved the step, though he refrained from voting. But he seemed to have entertained a hope of burking, or, at least, indefinitely postponing, the whole business, and, when the meeting was over and its proceedings had been approved (as is necessary) by the Consular Board, he neglected to notify the two gentlemen appointed of that approval. In a large city the trick might have succeeded for a time; in a village like Apia, where all news leaks out and the King meets the cobbler daily, it did no more than to advertise his own artfulness. And the next he learned, the case for the municipal council had been prepared, approved by the Consuls, and despatched to the Great Powers. I am accustomed to have my word doubted in this matter, and must here look to have it doubted once again. But the fact is certain. The two solicitors (Messrs. Carruthers and Cooper) were actually cited to appear before the Chief Justice in the Supreme Court. I have seen the summons, and the summons was the first and last of this State trial. The proceeding, instituted in an hour of temper, was, in a moment of reaction, allowed to drop.

About the same date a final blow befell the Government of Mulinuu. Let me remind you, Sir, of the situation. The funds of the municipality had been suddenly seized, on what appears a collusive judgment, by the bankrupt Government of Mulinuu. The paper, the organ of opposition, was bought by a man of straw; and it was found the purchase-money had been paid in rouleaux from the Government safes. The Government consisted of two men. One, the President and treasurer, had a ready means to clear himself and dispose for ever of the scandal—that

means, apart from any scandal, was his mere, immediate duty,—viz., to have his balance verified. And he has refused to do so, and he still refuses. But the other, though he sits abstruse, must not think to escape his share of blame. He holds a high situation; he is our chief magistrate, he has heard this miserable tale of the rouleaux, at which the Consuls looked so black, and why has he done nothing? When he found that the case against himself and his colleague had gone to the three Powers a little of the suddenest, he could launch summonses (which it seems he was afterwards glad to disavow) against Messrs. Cooper and Carruthers. But then, when the whole island murmured—then, when a large sum which could be traced to the Government treasuries was found figuring in the hands of a man of straw—where were his thunderbolts then? For more than a month the scandal has hung black about his colleague; for more than a month he has sat inert and silent; for more than a month, in consequence, the last spark of trust in him has quite died out.

It was in these circumstances that the Government of Mulinuu approached the municipal council with a proposal to levy fresh taxes from the whites. It was in these circumstances that the municipal council answered, No. Public works have ceased, the destination of public moneys is kept secret, and the municipal council resolved to stop supplies.

At this, it seems, the Government awoke to a sense of their position. The natives had long ceased to pay them; now the whites had followed suit. Destitution had succeeded to embarrassment. And they made haste to join with themselves another who did not share in their unpopularity. This gentleman, Mr. Thomas Maben, Government surveyor, is himself deservedly popular, and the office created for him, that of Secretary of State, is one in which, under happier auspices, he might accomplish much. He is promised a free hand; he has succeeded to, and is to exercise entirely, those vague functions claimed by the President under his style of adviser to the King. It will be well if it is found to be so in the field of practice. It will be well if Mr. Maben find any funds left for his not exorbitant salary. It would doubtless have been better, in this day of their destitution, and in the midst of growing Samoan murmurs against the high salaries of whites, if the Government could have

fallen on some expedient which did not imply another. And there is a question one would fain have answered. The President claims to hold two offices—that of adviser to the King, that of President of the Municipal Council. A year ago, in the time of the dynamite affair, he proposed to resign the second and retain his whole emoluments as adviser to the King. He has now practically resigned the first; and we wish to know if he now proposes to retain his entire salary as President of the Council.—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

V

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Apia, July 19, 1892.

SIR,—I am at last in receipt of your article upon my letter. It was as I supposed; you had a difficulty in believing the events recorded; and, to my great satisfaction, you suggest an enquiry. You observe the marks of passion in my letter, or so it seems to you. But your summary shows me that I have not failed to communicate with a sufficient clearness the facts alleged. Passion may have seemed to burn in my words; it has not, at least, impaired my ability to record with precision a plain tale. The "cold language" of Consular reports (which you say you would prefer) is doubtless to be had upon inquiry in the proper quarter; I make bold to say it will be found to bear me out. Of the law case for the municipality I can speak with more assurance; for, since it was sent, I have been shown a copy. Its language is admirably cold, yet it tells (it is possible in a much better dialect) the same remarkable story. But all these corroborations sleep in official keeping; and, thanks to the generosity with which you have admitted me to your columns, I stand alone before the public. It is my prayer that this may cease as soon as possible. There is other evidence gone home; let that be produced. Or let us have (as you propose) an enquiry; give to the Chief Justice and the President an opportunity to clear their characters, and to myself that liberty (which I am so often requested to take) of returning to my private business.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

TO THE "TIMES"

VI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Apia, September 14, 1892.

Sir,—The Peninsula of Mulinuu was claimed by the German firm; and in case their claim should be found good, they had granted to the Samoan Government an option to buy at a certain figure. Hereon stand the houses of our officials, in particular that of the Chief Justice. It has long been a problem here whether this gentleman paid any rent, and the problem is now solved; the Chief Justice of Samoa was a squatter. On the ground that the Government was about to purchase the peninsula, he occupied a house; on the ground that the Germans were about to sell it, he refused to pay them any rent. The firm seemed to have no remedy but to summon the squatter before himself, and hear over again from the official what they had heard already from the disastrous tenant. But even in Samoa an ingenious man, inspired by annoyance, may find means of self-protection. The house was no part of the land, nor included in the option; the firm put it up for sale; and the Government, under pain of seeing the Chief Justice, houseless, was obliged to buy it.

In the meanwhile the German claim to Mulinuu was passed by the Land Commission and sent on to the Chief Justice on the 17th of May. He ended by confirming the report; but though his judgment bears date the 9th of August, it was not made public till the 15th. So far as we are aware, and certainly so far as Samoa has profited by his labours, his Honour may be said to have had nothing else to do but attend to this one piece of business; he was being paid to do so at the rate of £100 a month; and it took him ninety days, or about as long as it took Napoleon to recapture and to lose again his empire. But better late than never; and the Germans, rejoicing in the decision, summoned the Government to complete the purchase or to waive their option. There was again a delay in answering, for the policy of all parts of this extraordinary Government is on one model; and when the answer came it was only to announce a fresh deception. The German claim had passed the Land Commission and the Supreme Court, it was good against objections, but it appeared it was not yet good for registration, and must still be resurveyed by a

"Government surveyor." The option thus continues to brood over the land of Mulinuu, the Government to squat there without payment, and the German firm to stand helpless and dispossessed. What can they do? Their adversary is their only judge. I hear it calculated that the present state of matters may be yet spun out for months, at the end of which period there must come at last a day of reckoning; and the purchase-money will have to be found or the option to be waived and the Government to flit elsewhere. As for the question of arrears of rent, it will be in judicious hands and his Honour may be trusted to deal with it in a manner suitable to the previous history of the case.

But why (it will be asked) spin out by these excessive methods a thread of such tenuity? Why go to such lengths for four months longer of fallacious solvency? I expect not to be believed, but I think the Government still hopes. A war-ship, under a hot-headed captain, might be decoyed into hostilities; the taxes might begin to come in again; the three Powers might become otherwise engaged and the little stage of Samoa escape observation—indeed, I know not what they hope, but they hope something. There lives on in their breasts a remainder coal of ambition still unquenched. Or it is only so that I can explain a late astonishing sally of his Honour's. In a long and elaborate judgment he has pared the nails, and indeed removed the fingers, of his only rival, the municipal magistrate. For eighteen months he has seen the lower Court crowded with affairs, the while his own stood unfrequented like an obsolete churchyard. He may have remarked with envy many hundred cases passing through his rival's hands, cases of assault, cases of larceny, ranging in the last four months from 2*s.* up to £1 12*s.*; or he may have viewed with displeasure that despatch of business which was characteristic of the Magistrate, Mr. Cooper. An end, at least, has been made of these abuses; Mr. Cooper is henceforth to draw his salary for the *minimum* of public service; and all larcenies and assaults, however trivial, must go, according to the nationality of those concerned, before the Consular or the Supreme Courts.

To this portentous judgment there are two sides—a practical and a legal. And first as to the practical. For every blow struck or shilling stolen the parties must now march out to Mulinuu and place themselves at the mercy of a Court, which if Hamlet had

known, he would have referred with more emotion to the law's delays. It is feared they will not do so, and that crime will go on in consequence unpunished, and increased by indulgence. But this is nothing. The Court of the municipal magistrate was a convenient common-ground and clearing-house for our manifold nationalities. It has now been, for all purpose of serious utility, abolished, and the result is distraction. There was a recent trumpery case, heard by Mr. Cooper amid shouts of mirth. It resolved itself (if I remember rightly) into three charges of assault with counter-charges, and three of abusive language with the same; and the parties represented only two nationalities—a small allowance for Apia. Yet in our new world, since the Chief Justice's decision, this vulgar shindy would have split up into six several suits before three different Courts; the charges must have been heard by one judge, the counter-charges by another; the whole nauseous evidence six times repeated, and the lawyers six times feed.

Remains the legal argument. His Honour admits the municipality to be invested "with such legislative powers as generally constitute a police jurisdiction"; he does not deny the municipality is empowered to take steps for the protection of the person, and it was argued this implied a jurisdiction in cases of assault. But this argument (observes his Honour) "proves too much, and consequently nothing. For like reasons the municipal council should have power to provide for the punishment of all felonies against the person, and I suppose the property as well." And, filled with a just sense that a merely police jurisdiction should be limited, he limits it with a vengeance by the exclusion of all assaults and all larcenies. A pity he had not looked into the Berlin Act! He would have found it already limited there by the same power which called it into being—limited to fines not exceeding $200 and imprisonment not extending beyond 180 days. Nay, and I think he might have even reasoned from this discovery that he was himself somewhat in error. For, assaults and larcenies being excluded, what kind of enormity is that which is to be visited with a fine of £40 or an imprisonment of half a year? It is perhaps childish to pursue further this childish controversialist. But there is one passage, if he had dipped into the Berlin Act, that well might have arrested his attention: that

in which he is himself empowered to deal with "crimes and offences, . . . subject, however, to the provisions defining the jurisdiction of the municipal magistrate of Apia."

I trust, Sir, this is the last time I shall have to trouble you with these twopenny concerns. But until some step is taken by the three Powers, or until I have quite exhausted your indulgence, I shall continue to report our scandals as they arise. Once more, one thing or other: Either what I write is false, and I should be chastised as a calumniator; or else it is true, and these officials are unfit for their position.—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—The mail is already closed when I receive at last decisive confirmation of the purchase of the *Samoa Times* by the Samoan Government. It has never been denied; it is now admitted. The paper which they bought so recently, they are already trying to sell; and have received and refused an offer of £150 for what they bought for upwards of £600. Surely we may now demand the attention of the three Powers.

VII

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

I

September 4, 1893.

In June it became clear that the King's Government was weary of waiting upon Europe, as it had been clear long before that Europe would do nothing. The last commentary on the Berlin Act was read. Malietoa Laupepa had been in *ex auctoritate* by the Powers; the Powers would not support him even by a show of strength, and there was nothing left but to fall back on an "Election according to the Laws and Customs of Samoa"—by arbitrament of rifle-bullets and blackened faces. Instantly heaven was darkened by a brood of rumours, random calumnies, and idle tales. As we rode, late at night, through the hamlet near my house, we saw fires lighted in the houses, and eager talkers discussing the last report. The King was sick; he was dying; he was perfectly well; he was seen riding furiously by night in the back parts of Apia, and covering his face as he rode. Mataafa was in favour with the Germans; he was to be made a German

king; he was secure of the support of all Samoa; he had no following whatsoever. The name of every chief and village (with many that were new to the hearer) came up in turn, to be dubbed Laupepa, or Mataafa, or both at the same time, or neither. Dr. George Brown, the missionary, had just completed a tour of the islands. There are few men in the world with a more mature knowledge of native character, and I applied to him eagerly for an estimate of the relative forces. "When the first shot is fired, and not before," said he, "you will know who is who." The event has shown that he might have gone yet further; for even after shots were fired and men slain, an important province was still hesitating and trimming.

Mataafa lay in Malie. He had an armed picket at a ford some two miles from Apia, where they sat in a prodigious state of vigilance and glee; and his whole troop, although not above five hundred strong, appeared animated with the most warlike spirit. For himself, he waited, as he had waited for two years; wrote eloquent letters, the time to answer which was quite gone by; and looked on while his enemies painfully collected their forces. Doubtless to the last he was assured and deceived by vain promises of help.

The process of gathering a royal army in Samoa is cumbrous and dilatory in the extreme. There is here none of the expedition of the fiery cross and the bale-fire; but every step is diplomatic. Each village, with a great expense of eloquence, has to be wiled with promises and spurred with threats, and the greater chieftains make stipulations ere they will march. Tamasese, son to the late German puppet, and heir of his ambitions, demanded the vice-kingship as the price of his accession, though I am assured that he demanded it in vain. The various provinces returned various and unsatisfactory answers. Atua was off and on; Tuamasaga was divided; Tutuila recalcitrant; and for long the King sat almost solitary under the windy palms of Mulinuu. It seemed indeed as if the war was off, and the whole archipelago unanimous (in the native phrase) to sit still and plant taro.

But at last, in the first days of July, Atua began to come in. Boats arrived, thirty and fifty strong, a drum and a very ill-played bugle giving time to the oarsmen, the whole crew uttering at intervals a savage howl; and on the decked fore-sheets of the

boat the village champion, frantically capering and dancing. Parties were to be seen encamped in palm-groves with their rifles stacked. The shops were emptied of red handkerchiefs, the rallying-sign, or (as a man might say) the uniform of the Royal army. There was spirit shown; troops of handsome lads marched in a right manly fashion, with their guns on their shoulders, to the music of the drum and the bugle or the tin whistle. From a hamlet close to my own doors a contingent of six men marched out. Their leader's kit contained one stick of tobacco, four boxes of matches, and the inevitable red handkerchief; in his case it was of silk, for he had come late to the purchasing, and the commoner materials were exhausted. This childish band of braves marched one afternoon to a neighbouring hill, and the same night returned to their houses on the ground that it was "uncomfortable" in the bush. An excellent old fellow, who had had enough of war in many campaigns, took refuge in my service from the conscription, but in vain. The village had decided no warrior might hang back. One summoner arrived; and then followed some negotiations—I have no authority to say what: enough that the messenger departed and our friend remained. But, alas! a second envoy followed and proved to be of sterner composition; and with a basket full of food, kava, and tobacco, the reluctant hero proceeded to the wars. I am sure they had few handsomer soldiers, if, perhaps, some that were more willing. And he would have been better to be armed. His gun—but in Mr. Kipling's pleasant catchword, that is another story.

War, to the Samoan of mature years, is often an unpleasant necessity. To the young boy, it is a heaven of immediate pleasures, as well as an opportunity of ultimate glory. Women march with the troops—even the Taupo-sa, or sacred maid of the village, accompanies her father in the field to carry cartridges, and bring him water to drink,—and their bright eyes are ready to "rain influence" and reward valour. To what grim deeds this practice may conduct I shall have to say later on. In the rally of their arms, it is at least wholly pretty; and I have one pleasant picture of a war-party marching out; the men armed and boastful, their heads bound with the red handkerchief, their faces blacked—and two girls marching in their midst under European parasols.

On Saturday, July 8, by the early morning, the troops began to file westward from Apia, and about noon found themselves face to face with the lines of Mataafa in the German plantation of Vaitele. The armies immediately fraternised; kava was made by the ladies, as who should say tea, at home, and partaken of by the braves with many truculent expressions. One chief on the King's side, revolted by the extent of these familiarities, began to beat his followers with a staff. But both parties were still intermingled between the lines, and the chiefs on either side were conversing, and even embracing, at the moment when an accidental, or perhaps a treacherous, shot precipitated the engagement. I cannot find there was any decisive difference in the numbers actually under fire; but the Mataafas appear to have been ill posted and ill led. Twice their flank was turned, their line enfiladed, and themselves driven, with the loss of about thirty, from two successive cattle walls. A third wall afforded them a more effectual shelter, and night closed on the field of battle without further advantage. All night the Royal troops hailed volleys of bullets at this obstacle. With the earliest light, a charge proved it to be quite deserted, and from farther down the coast smoke was seen rising from the houses of Malie. Mataafa had precipitately fled, destroying behind him the village, which, for two years, he had been raising and beautifying.

So much was accomplished: what was to follow? Mataafa took refuge in Manono, and cast up forts. His enemies, far from following up this advantage, held *fonos* and made speeches and found fault. I believe the majority of the King's army had marched in a state of continuous indecision, and maintaining an attitude of impartiality more to be admired in the cabinet of the philosopher than in the field of war. It is certain at least that only one province has as yet fired a shot for Malietoa Laupepa. The valour of the Tuamasaga was sufficient and prevailed. But Atua was in the rear, and has as yet done nothing. As for the men of Crana, so far from carrying out the plan agreed upon, and blocking the men of Malie, on the morning of the 8th, they were entertaining an embassy from Mataafa, and they suffered his fleet of boats to escape without a shot through certain dangerous narrows of the lagoon, and the chief himself to pass on foot and unmolested along the whole foreshore of their province. No

adequate excuse has been made for this half-heartedness—or treachery. It was a piece of the whole which was a specimen. There are too many strings in a Samoan intrigue for the merely European mind to follow, and the desire to serve upon both sides, and keep a door open for reconciliation, was manifest almost throughout. A week passed in these divided counsels. Savaii had refused to receive Mataafa—it is said they now hesitated to rise for the King, and demanded instead a *fono* (or council) of both sides. And it seemed at least possible that the Royal army might proceed no farther, and the unstable alliance be dissolved.

On Sunday, the 16th, Her British Majesty's ship *Katoomba*, Captain Bickford, C. M. G., arrived in Apia with fresh orders. Had she but come ten days earlier the whole of this miserable business would have been prevented, for the three Powers were determined to maintain Malietoa Laupepa by arms, and had declared finally against Mataafa. Right or wrong, it was at least a decision, and therefore welcome. It may not be best—it was something. No honest friend to Samoa can pretend anything but relief that the three Powers should at last break their vacillating silence. It is of a piece with their whole policy in the islands that they should have hung in stays for upwards of two years—of a piece with their almost uniform ill-fortune that, eight days before their purpose was declared, war should have marked the country with burned houses and severed heads.

II

There is another side to the medal of Samoan warfare. So soon as an advantage is obtained, a new and (to us) horrible animal appears upon the scene—the Head-hunter. Again and again we have reasoned with our boys against this bestial practice; but reason and (upon this one point) even ridicule are vain. They admit it to be indefensible; they allege its imperative necessity. One young man, who had seen his father take a head in the late war, spoke of the scene with shuddering revolt, and yet said he must go and do likewise himself in the war which was to come. How else could a man prove he was brave? and had not every country its own customs?

Accordingly, as occasion offered, these same pleasing children, who had just been drinking kava with their opponents, fell

incontinently on the dead and dying, and secured their grisly trophies. It should be said, in fairness, that the Mataafas had no opportunity to take heads, but that their chief, taught by the lesson of Fangalii, had forbidden the practice. It is doubtful if he would have been obeyed, and yet his power over his people was so great that the German plantation, where they lay some time, and were at last defeated, had not to complain of the theft of a single cocoanut. Hateful as it must always be to mutilate and murder the disabled, there were in this day's affray in Vaitele circumstances yet more detestable. Fifteen heads were brought in all to Mulinuu. They were carried with parade in front of the fine house which our late President built for himself before he was removed. Here, on the verandah, the King sat to receive them, and utter words of course and compliment to each successful warrior. They were *spoila opima* in the number. Laupepa, Mataafa's nephew—or, as Samoans say, his son—had fallen by the first wall, and whether from those sentiments of kindred and friendship that so often unite the combatants in civil strife, or to mark by an unusual formality the importance of the conquest, not only his head but his mutilated body also was brought in. From the mat in which the corpse was enveloped a bloody hand protruded, and struck a chill in white eye-witnesses. It were to attribute to (Malietoa) Laupepa sentiments entirely foreign to his race and training, if we were to suppose him otherwise than gratified.

But it was not so throughout. Every country has its customs, say native apologists, and one of the most decisive customs of Samoa ensures the immunity of women. They go to the front, as our women of yore went to a tournament. Bullets are blind; and they must take their risk of bullets, but of nothing else. They serve out cartridges and water; they jeer the faltering and defend the wounded. Even in this skirmish of Vaitele they distinguished themselves on either side. One dragged her skulking husband from a hole, and drove him to the front. Another, seeing her lover fall, snatched up his gun, kept the head-hunters at bay, and drew him unmutilated from the field. Such services they have been accustomed to pay for centuries; and often, in the course of centuries, a bullet or a spear must have despatched one of these warlike angels. Often enough, too, the head-hunter,

springing ghoul-like on fallen bodies, must have decapitated a woman for a man. But, the case arising, there was an established etiquette. So soon as the error was discovered the head was buried, and the exploit forgotten. There had never yet, in the history of Samoa, occurred an instance in which a man had taken a woman's head and kept it and laid it at his monarch's feet.

Such was the strange and horrid spectacle, which must have immediately shaken the heart of Laupepa, and has since covered the faces of his party with confusion. It is not quite certain if there were three, or only two; a recent attempt to reduce the number to one must be received with caution as an afterthought; the admissions in the beginning were too explicit, the panic of shame and fear had been too sweeping. There is scarce a woman of our native friends in Apia who can speak upon the subject without terror; scarce any man without humiliation. And the shock was increased out of measure by the fact that the head—or one of the heads—was recognised; recognised for the niece of one of the greatest of court ladies; recognised for a Taupo-sa, or sacred maid of a village from Savaii. It seemed incredible that she—who had been chosen for virtue and beauty, who went everywhere attended by the fairest maidens, and watched over by vigilant duennas, whose part it was, in holiday costume, to receive guests, to make kava, and to be the leader of the revels—should become the victim of a brutal rally in a cow-park, and have her face exposed for a trophy to the victorious king.

In all this muttering of aversion and alarm, no word has been openly said. No punishment, no disgrace, has been inflicted on the perpetrators of the outrage. King, Consuls, and mission appear to have held their peace alike. I can understand a certain apathy in whites. Head-hunting, they say, is a horrid practice: and will not stop to investigate its finer shades. But the Samoan himself does not hesitate; for him the act is portentous; and if it go unpunished, and set a fashion, its consequences must be damnable. This is not a breach of a Christian virtue, of something half-learned by rote, and from foreigners, in the last thirty years. It is a flying in the face of their own native, instinctive, and traditional standard: tenfold more ominous and degrading. And, taking the matter for all in all, it seems to me that head-hunting itself should be firmly and immediately suppressed.

"How else can a man prove himself to be brave?" my friend asked. But often enough these are but fraudulent trophies. On the morrow of the fight at Vaitele, an Atua man discovered a body lying in the bush; he took the head. A day or two ago a party was allowed to visit Manono. The King's troops on shore, observing them put off from the rebel island, leaped to the conclusion that this must be the wounded going to Apia, launched off at once two armed boats and overhauled the others—after heads. The glory of such exploits is not apparent; their power for degradation strikes the eyes. Lieutenant Ulfsparre, our late Swedish Chief of Police and Commander of the forces, told his men that if any of them took a head his own hand should avenge it. That was talking; I should like to see all in the same story—King, Consuls, and missionaries—included.

III

The three Powers have at last taken hold here in Apia. But they came the day after the fair; and the immediate business on hand is very delicate. This morning, 18th, Captain Bickford, followed by two Germans, sailed for Manono. If he shall succeed in persuading Mataafa to surrender, all may be well. If he cannot, this long train of blunders may end in—what is so often the result of blundering in the field of politics—a horrible massacre. Those of us who remember the services of Mataafa, his unfailing generosity and moderation in the past, and his bereavement in the present—as well as those who are only interested in a mass of men and women, many of them our familiar friends, now pent up on an island, and beleaguered by three war-ships and a Samoan army—await the issue with dreadful expectation.

VIII

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Apia, April 23, 1894.

Sir,—I last addressed you on the misconduct of certain officials here, and I was so far happy as to have had my facts confirmed in every particular with but one exception. That exception, the affair of the dynamite, has been secretly smuggled away; you shall look in vain in either Blue Book or White Book

for any mention even of the charge; it is gone like the conjurer's orange. I might have been tempted to inquire into the reason of this conspiracy of silence, whether the idea was conceived in the bosoms of the three Powers themselves, or whether in the breasts of the three Consuls, because one of their number was directly implicated. And I might have gone on to consider the moral effect of such suppressions, and to show how very idle they were, and how very undignified, in the face of a small and compact population, where everybody sees and hears, where everybody knows, and talks, and laughs. But only a personal question remained, which I judged of no interest to the public. The essential was accomplished. Baron Senfft was gone already. Mr. Cedercrantz still lingered among us in the character (I may say) of a private citizen, his Court at last closed, only his pocket open for the receipt of his salary, representing the dignity of the Berlin Act by sitting in the wind on Mulinuu Point for several consecutive months—a curious phantom or survivial of a past age. The new officials were not as yet, because they had not been created. And we fell into our old estate of government by the three Consuls, as it was in the beginning before the Berlin Act existed; as it seems it will be to the end, after the Berlin Act has been swept away.

It was during the time of this triumvirate, and wholly at their instigation and under their conduct, that Mataafa was defeated, driven to Manono, and (three war-ships, coming opportunely to hand) forced to surrender. I have been called a partisan of this chief's, and I accept the term. I thought him, on the whole, the most honest man in Samoa, not excepting white officials. I ventured to think he had been hardly used by the Treaty Powers; I venture to think so still. It was my opinion that he should have been conjoined with Malietoa as Vice-King; and I have seen no reason to change that opinion, except that the time for it is past. Mataafa has played and lost: an exile, and stripped of his titles, he walks the exiguous beach of Jaluit, sees the German flag over his head, and yearns for the land-wind of Upolu. In the politics of Samoa he is no longer a factor; and it only remains to speak of the manner in which his rebellion was suppressed and punished. Deportation is, to the Samoan mind, the punishment next to death, and thirteen of the chiefs engaged were deported with their

leader. Twenty-seven others were cast into the jail. There they lie still; the Government makes almost no attempt to feed them, and they must depend on the activity of their families and the charity of pitying whites. In the meantime, these very families are overloaded with fines, the exorbitant sum of more than £6,600 having been laid on the chiefs and villages that took part with Mataafa.

So far we can only complain that the punishments have been severe and the prison commissariat absent. But we have, besides, to regret the repeated scandals in connection with the conduct of the war, and we look in vain for any sign of punishment. The Consuls had to employ barbarous hands; we might expect outrages; we did expect them to be punished, or at least disowned. Thus, certain Mataafa chiefs were landed, and landed from a British man-of-war, to be shamefully abused, beaten, and struck with whips along the main street of Mulinuu. There was no punishment, there was even no inquiry; the three Consuls winked. Only one man was found honest and bold enough to open his mouth, and that was my old enemy, Mr. Cedercrantz. Walking in Mulinuu, in his character of disinterested spectator, gracefully desipient, he came across the throng of these rabblers and their victims. He had forgotten that he was an official, he remembered that he was a man. It was his last public appearance in Samoa to interfere; it was certainly his best. Again, the Government troops in the field took the heads of girls, a detestable felony even in Samoan eyes. They carried them in procession to Mulinuu, and made of them an oblation to that melancholy effigy the King, who (sore against his will) sat on the verandah of the Government building, publicly to receive this affront, publicly to utter the words of compliment and thanks which constitute the highest reward known to Samoan bravery, and crowned as heroes those who should have been hanged like dogs. And again the three Consuls unanimously winked. There was no punishment, there was even no inquiry.

Lastly, there is the story of Manono. Three hours were given to Mataafa to accept the terms of the ultimatum, and the time had almost elapsed when his boats put forth, and more than elapsed before he came alongside the *Katoomba* and surrendered formally to Captain Bickford. In the dusk of the evening, when all the

ships had sailed, flames were observed to rise from the island. Mataafa flung himself on his knees before Captain Bickford, and implored protection for his women and children left behind, and the captain put back the ship and despatched one of the Consuls to inquire. The *Katoomba* had been about seventy hours in the islands. Captain Bickford was a stranger; he had to rely on the Consuls implicitly. At the same time, he knew that the Government troops had been suffered to land for the purpose of restoring order, and with the understanding that no reprisals should be committed on the adherents of Mataafa; and he charged the emissary with his emphatic disapproval, threats of punishment on the offenders, and reminders that the war had now passed under the responsibility of the three Powers. I cannot condescend on what this Consul saw during his visit; I can only say what he reported on his return. He reported all well, and the chiefs on the Government side fraternising and making *ava* with those on Mataafa's. It may have been; at least it is strange. The burning of the island proceeded, fruit-trees were cut down, women stripped naked; a scene of brutal disorder reigned all night, and left behind it, over a quarter of the island, ruin. If they fraternised with Mataafa's chieftains they must have been singularly inconsistent, for, the next we learn of the two parties, they were beating, spitting upon, and insulting them along the highway. The next morning in Apia I asked the same Consul if there had not been some houses burned. He told me no. I repeated the question, alleging the evidence of officers on board the *Katoomba* who had seen the flames increase and multiply as they steamed away; whereupon he had this remarkable reply—"O! huts, huts, huts! There isn't a house, a frame house, on the island." The case to plain men stands thus: The people of Manono were insulted, their food-trees cut down, themselves left houseless; not more than ten houses—I beg the Consul's pardon, huts—escaped the rancour of their enemies; and to this day they may be seen to dwell in shanties on the site of their former residences, the pride of the Samoan heart. The ejaculation of the Consul was thus at least prophetic; and the traveller who revisits to-day the shores of the "Garden Island" may well exclaim in his turn, "Huts, huts, huts!"

The same measure was served out, in the mere wantonness of

clan hatred, to Apolima, a nearly inaccessible islet in the straits of the same name; almost the only property saved there (it is amusing to remember) being a framed portrait of Lady Jersey, which its custodian escaped with into the bush, as it were the palladium and chief treasure of the inhabitants. The solemn promise passed by Consuls and captains in the name of the three Powers was thus broken; the troops employed were allowed their bellyful of barbarous outrage. And again there was no punishment, there was no enquiry; there was no protest, there was not a word said to disown the act or disengage the honour of the three Powers. I do not say the Consuls desired to be disobeyed, though the case looks black against one gentleman, and even he is perhaps only to be accused of levity and divided interest; it was doubtless important for him to be early in Apia, where he combines with his diplomatic functions the management of a thriving business as commission agent and auctioneer. I do say of all of them that they took a very nonchalant view of their duty.

I told myself that this was the government of the Consular Triumvirate. When the new officials came it would cease; it would pass away like a dream in the night; and the solid *Pax Romana* of the Berlin General Act would succeed. After all, what was there to complain of? The Consuls had shown themselves no slovens and no sentimentalists. They had shown themselves not very particular, but in one sense very thorough. Rebellion was to be put down swiftly and rigorously, if need were with the hand of Cromwell; at least it was to be put down. And in these unruly islands I was prepared almost to welcome the face of Rhadamanthine severity.

And now it appears it was all a mistake. Government by the Berlin General Act is no more than a mask, and a very expensive one, for government by the Consular Triumvirate. Samoa pays (or tries to pay) £2,200 a year to a couple of helpers; and they dare not call their souls their own. They take their walks abroad with an anxious eye on the three Consuls, like two well-behaved children with three nurses; and the Consuls, smiling superior, allow them to amuse themselves with the routine of business. But let trouble come, and the farce is suspended. At the whistle of a squall these heaven-born

mariners seize the tiller, and the £2,200 amateurs are knocked sprawling on the bilge. At the first beat of the drum, the treaty officials are sent below, gently protesting, like a pair of old ladies, and behold! the indomitable Consuls ready to clear the wreck and make the deadly cutlass shine. And their method, studied under the light of a new example, wears another air. They are not so Rhadamanthine as we thought. Something that we can only call a dignified panic presides over their deliberations. They have one idea to lighten the ship. "Overboard with the ballast, the mainmast, and the chronometer!" is the cry. In the last war they got rid (first) of the honour of their respective countries, and (second) of all idea that Samoa was to be governed in a manner consistent with civilisation, or government troops punished for any conceivable misconduct. In the present war they have sacrificed (first) the prestige of the new Chief Justice, and (second) the very principle for which they had contended so vigorously and so successfully in the war before—that rebellion was a thing to be punished.

About the end of last year, that war, a war of the Tupuas under Tamasese the younger, which was a necessary pendant to the crushing of Mataafa, began to make itself heard of in obscure grumblings. It was but a timid business. One half of the Tupua party, the whole province of Atua, never joined the rebellion, but sulked in their villages, and spent the time in indecisive eloquence and barren embassies. Tamasese, by a trick eminently Samoan, "went in the high bush and the mountains," carrying a gun like a private soldier—served, in fact, with his own troops *incognito*—and thus, to Samoan eyes, waived his dynastic pretensions. And the war, which was announced in the beginning with a long catalogue of complaints against the King and a distinct and ugly threat to the white population of Apia, degenerated into a war of defence by the province of Aána against the eminently brutal troops of Savaii, in which sympathy was generally and justly with the rebels. Savaii, raging with private clan hatred and the lust of destruction, was put at free quarters in the disaffected province, repeated on a wider scale the outrages of Manono and Apolima, cut down the food-trees, stripped and insulted the women, robbed the children of their little possessions, burned the houses, killed the horses, the pigs,

the dogs, the cats, along one half the seaboard of Aána, and in the prosecution of these manly exploits managed (to the joy of all) to lose some sixty men killed, wounded, and drowned.

Government by the Treaty of Berlin was still erect when, one fine morning, in walked the three Consuls, totally uninvited, with a proclamation prepared and signed by themselves, without any mention of anybody else. They had awoke to a sense of the danger of the situation and their own indispensable merits. The two children knew their day was over; the nurses had come for them. Who can blame them for their timidity? The Consuls have the ears of the Governments; they are the authors of those despatches of which, in the ripeness of time, Blue-Books and White-Books are made up; they had dismissed (with some little assistance from yourself) MM. Cedercrantz and Senfft von Pilsach, and they had strangled, like an illegitimate child, the scandal of the dynamite. The Chief Justice and the President made haste to disappear between decks, and left the ship of the State to the three volunteers. There was no lack of activity. The Consuls went up to Atua, they went down to Aána; the oarsmen toiled, the talking men pleaded; they are said to have met with threats in Atua, and to have yielded to them—at least, in but a few days' time they came home to us with a new treaty of pacification. Of course, and as before, the Government troops were whitewashed; the Savaii ruffians had been stripping women and killing cats in the interests of the Berlin Treaty; there was to be no punishment and no inquiry; let them retire to Savaii with their booty and their dead. Offensive as this cannot fail to be, there is still some slight excuse for it. The King is no more than one out of several chiefs of clans. His strength resides in the willing obedience of the Tuamasaga, and a portion—I have to hope a bad portion—of the island of Savaii. To punish any of these supporters must always be to accept a risk; and the golden opportunity had been allowed to slip at the moment of the Mataafa war.

What was more original was the treatment of the rebels. They were under arms that moment against the Government; they had fought and sometimes vanquished; they had taken heads and carried them to Tamasese. And the terms granted were to surrender fifty rifles, to make some twenty miles of road,

to pay some old fines—and to be forgiven! The loss of fifty rifles to people destitute of any shadow of a gunsmith to repair them when they are broken, and already notoriously short of ammunition, is a trifle; the number is easy to be made up of those that are out of commission; for there is not the least stipulation as to their value; any synthesis of old iron and smashed wood that can be called a gun is to be taken from its force. The road, as likely as not, will never be made. The fines have nothing to say to this war; in any reasonably governed country they should never have figured in the treaty; they had been inflicted before, and were due before. Before the rebellion began, the beach had rung with I know not what indiscreet bluster: the natives were to be read a lesson; Tamasese (by name) was to be hanged; and after what had been done to Mataafa, I was so innocent as to listen with awe. And now the rebellion had come, and this was the punishment! There might well have been a doubt in the mind of any chief who should have been tempted to follow the example of Mataafa; but who is it that would not dare to follow Tamasese?

For some reason—I know not what, unless it be fear—there is a strong prejudice amongst whites against any interference with the bestial practice of head-hunting. They say it would be impossible to identify the criminals—a thing notoriously contrary to fact. A man does not take a head, as he steals an apple, for secret degustation; the essence of the thing is its publicity. After the girls' heads were brought into Mulinuu I pressed Mr. Cusack-Smith to take some action. He proposed a paper of protest, to be signed by the English residents. We made rival drafts; his was preferred, and I have heard no more of it. It has not been offered me to sign; it has not been published; under a paper-weight in the British Consulate I suppose it may yet be found! Meanwhile, his Honour, Mr. Ide, the new Chief Justice, came to Samoa and took spirited action. He engineered an ordinance through the House of Faipule, inflicting serious penalties on any who took heads, and the papers at the time applauded his success. The rebellion followed, the troops were passing to the front, and with excellent resolution Mr. Ide harangued the chiefs, reiterated the terms of the new law, and promised unfailing vengeance on offenders. It was boldly done,

and he stood committed beyond possibility of retreat to enforce this his first important edict. Great was the commotion, great the division, in the Samoan mind. "O! we have had Chief Justices before," said a visitor to my house; "we know what they are; I will take a head if I can get one." Others were more doubtful, but thought none could be so bold as lay a hand on the peculiar institution of these islands. Yet others were convinced. Savaii took heads; but when they sent one to Mulinuu a messenger met them by the convent gates from the King; he would none of it, and the trophy must be ingloriously buried. Savaii took heads also, and Tamasese accepted the presentation. Tuamasaga, on the other hand, obeyed the Chief Justice, and (the occasion being thrust upon them) contented themselves with taking the dead man's ears. On the whole, about one third of the troops engaged, and our not very firm Monarch himself, kept the letter of the ordinance. And it was upon this scene of partial, but really cheering, success that the Consuls returned with their general pardon! The Chief Justice was not six months old in the islands. He had succeeded to a position complicated by the failure of his predecessor. Personally, speaking face to face with the chiefs, he had put his authority in pledge that the ordinance should be enforced. And he found himself either forgotten or betrayed by the three Consuls. These volunteers had made a liar of him; they had administered to him, before all Samoa, a triple buffet. I must not wonder, though I may still deplore, that Mr. Ide accepted the position thus made for him. There was a deal of alarm in Apia. To refuse the treaty thus hastily and shamefully cobbled up would have increased it tenfold. Already, since the declaration of war and the imminence of the results, one of the papers had ratted, and the white population were girding at the new ordinance. It was feared besides that the native Government, though they had voted, were secretly opposed to it. It was almost certain they would try to prevent its application to the loyalist offenders of Savaii. The three Consuls in the negotiations of the treaty had fully illustrated both their want of sympathy with the ordinance and their want of regard for the position of the Chief Justice. "In short, I am to look for no support, whether physical or moral?" asked Mr. Ide; and I could make but the one answer—"Neither

physical nor moral." It was a hard choice; and he elected to accept the terms of the treaty without protest. And the next war (if we are to continue to enjoy the benefits of the Berlin Act) will probably show us the result in an enlarged assortment of heads, and the next difficulty perhaps prove to us the diminished prestige of the Chief Justice. Mr. Ide announces his intention of applying the law in the case of another war; but I very much fear the golden opportunity has again been lost. About one third of the troops believed him this time; how many will believe him the next?

It will doubtless be answered that the Consuls were affected by the alarm in Apia and actuated by the desire to save white lives. I am far from denying that there may be danger; and I believe that the way we are going is the best way to bring it on. In the progressive de-civilisation of these islands—evidenced by the female heads taken in the last war and the treatment of white missionaries in this—our methods of pull devil, pull baker, general indecision, and frequent (though always dignified) panic are the best calculated in the world to bring on a massacre of whites. A consistent dignity, a consistent and independent figure of a Chief Justice, the enforcement of the laws, and, above all, of the laws against barbarity, a Consular Board the same in the presence as in the absence of war-ships, will be found our best defence.

Much as I have already occupied of your space, I would yet ask leave to draw two conclusions.

And first, Mataafa and Tamasese both made war. Both wars were presumably dynastic in character, though the Tupua not rallying to Tamasese as he had expected led him to cover his design. That he carried a gun himself, and himself fired, will not seem to European ears a very important alleviation. Tamasese received heads, sitting as a king, under whatever name; Mataafa had forbidden the taking of heads—of his own accord, and before Mr. Ide had taken office. Tamasese began with threats against the white population; Mataafa never ceased to reassure them and to extend an effectual protection to their property. What is the difference between their cases? That Mataafa was an old man, already famous, who had served his country well, had been appointed King of Samoa, had served in the office, and had been

set aside—not, indeed, in the text, but in the protocols of the Berlin Act, by name? I do not grudge his good fortune to Tamasese, who is an amiable, spirited, and handsome young man; and who made a barbarous war, indeed, since heads were taken after the old Samoan practice, but who made it without any of the savagery which we have had reason to comment upon in the camp of his adversaries. I do not grudge the invidious fate that has befallen my old friend and his followers. At first I believed these judgments to be the expression of a severe but equal justice. I find them, on further experience, to be mere measures of the degree of panic in the Consuls, varying directly as the distance of the nearest war-ship. The judgments under which they fell have now no sanctity; they form no longer a precedent; they may perfectly well be followed by a pardon, or a partial pardon, as the authorities shall please. The crime of Mataafa is to have read strictly the first article of the Berlin Act, and not to have read at all (as how should he when it has never been translated?) the insidious protocol which contains its significance; the crime of his followers is to have practised clan fidelity, and to have in consequence raised an *imperium in imperio*, and fought against the Government. Their punishment is to be sent to a coral atoll and detained there prisoners. It does not sound much; it is a great deal. Taken from a mountain island, they must inhabit a narrow strip of reef sunk to the gunwale in the ocean. Sand, stone, and cocoanuts, stone, sand, and pandanus, make the scenery. There is no grass. Here these men, used to the cool, bright mountain rivers of Samoa, must drink with loathing the brackish water of the coral. The food upon such islands is distressing even to the omnivorous white. To the Samoan, who has that shivering delicacy and ready disgust of the child or the rustic mountaineer, it is intolerable. I remember what our present King looked like, what a phantom he was, when he returned from captivity in the same place. Lastly, these fourteen have been divorced from their families. The daughter of Mataafa somehow broke the *consigne* and accompanied her father; but she only. To this day one of them, Palepa, the wife of Faamoina, is dunning the authorities in vain to be allowed to join her husband—she a young and handsome woman, he an old man and infirm. I cannot speak with cer-

tainty, but I believe they are allowed no communication with the prisoners, nor the prisoners with them. My own open experience is brief and conclusive—I have not been suffered to send my friends one stick of tobacco or one pound of *ava*. So much to show the hardships are genuine. I have to ask a pardon for these unhappy victims of untranslated protocols and inconsistent justice. After the case of Tamasese, I ask it almost as of right. As for the other twenty-seven in jail, let the doors be opened at once. They have shown their patience, they have proved their loyalty long enough. On two occasions, when the guards deserted in a body, and again when the Aána prisoners fled, they remained—one may truly say—voluntary prisoners. And at least let them be fed! I have paid taxes to the Samoan Government for some four years, and the most sensible benefit I have received in return has been to be allowed to feed their prisoners.

Second, if the farce of the Berlin Act is to be gone on with, it will be really necessary to moderate among our five Sovereigns—six if we are to count poor Malietoa, who represents to the life the character of the Hare and Many Friends. It is to be presumed that Mr. Ide and Herr Schmidt were chosen for their qualities; it is little good we are likely to get by them, if, at every wind of rumour, the three Consuls are to intervene. The three Consuls are paid far smaller salaries, they have no right under the treaty to interfere with the government of autonomous Samoa, and they have contrived to make themselves all in all. The King and a majority of the Faipule fear them and look to them alone, while the legitimate adviser occupies a second place, if that. The misconduct of MM. Cedercrantz and Senfft von Pilsach was so extreme that the Consuls were obliged to encroach; and now when these are gone the authority acquired in the contest remains with the encroachers. On their side they have no rights, but a tradition of victory, the ear of the Governments at home, and the *vis viva* of the war-ships. For the poor treaty officials, what have they but rights very obscurely expressed and very weakly defended by their predecessors? Thus it comes about that people who are scarcely mentioned in the text of the treaty, are to all intents and purposes, our only rulers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IX

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Samoa, May 22, 1894.

Sir,—I told you in my last that the Consuls had tinkered up a treaty of peace with the rebels of Aána. A month has gone by, and I would not weary your readers with a story so intricate and purposeless. The Consuls seem to have gone backward and forward, to and fro. To periods of agitated activity, comparable to that of three ants about a broken nest, there succeeded seasons in which they rested from their labours and ruefully considered the result. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that this treaty was at least twice rehandled, and the date of submission changed, in the interval. And yesterday at length we beheld the first-fruits of the Consular diplomacy. A boat came in from Aána bearing the promised fifty stand of arms—in other words, a talking man, a young chief, and some boatmen in charge of a boat-load of broken ironmongery. The Government (well advised for once) had placed the Embassy under an escort of German blue-jackets, or I think it must have gone ill with the Ambassadors.

So much for Aána and the treaty. With Atua, the other disaffected province, we have been and are on the brink of war. The woods have been patrolled, the army sent to the front, blood has been shed. It consists with my knowledge that the loyalist troops marched against the enemy under a hallucination. One and all believed, a majority of them still believe, that the war-ships were to follow and assist them. Who told them so? If I am to credit the rumours of the natives, as well as the gossip of official circles, a promise had been given to this effect by the Consuls, or at least by one of the Consuls. And when I say that a promise had been given, I mean that it had been sold. I mean that the natives had to buy it by submissions.

Let me take an example of these submissions. The native Government increased the salary of Mr. Gurr, the natives' advocate. It was not a largesse; it was rather an act of tardy justice, by which Mr. Gurr received at last the same emoluments as his predecessor in the office. At the same time, with a bank-

rupt treasury, all fresh expenses are and must be regarded askance. The President, acting under a so-called Treasury regulation, refused to honour the King's order. And a friendly suit was brought, which turned on the validity of this Treasury regulation. This was more than doubtful. The President was a treaty official; hence bound by the treaty. The three Consuls had been acting for him in his absence, using his powers and no other powers whatever under the treaty; and the three Consuls so acting had framed a regulation by which the powers of the President were greatly extended. This was a vicious circle with a vengeance. But the Consuls, with the ordinary partiality of parents for reformed offspring, regarded the regulation as the apple of their eye. They made themselves busy in its defence, they held interviews, it is reported they drew pleas; and it seemed to all that the Chief Justice hesitated. It is certain at least that he long delayed sentence. And during this delay the Consuls showed their power. The native Government was repeatedly called together, and at last forced to rescind the order in favour of Mr. Gurr. It was not done voluntarily, for the Government resisted. It was not done by conviction, for the Government has taken the first opportunity to restore it. If the Consuls did not appear personally in the affair—and I do not know that they did not—they made use of the President as a mouthpiece; and the President delayed the deliberations of the Government until he should receive further instructions from the Consuls. Ten pounds is doubtless a considerable affair to a bankrupt Government. But what were the Consuls doing in this matter of inland administration? What was their right to interfere? What were the arguments with which they overcame the resistance of the Government? I am either very much misinformed, or these gentlemen were trafficking in a merchandise which they did not possess, and selling at a high price the assistance of the war-ships over which (as now appears) they have no control.

Remark the irony of fate. This affair had no sooner been settled, Mr. Gurr's claim cut at the very root, and the Treasury regulation apparently set beyond cavil, than the Chief Justice pulled himself together, and, taking his life in his right hand, delivered sentence in the case. Great was the surprise. Because the Chief Justice had balked so long, it was supposed he would

never have taken the leap. And here, upon a sudden, he came down with a decision flat against the Consuls and their Treasury regulation. The Government have, I understand, restored Mr. Gurr's salary in consequence. The Chief Justice, after giving us all a very severe fright, has reinstated himself in public opinion by this tardy boldness; and the Consuls find their conduct judicially condemned.

It was on a personal affront that the Consuls turned on Mr. Cedercrantz. Here is another affront, far more galling and public! I suppose it is but a coincidence that I should find at the same time the clouds beginning to gather about Mr. Ide's head. In a telegram, dated from Auckland, March 30, and copyrighted by the Associated Press, I find the whole blame of the late troubles set down to his account. It is the work of a person worthy of no trust. In one of his charges, and in one only, he is right. The Chief Justice fined and imprisoned certain chiefs of Aána under circumstances far from clear; the act was, to say the least of it, susceptible of misconstruction, and by natives will always be thought of as an act of treachery. But, even for this, it is not possible for me to split the blame justly between Mr. Ide and the three Consuls. In these early days, as now, the three Consuls were always too eager to interfere where they had no business, and the Chief Justice was always too patient or too timid to set them in their place. For the rest of the telegram no qualification is needed. "The Chief Justice was compelled to take steps to disarm the natives." He took no such steps; he never spoke of disarmament except publicly and officially to disown the idea; it was during the days of the Consular Triumvirate that the cry began. "The Chief Justice called upon Malietoa to send a strong force," etc., the Chief Justice "disregarded the menacing attitude assumed by the Samoans," etc. —these are but the delusions of a fever. The Chief Justice has played no such part; he never called for forces; he never disregarded menacing attitudes, not even those of the Consuls. What we have to complain of in Mr. Ide and Mr. Schmidt is strangely different. We complain that they have been here since November, and the three Consuls are still allowed, when they are not invited, to interfere in the least and the greatest; that they have been here for upwards of six months, and government under the Ber-

lin Treaty is still overridden—and I may say overlaid—by the government of the Consular Triumvirate.

This is the main foundation of our present discontents. This it is that we pray to be relieved from. Out of six Sovereigns, exercising incongruous rights or usurpations on this unhappy island, we pray to be relieved of three. The Berlin Treaty was not our choice; but if we are to have it at all, let us have it plain. Let us have the text, and nothing but the text. Let the three Consuls who have no position under the treaty cease from troubling, cease from raising war and making peace, from passing illegal regulations in the face of day, and from secretly blackmailing the Samoan Government into renunciations of its independence. Afterwards, when we have once seen it in operation, we shall be able to judge whether government under the Berlin Treaty suits or does not suit our case.—I am, Sir, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

X

FROM THE "DAILY CHRONICLE," MARCH 18, 1895.

(Subjoined is the full text of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's last letter to Mr. J. F. Hogan, M. P. Apart from its pathetic interest as one of the final compositions of the distinguished novelist, its eloquent terms of pleading for his exiled friend Mataafa, and the light it sheds on Samoan affairs, make it a very noteworthy and instructive document.—Ed. "D. C.")

Vailima, October 7, 1894.

J. F. HOGAN, ESQ., M. P.

DEAR SIR,—My attention was attracted the other day by the thoroughly pertinent questions which you put in the House of Commons, and which the Government failed to answer. It put an idea in my head that you were perhaps the man who might take up a task which I am almost ready to give up. Mataafa is now known to be my hobby. People laugh when they see any mention of his name over my signature and the *Times*, while it still grants me hospitality, begins to lead the chorus. I know that nothing can be more fatal to Mataafa's cause than that he should be made ridiculous, and I cannot help feeling that a man who makes his bread by writing fiction labours under the dis-

advantage of suspicion when he touches on matters of fact. If I were even backed up before the world by one other voice, people might continue to listen, and in the end something might be done. But so long as I stand quite alone, telling the same story, which becomes, apparently, not only more tedious, but less credible by repetition, I feel that I am doing nothing good, possibly even some evil.

Now, Sir, you have shown by your questions in the House, not only that you remember Mataafa, but that you are instructed in his case, and this exposes you to the trouble of reading this letter.

Mataafa was made the prisoner of the three Powers. He had been guilty of rebellion; but surely rather formally than really. He was the appointed King of Samoa. The treaty set him aside, and he obeyed the three Powers. His successor—or I should rather say his successor's advisers and surroundings—fell out with him. He was disgusted by the spectacle of their misgovernment. In this humour he fell to the study of the Berlin Act, and was misled by the famous passage, "His successor shall be duly elected according to the laws and customs of Samoa." It is to be noted that what I will venture to call the infamous protocol—a measure equally of German vanity, English cowardice, and American *incuria*—had not been and *has never yet been* translated into the Samoan language. They feared light because their works were darkness. For what he did during what I can only call his candidature, I must refer you to the last chapter of my book. It was rebellion to the three Powers; to him it was not rebellion. The troops of the King attacked him first. The sudden arrival and sudden action of Captain Bickford concluded the affair in the very beginning. Mataafa surrendered. He surrendered to Captain Bickford. He was brought back to Apia on Captain Bickford's ship. I shall never forget the captain pointing to the British ensign and saying, "Tell them they are safe under that." And the next thing we learned, Mataafa and his chiefs were transferred to a German war-ship and carried to the Marshalls.

Who was responsible for this? Who is responsible now for the care and good treatment of these political prisoners? I am far from hinting that the Germans actually maltreat him. I know even that many of the Germans regard him with respect. But

I can only speak of what I know here. It is impossible to send him or any of his chiefs either a present or a letter. I believe the mission (Catholic) has been allowed some form of communication. On the same occasion I sent down letters and presents. They were refused; and the officer of the deck on the German war-ship had so little reticence as to pass the remark, "O, you see, you like Mataafa; we don't." In short, communication is so completely sundered that for anything we can hear in Samoa, they may all have been hanged at the yard-arm two days out.

To take another instance. The high chief Faamoina was recently married to a young and pleasing wife. She desired to follow her husband, an old man, in bad health, and so deservedly popular that he had been given the by-name of "*Papalagi Mativa*," or "Poor White Man," on account of his charities to our countrymen. She was refused. Again and again she has renewed her applications to be allowed to rejoin him, and without the least success.

It has been decreed by some one, I know not whom, that Faamoina must have no one to nurse him, and that his wife must be left in the anomalous and dangerous position which the Treaty Powers have made for her. I have wearied myself, and I fear others, by my attempts to get a passage for her or to have her letters sent. Every one sympathises. The German ships now in port are loud in expressions of disapproval and professions of readiness to help her. But to whom can we address ourselves? Who is responsible? Who is the unknown power that sent Mataafa in a German ship to the Marshalls, instead of in an English ship to Fiji? that has decreed since that he shall receive not even inconsiderable gifts and open letters? and that keeps separated Faamoina and his wife?

Now, dear Sir, these are the facts, and I think that I may be excused for being angry. At the same time, I am well aware that an angry man is a bore. I am a man with a grievance, and my grievance has the misfortune to be very small and very far away. It is very small, for it is only the case of under a score of brown-skinned men who have been dealt with in the dark by I know not whom. And I want to know. I want to know by whose authority Mataafa was given over into German hands. I want to know by whose authority, and for how long a term of years, he is condemned

to the miserable exile of a low island. And I want to know how it happens that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in Samoa?—that the German enemy Mataafa has been indefinitely exiled for what is after all scarce more than constructive rebellion, and the German friend Tamasese, for a rebellion which has lasted long enough to threaten us with famine, and was disgraced in its beginning by ominous threats against the whites, has been punished by a fine of one hundred rifles?

True, I could sympathise with the German officers in their embarrassment. Here was the son of the old King whom they had raised, and whom they had deserted. What an unenviable office was theirs when they must make war upon, suppress, and make a feint of punishing, this man to whom they stood bound by a hereditary alliance, and to whose father they had already failed so egregiously. They were loyal all round. They were loyal to their Tamasese, and got him off with his fine. And shall I not be a little loyal to Mataafa? And will you not help me? He is now an old man, very piously inclined, and I believe he would enter at least the lesser orders of the Church if he were suffered to come back. But I do not even ask so much as this, though I hope it. It would be enough if he were brought back to Fiji, back to the food and fresh water of his childhood, back into the daylight from the darkness of the Marshalls, where some of us could see him, where we could write to him and receive answers, where he might pass a tolerable old age. If you can help me to get this done, I am sure that you will never regret it. In its small way, this is another case of *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, not so monstrous if you like, not on so large a scale, but with circumstances of small perfidy that make it almost odious.

I may tell you in conclusion that, circumstances coöperating with my tedious insistence, the last of the Mataafa chiefs here in Apia has been liberated from jail. All this time they stayed of their own free-will, thinking it might injure Mataafa if they escaped when others did. And you will see by the enclosed paper how these poor fellows spent the first hours of their liberty.[1]

[1] I. e., in building a section of a new road to Mr. Stevenson's house. The paper referred to is a copy of the *Samoa Times*, containing a report of the dinner given by Mr. Stevenson at Vailima to inaugurate this new road. (See Appendix to *Vailima Letters*.)

You will see also that I am not the firebrand that I am sometimes painted, and that in helping me, if you shall decide to do so, you will be doing nothing against the peace and prosperity of Samoa.

With many excuses for having occupied so much of your valuable time, I remain, yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—On revisal, I observe some points: in the first place, I do not believe Captain Bickford was to blame; I suspect him to have been a victim. I have been told, but it seems incredible, that he underwent an examination about Mataafa's daughter having been allowed to accompany him. Certainly he liked his job little, and some of his colleagues less.

R. L. S.

October 9.

Latest intelligence. We have received at last a letter from Mataafa. He is well treated and has good food; only complains of not hearing from Samoa. This has very much relieved our minds. But why were they previously left in the dark?

R. L. S.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

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These letters from Stevenson in December, 1890, to January, 1891, are a part of his contribution to the New York *Sun* during 1890–1891. These particular letters do not appear in *The South Seas* as usually published.

I

A PEARL ISLAND: PENRHYN

Upolu, Samoan Islands, December, 1890.

IN the Lagoon of Fakarava there was little pearl shell and there were many sharks. I know not if the *rahui*, or closure, was applied; at least there was no fishing, and it seemed unfit to leave the archipelago of pearls and have no sight of that romantic industry. On all other sides were isles, if only I could reach them, where divers were at work: but Captain Otis properly enough refused to approach them with the *Casco*, and my attempts to hire another vessel failed. The last was upon François's cutter, where she lay drawn up from her late shipwreck. She might be compared for safety to a New York catboat fortified with a bowsprit and a jib, and as I studied her lines and spars, desire to sail in her upon the high seas departed from my mind. "*Je le pensais bien*," said François, which may be idiomatically rendered, "I told you so."

Nearly two years had passed before I found myself in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll* heading for the entrance of Penrhyn or Tongarewa. In front the line of the atoll showed like a narrow sea-wall of bare coral, where the surges broke: on either hand the tree-tops of a *motu* showed some way off—one, the site of the chief village, the other, then empty, but now inhabited and known by the ill-omened name of Molokai. We steamed through the pass and were instantly involved amid a multiplicity of coral lumps, or *horses' heads* as they are called by sailors. Through these our way meandered; we would have horses' heads athwart the bows, one astern, one upon either board; and the tortuous fairway was at times not more than twice the vessel's beam. The *Janet* was besides an iron ship; half the width of the Pacific

severed us from the next yard of reparation; one rough contact, and our voyage might be ended, and ourselves consigned to half a year of Penrhyn. On the topgallant forecastle stood a native pilot, used to conning smaller ships and unprepared for the resources of a steamer; his cries rang now with agony, now with wrath. The best man was at the bridge wheel; and Capt. Henry, with one hand on the engine signal, one trembling toward the steersman, juggled his long ship among these dangers, with the patient art of one fitting up a watch, with the swift decision of a general in the field. I stood by, thrilling at once with the excitement of a personal adventure and the admiration due to perfect skill.

We were presently at anchor in a singular berth, boxed all about, our late entrance, our future exit, not to be discovered; in front the lagoon, where I counted the next day upward of thirty horses' heads in easy view; behind, the groves of the isle and the crowded houses of the village. Many boats lay there at moorings; in the verandah folk were congregated, gazing at the ship; children were swimming from the shore to board us; and from the lagoon, before a gallant breeze, other boats came skimming homeward. The boats were gay with white sails and bright paint; the men were clad in red and blue, they were garlanded with green leaves or gay with kerchiefs; and the busy, many-coloured scene was framed in the verdure of the palms and the opal of the shallow sea.

It was a pretty picture, and its prettiest element the coming of the children. Every here and there we saw a covey of black heads upon the water. Boys and girls, they had stripped off their gaily coloured kilts. Some held the kilt aloft in one hand as they swam; others had embarked it on a piece of wreck, such as then abounded on the island, and thrust in front of them that little ship and its bright cargo. I studied with inexpressible entertainment the carnival of one company of girls. A boat lay alongside, on board of which a young lady (aged about eight) laboriously clambered, her raiment in her hand, ready for instant application. It was a delicate task, adroitly achieved, and island decency was perfectly observed. The rest was easier. As each of her companions clambered up, the first adventurer stood with a kilt extended, like a prudent mother, and the emergent naiad

was enrobed. Soon they trooped up the side ladder, a healthy, comely company of kilted children, and had soon taken post upon the after hatch, where they sat in a double row singing with solemn energy. Part of the hatch was open; boxes and bales and broken shell were all about them; boxes and bales swung on a tackle past their faces and above their heads; no man regarded them; but the conscientious artists paused not in their performance, and the sound of their young voices and their clapping hands now rose above, and was now drowned by the clatter of working cargo.

This inimitable seriousness at first attracted me, and I became their slave. A girl of eleven or twelve was my especial commandant. I could not say she was pretty, but she was highly attractive, alive with energy and sense, sang her songs as if life depended on them, and, with the note of a young scold, marshalled and corrected her companions. My fidelity was precious in their eyes; even by the artists of Penrhyn some shadow of a public is desired. My young mistress, if I sought to withdraw, hoarsely forbade and imperiously signed me to my place; and so soon as I had sat down the sirens would launch on a new song, apparently regardless of my presence. Their repertory and their diligence amazed me; all one afternoon and most of the next day the shrill but pleasing concert was prolonged. To sing appeared not so much a pleasure as the acknowledged end of man's existence. They were glad enough, for a passing moment, to observe the curiosities of the ship; they were glad enough to accept and stow under their kilts my offerings of goodies, tobacco, and ships' bread; but the curio regarded, the gift shared, down they sat again with a fresh appetite to minstrelsy, the leader roused with a glance her little band, the hands clapped together, and the song was raised. They were excellently well behaved. If I had passed a girl over, my mistress pounced on me at once; just-minded little scold, she would accept no favour for herself (except once or twice a goody) that was not equally shared with all her comrades. Although she thus ordered me about, and even shook and punched me, it was no real presumption, only the pretty freedom of a girl that knows herself in favour, and when I had anything to forbid, a shade of intonation secured obedience.

My minstrels were the best thing on Penrhyn, which, indeed,

attracted us but little. The boys who came on board were rowdy fellows; they pillaged the swill tub; they pursued and robbed each other of the fruits of robbery; the deck was filled, and sometimes our concert almost overwhelmed, by their alarms and excursions. The grown folk were diffident and jeering; we thought they had a savage air; and their reputation fitted with their looks. As for the isle, it was an atoll; we had seen too many atolls; hackney cabs have more variety than they. The village had a rough, unkempt appearance of prosperity; possibly we saw it to its disadvantage, for it extends from the lagoon to the seaside and a part of it was levelled recently by the sea. Perhaps, too, the ill-tended church and the unweeded green were marks of a more sad calamity, for although then we knew it not, the place was plague struck.

All that was here and that could be called wealth came from the sea. Pearl shell and wreck wood were everywhere. On one side of the trader's house they were weighing shell; on the other was a yard of stacked timber that had never grown upon that island; between, on the verandah, the figurehead of the lost ship stood sentinel; a very white and haughty lady, Roman nosed and dressed in the costume of the Directory, contumeliously, with head thrown back, she gazed on the house and the crowding natives. There was a piano in the sitting-room, but the poor instrument had suffered in the shipwreck, and when the notes were struck, replied at random. Yet another waif from that disaster was a lad of my own land and city, and I thought it strange to stand by the figurehead, in the tropic sun, beset by a throng of Penrhyn islanders, and be talking of the Glasgow Road, the Haymarket Station, and the huge distillery.

It is the worst of a pearl island, that when a ship arrives the diving ceases; unless the traveller be come to stay, the return of the boats and the piles of shell are all that he will see of pearling. But the boats themselves are eloquent. The flotilla of Penrhyn must have cost a pretty penny; the same may be said of Manihiki; and, indeed, it is hard to overestimate the wealth of the inhabitants. A good diver at Penrhyn can make one, two, or even three pounds a day; the least of them seems equivalent to opulence at home. Yet, I am told, the houses of good divers are notoriously poor, and they and their families often meanly

dressed. When the man touches his pay, he goes direct into the store, with a following of the incompetent and idle, come to sponge. This is his reward, for this he labours, to be the centre of some minutes' admiration and gratitude before the trader's counter; and he will sometimes return to his home and family empty-handed, all having gone in largess. We may smile at his ideal, but this, too, is popularity; and what is the reward of Mr. Gladstone? Applause at a Scotch railway station is not to be essentially distinguished from acclamation in a Penrhyn island store.

Here at least is a strange variety of Polynesian character. The Penrhyn islander is industrious as a Paumotuan, and more prodigal than a Samoan. But even his prodigality is energetic; he gives, scattering wealth publicly and with a certain rapture; the Samoan only suffers himself to be drained by trafficking connections, escaping when he can, lamenting when he can not. The tongue of Penrhyn is said to present affinities with old Paumotuan; and the rough and lawless manners of the race suggest a similar relation. Till recently the isle was counted dangerous; blood had been shed often; and when natives quarrel with a trader they will boast of his predecessors whom they slew. I could hear, within man's memory, of but one chief who had maintained authority, and he with stripes, binding offenders to a tree and lashing them with his own hand. With turbulent women he was very sharp; and perhaps one of these took a post-mortem vengeance. For this was the same chief who rose again and was reburied prone. At the main village law is to-day respected; the laws were brought on board as soon as we anchored, exhibiting a goodly list of fines, some wise, some fantastically funny; and our cook, having gone ashore late, found himself a prisoner at curfew and was not suffered to leave the house till morning. All the while, at the other side of the atoll, the people lived in mere misrule, and fighting, particularly combats of women, were frequent. The women of Penrhyn are still great belligerents. When my little minstrel is grown up, she should be a woman of her hands.

Poor little mistress! where is she now? Where are my minstrels? There was a cloud upon their island. They sang that day under its shadow; it has burst since then.

Some ten years ago, Mr. Ben Hird was trading in the atoll.

Several whites had then recently been murdered; and the traders carried their lives in their hands. Once in particular Mr. Hird believes there was a plan to slay him. He had gone down from one settlement to another on affairs. A little girl came to him when he was alone and pressed him to return. "You had better come with me," was her word. He asked her why; he told her of his business; he pressed her for a reason. To all she had but one answer: "You had better come with me." He was growing impatient of her iteration; when of a sudden the fear of death fell cold upon his spirit, and he caught her by the hand, ran for his boat, and fled with her alone on the lagoon. I have seen her, now grown a stalwart woman, and never from that day to this, has she explained her conduct.

In 1890, when I was at Penrhyn, Mr. Hird was supercargo on the *Janet Nicoll;* and knowing I had visited the lazaretto on Molokai, he called me in consultation. "It is strange," said he. "When I was here there was no such thing as leprosy upon the island; and now there seems a great deal. Look at that man, and tell me what you think." The man was leprous as Naaman.

The story goes that a leper escaped from Molokai in an open boat, and landed, some say in Penrhyn, some say first in Manihiki. There are many authentic boat voyages difficult to credit; but this of thirty degrees due north and south, and from the one Trade to the other across the equatorial doldrums, ranks with the most extraordinary. We may suppose the westerly current to have been entirely intermitted, the easterly strong, and the fugitive well supplied with food. Or we may explain the tale to be a legend, framed to conceal the complaisance of some ill-judging skipper. One thing at least is sure: a Hawaiian leper, in an advanced stage of the disease, and admitting that he had escaped from Molokai, appeared suddenly in these distant islands, and was seen by Mr. H. J. Moors of Apia walking at large in Penrhyn. Mr. Moors is not quite certain of the date, for he visited the atoll in '83 and again in '84; but another of my neighbours, Mr. Harper, was trading in Penrhyn all the first year. He saw nothing of the Hawaiian, and this pins us to the later date. I am tediously particular on this point, because the result is amazing. Seven years is supposed to be the period of leprous incubation; and the whole of my tale, from the first introduction

of the taint to the outbreak of a panic on the island, passes (at the outside) in a little more than six. At the time when we should have scarce looked for the appearance of the earliest case, the population was already steeped in leprosy.

The Polynesians assuredly derive from Asia; and Asia, since the dawn of history, has been a camping-ground for this disease. Of two things, either the Polynesian left, ere the disease began, and is now for the first time exposed to the contagion, or he has been so long sequestered that Asiastic leprosy has had the time to vary, and finds in him a virgin soil. The facts are not clear; we are told, on one hand, that some indigenous form of the disease was known in Samoa within the memory of man; we are assured, on the other, that there is not a name for it in any island language. There is no doubt, at least, about the savage rapidity with which it spreads when introduced. And there is none that, when a leper is first seen, the islanders approach him without disaffection and are never backward to supply him with a wife. I find this singular; for few races are more sensitive to beauty, of which their own affords so high a standard; and I have observed that when the symptoms are described to him in words, the islander displays a high degree of horror and disgust. His stringent ideals of courtesy and hospitality and a certain debile kindliness of disposition must explain his conduct. As for the marriage, the stranger once received, it follows as a thing of course. To refuse the male is still considered in most parts of Polynesia a rather unlovely rigour in the female; and if a man be disfigured, I believe it would be held a sort of charity to console his solitude. A kind island girl might thus go to a leper's bed in something of the same spirit as we visit the sick at home with tracts and pounds of tea.

The waif who landed on Penrhyn was much marred with the disease; his head deformed with growths; a thing for children to flee from screaming. Yet he was received with welcome, entertained in families, and a girl was found to be his wife. It is hard to be just to this Hawaiian. Doubtless he was a man of a wild strain of blood, a lover of liberty and life; doubtless he had harboured in the high woods and the rains, a spectral Robin Hood, armed to defend his wretched freedom; perhaps he was captured fighting; and of one thing we may be sure, that

he had escaped early from the lazaretto, still untamed, still hot with resentment. His boat voyage was a discipline well fitted to inspire grave thoughts; in him it may have only sharpened the desire of pleasure; for to certain shallow natures the imminence of death is but a whet. In his own eyes he was an innocent prisoner escaped, the victim of a nameless and senseless tyranny. What did he ask? To taste the common lot of men, to sit with the house folk, to hear the even-song, to share in the day's gossip, to have a wife like others, and to see children round his knees. He landed in Penrhyn, enjoyed for a while simple pleasures, died, and bequeathed to his entertainers a legacy of doom.

They were early warned. Mr. Moors warned them in '84, and they made light of his predictions, the long incubation of the malady deceiving them. The leper lived among them; no harm was seen. He died, and still there was no harm. It would be interesting, it is probably impossible, to learn how soon the plague appeared. By the midst of 1890, at least, the island was dotted with lepers, and the *Janet Nicoll* had not long gone before the islanders awoke to an apprehension of their peril. I have mentioned already traits which they share with their Paumotuan kindred; their conduct in this hour of awakening is another. There were certain families—twenty, I was told; we may imply a corrective and guess ten—entirely contaminated, the clean waited on these sick and bade them leave the settlement. Some six years before they had opened their doors to a stranger; now they must close them on their next of kin.

It chanced that among the tainted families were some of chief importance, some that owned the *solum* of the village. It was their first impulse to resent the measure of expulsion.

"The land is ours," they argued. "If any are to leave, let it be you," and they were thought to have answered well; "let them stay" was the reconsidered verdict; and the clean people began instead to prepare their own secession. The coming of the missionary ship decided otherwise; the lepers were persuaded; a *motu* of some size, hard by the south entrance, was now named Molokai, after its sad original; and thither, leaving their lands and the familiar village, self-doomed, self-sacrificed, the infected families went forth into perpetual exile.

The palms of their lost village are easily in view from Molokai.

The sequestered may behold the smoke rise from their old home, they can see the company of boats skim forth with daylight to the place of diving. And they have yet nearer sights. A pier has been built in the lagoon; a boat comes at intervals, leaves food upon its seaward end, and goes again, the lepers not entering on the pier until it be gone. Those on the beach, those in the boat, old friends and kinsfolk thus behold each other for a moment silently. The girl who bid Mr. Hird flee from the settlement opened her heart to him on his last visit. She would never again set eyes, she told him, on her loved ones, and when he reminded her that she might go with the boat and see them from a distance on the beach; Never! she cried. If she went, if she saw them, her heart would pluck her from the boat; she must leap on the pier, she must run to the beach, she must speak again with the lost; and with the act the doors of the prison isle would close upon herself. So sternly is the question of leprosy now viewed, under a native rule, in Penrhyn.

Long may it so continue! and I would I could infect with a like severity every isle of the Pacific. But self-indulgence and sentiment menace instead the mere existence of the island race; perhaps threaten our own with a new struggle against an enemy refreshed. Nothing is less proved than this peril to ourselves; yet it is possible. To our own syphilis we are inured, but the syphilis of eastern Asia slays us; and a new variety of leprosy, cultivated in the virgin soil of Polynesian races, might prove more fatal than we dream.

So that ourselves, it may be, are no strangers to the case; it may be it was for us the men of Penrhyn resigned their acres, and when the defaced chimera sailed from Molokai, bringing sorrow and death to isles of singing, we also, and our babes may have been the target of his invisible arrows. But it needs not this. The thought of that hobgoblin boatman alone upon the sea, of the perils he escaped, of the evil he lavished on the world, may well strike terror in the minds even of the distant and the unconcerned. In mine, at the memory of my termagant minstrel, hatred glows.

II

THE KONA COAST

Upolu, Samoan Islands, December, 1890.

OF the island of Hawaii, though I have passed days becalmed under its lee, and spent a week upon its shores, I have never yet beheld the profile. Dense clouds continued to enshroud it far below its middle; not only the zone of snow and fire, but a great part of the forest region was covered or at least veiled by a perpetual rain. And yet even on my first sight beholding so little and that through a glass from the deck of the *Casco*, the rude Plutonic structure of the isle was conspicuous. Here was none of the accustomed glitter of the beach, none of the close shoreside forests of the typical high island. All seemed black and barren, and to slope sheer into the sea. Unexpected movements of the land caught the attention; folds that glittered with a certain vitreosity; black mouths of caves; ranges of low cliffs, vigorously designed a while in sun and shadow, and that sank again into the general declivity of the island glacis. Under its gigantic cowl of cloud the coast frowned upon us with a face of desolation.

On my return I passed from a humming city, with shops and palaces and busy wharfs, plying cabs and tram cars, telephones in operation and a railway in building; mounted a strong and comfortable local steamer; sailed under desolate shores indeed, but guided in the night by sea and harbour lights, and was set down at last in a village uninhabited by any white, the creature of pure native taste—of which, what am I to say but that I know no such village in Europe? A well-to-do Western hamlet in the States would be the closest parallel; and it is a moderate prophecy to call it so already.

Hookena is its name. It stands on the same coast which I had wondered at before from the tossing *Casco*, the same coast on which the far-voyager Cook ended a noble career not very nobly. That district of Kona where he fell is one illustrious in the history of Hawaii. It was at first the centre of the dominion of the great Kamehameha.

There, in an unknown sepulchre, his bones are still hidden; there, too, his reputed treasures, spoils of a buccaneer, lie, and are still vainly sought for, in one of the thousand caverns of the lava. There the Tabus were first broken, there the missionaries first received; and, but for the new use of ships and the new need of harbours, here might be still the chief city and the organs of the kingdom. Yet a nearer approach confirmed the impression of the distance. It presents to the seaward one immense decline. Streams of lava have followed and submerged each other down this slope, and overflowed into the sea. These cooled and shrank, and were buried under fresh inundations or dislocated by fresh tremors of the mountain. A multiplicity of caves is the result. The mouths of caves are everywhere; the lava is tunnelled with corridors and halls; under houses high on the mountain the sea can be heard throbbing in the bowels of the land, and there is one gallery of miles which has been used by armies as a pass. Streams are thus unknown. The rain falls continually in the highlands; an isle that rises nearly 14,000 feet sheer from the sea could never fail of rain, but the treasure is squandered on a sieve, and by sunless conduits returns unseen into the ocean. Corrugated slopes of lava, bristling lava cliffs, sprouts of metallic clinkers, miles of coast without a well or rivulet, scarce anywhere a beach, nowhere a harbour—here seems a singular land to be contended for in battle as a seat for courts and princes. Yet it possessed in the eyes of the natives one more than countervailing advantage. The windward shores of the isle are beaten by a monstrous surf; there are places where goods and passengers must be hauled up and lowered by a rope; there are coves which even the daring boatmen of Hamakua dread to enter; and men live isolated in their hamlets or communicate by giddy footpaths in the cliff. Upon the side of Kona the table-like margin of the lava affords almost everywhere a passage by land, and the waves, reduced by the vast breakwater of the island, allow an almost

continual communication by way of sea. Yet even here the surf of the Pacific appears formidable to the stranger as he lands, and daily delights him with its beauty as he walks the shore.

The land and sea breezes alternate on the Kona coast with regularity, and the veil of rain draws up and down the talus of the mountain—now retiring to the zone of forests, now descending to the margin of the sea. It was in one of the latter and rarer moments that I was set on board a whale boat full of intermingled barrels, passengers, and oarsmen. The rain fell and blotted the crude and sombre colours of the scene. The coast rose but a little way; it was then intercepted by the cloud; and, for all that appeared, we might have been landing on an isle of some 200 feet of elevation. On the immediate foreshore, under a low cliff, there stood some score of houses, trellised and verandaed, set in narrow gardens, and painted gaudily in green and white; the whole surrounded and shaded by a grove of cocoa palms and fruit trees, springing (as by miracle) from the bare lava. In front the population of the neighbourhood were gathered for the weekly incident, the passage of the steamer, sixty to eighty strong, and attended by a disproportionate allowance of horses, mules, and donkeys, for this land of rock is, singular to say, a land of breeding. The green trees, the painted houses, the gay dresses of the women, were everywhere relieved on the uncompromising blackness of the lava; and the rain which fell, unheeded by the sightseers, blended and beautified the contrast.

The boat was run in upon a breaker and we passengers ejected on a flat rock, where the next wave submerged us to the knees. There we continued to stand, the rain drenching us from above, the sea from below, like people mesmerised; and as we were all (being travellers) tricked out with the green garlands of departure, we must have offered somewhat the same appearance as a shipwrecked picnic. The purser spied and introduced me to my host, ex-Judge Nahimu, who was then deep in business, despatching and receiving goods. He was dressed in pearl-grey tweed, like any self-respecting Englishman, only the band of his wide-awake was made of peacock's feather.

"House by and by," said he, his English being limited, and carried me to the shelter of a rather lofty shed. On three sides it was open, on the fourth closed by a house. It was reached

from without by five or six wooden steps. On the fourth side a further flight of ten conducted to the balcony of the house. A table spread with goods divided it across, so that I knew it for the village store and (according to the laws that rule in country life) the village lounging-place. People sat with dangling feet along the house verandah; they sat on benches on the level of the shed or among the goods upon the counter; they came and went, they talked and waited; they opened, skimmed, and pocketed half-read their letters; they opened the journal, and found a moment, not for the news, but for the current number of the story—methought, I might have been in France, and the paper the *Petit Journal* instead of the *Nupepa Eleele*. On other islands I had been the centre of attention; here none observed my presence. One hundred and ten years before the ancestors of these indifferents had looked in the faces of Cook and his seamen with admiration and alarm; called them gods, called them volcanoes; took their clothes for a loose skin, confounded their hats and their heads, and described their pockets as a "treasure door, through which they plunge their hands into their bodies and bring forth cutlery and necklaces and cloth and nails"; and to-day the coming of the most attractive stranger failed (it would appear) to divert them from Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," for that was the novel of the day—"Na 'Lii O Sekotia"—so ran the title in Hawaii.

My host returned, and led me round the shore among the mules and donkeys to his house. Like all the houses of the hamlet, it was on the European, or to be more descriptive, on the American plan. The parlour was fitted with the usual furniture, and ornamented with the portraits of Kamehameha the Third, Lunalilo, Kalakaua, the queen consort of the isles, and Queen Victoria. There was a Bible on the table, other books stood on a shelf. A comfortable bedroom was placed at my service, the welcome afforded me was cordial and unembarrassed, the food good and plentiful. My host, my hostess, his grown daughters, strapping lassies, his young hopefuls, misbehaving at a meal or perfunctorily employed upon their school-books; all that I found in that house, beyond the speech and a few exotic dishes on the table, would have been familiar and exemplary in Europe.

I walked that night beside the sea. The steamer, with its

lights and crowd of tourists, was gone by; it had left me alone among these aliens, and I felt no touch of strangeness. The trim, lamplit houses shining quietly, like villas, each in its narrow garden; the gentle sound of speech from within; the room that awaited my return, with the lamp and the books and the spectacled householder studying his Bible—there was nothing changed; it was in such conditions I had myself grown up and played, a child, beside the borders of another sea. And some ten miles from where I walked Cook was adored as a deity; his bones, when he was dead, were cleansed for worship; his entrails devoured in a mistake by rambling children.

A day of session in the Hookena Court House equally surprised me. The Judge, a very intelligent, serious Hawaiian, sat behind a table, taking careful notes, two policemen, with their bright metal badges, standing attention at his back or bustling forth on errands. The plaintiff was a Portuguese. For years he had kept store and raised cattle in the district without trouble or dispute. His store stood always open—it was standing so, seven miles away, at the moment of the case—and when his cattle strayed they were duly impounded and restored to him on payment of one shilling. But recently a gentleman of great acuteness and a thousand imperfect talents had married into the family of a neighbouring proprietor, consecutively on which event the storekeeper's cattle began to be detained and starved, the fine rose to half a dollar, and lastly a cow had disappeared. The Portuguese may have been right or wrong; he was convinced the newcomer was the mainspring of the change; called a suit in consequence against the father-in-law, and it was the son-in-law who appeared for the defense. I saw him there seated at his ease, with spectacles on brow; still young, much of a gentleman in looks, and dressed in faultless European clothes, and presently for my good fortune, he arose to address the court. It appears he has already stood for the Hawaiian Parliament, but the people (I was told) "did not think him honest," and he was defeated. Honesty, to our ways of thought, appears a trifle in a candidate, and I think we have few constituents to refuse so great a charmer. I understood but a few dozen words, yet I heard the man with delight, followed the junctures of his argument, knew when he was enumerating points in his own favour, when he was admit-

ting those against him, when he was putting a question *per absurdum*, when (after the due pause) he smilingly replied to it. There was no haste, no heat, no prejudice; with a hinted gesture, with a semitone of intonation, the speaker lightly set forth and underlined the processes of reason; he could not shift a foot or touch his spectacles but that persuasion radiated in the court; it is impossible to conceive a style of oratory more rational or civilised. The point to which he spoke was pretty in itself. The people, as I had been told, did not think the orator honest; some Judge, on a particular occasion, had inclined to the same view, and the man of talent was disbarred. By a clause in a statute, a layman or a disbarred lawyer might conduct a case for himself or for one of "his own family." Is a father-in-law one of a man's own family? "Yes," argued the orator. "No," with less grace and perspicuity, Nahinu, retained by the Portuguese. The laws of the tight little kingdom are conceived in duplicate for the Hawaiian hare and his many white friends. The native text appearing inconclusive, an appeal was made to the English, and I (as *amicus curiae*) led out, installed upon the Court House steps, and painfully examined as to its precise significance. The Judge heard the orator; he heard Nahinu; he received by the mouth of the schoolmaster my report, for which he thanked me with a bow, and ruled the claimant out. This skirmish decided the fate of the engagement; fortune was faithful to the Portuguese, and late in the afternoon the capable Judge rode off homeward with his portfolio under his arm. No court could have been more equally and decently conducted; Judge, parties, lawyers, and police were all decorous and competent, and but for the plaintiff the business was entirely native.

The Portuguese had come seven miles to Hookena, sure of substantial justice, and he left his store open, fearless of being robbed. Another white man of strong sense and much frugality and choler thus reckoned up what he had lost by theft in thirty-nine years among the different islands of Hawaii. A pair of shoes, an umbrella, some feet of hose pipe, and one batch of chickens. It is his continual practice to send Hawaiians by a perilous, solitary path with sums in specie; at any moment the messenger might slip, the money bag roll down a thousand feet of precipice, and lodge in fissures inaccessible to men; and

consider how easy it were to invent such misadventures! "I should have to know a white man well before I trusted him," he said; "I trust Hawaiians without fear. It would be villainous of me to say less." It should be remembered the Hawaiians of yore were not particular; they were eager to steal from Cook, whom they believed to be a god, and it was a theft that led to the tragedy at Kealakeakua Bay; and it must not be forgotten that the Hawaiians of to-day are many of them poor. One residual trait of savage incompetence I have already referred to: they can not administer a trust. I was told there had never yet been a case known. Even a Judge, skilled in the knowledge of the law and upright in its administration, was found insusceptible of those duties and distinctions which appear so natural and come so easy to the European. But the disability stands alone, a single survival in the midst of change, and the faults of the modern Hawaiian incline to the other side. My orator of Hookena court-room may be a gentleman much maligned; I may have received his character from the lips of his political opponents, but the type described is common. The islands begin to fill with lawyers, many of whom, justly or unjustly, are disbarred, and to the age of Kamehameha, the age of Glossin has succeeded. Thus none would rob the store of the Portuguese, but the law was wrested to oppress him.

It was of old a warlike and industrious race. They were diggers and builders; the isles are still full of their deserted monuments; the modern word of law, Kanawai —"water rights," still serves to remind us of their ancient irrigation. And the island story is compact of battles. Their courage and good will to labour seem now confined to the sea, where they are active sailors and fearless boatmen, pursue the shark in his own element, and make a pastime of their incomparable surf. On shore they flee equally from toil and peril, and are all turned to carpet occupations and to parlous frauds. Nahinu, an ex-Judge, was paid but $2 for a hard day in court, and he is paying $1 a day to the labourers among his coffee. All Hawaiians envy and are ready to compete with him for this odd chance of an occasional fee for some hours' talking; he can not find one to earn a certain hire under the sun in his plantation, and the work is all transacted by immigrant Chinese. One can not but be reminded of

the love of the French middle class for office work; but in Hawaii it is the race in bulk that shrinks from manly occupation. During a late revolution a lady found a powerful young Hawaiian crouching among the grass in her garden. "What are you doing there?" she cried, for she was a strong partisan. "Do you not know they are murdering your King?" "I know," said the skulker. "Why do you not go to help him?" she asked. "Aflaid," said the poor craven, and crouched again among the grass. Here was a strange grandchild for the warriors that followed or faced Kamehameha. I give the singular instance as the more explicit; but the whole race must have been stricken at the moment with a similar weakness. No man dare say of this revolution that it was unprovoked; but its means were treachery and violence; the numbers and position of those engaged made the design one of the most insolent in history; and a mere modicum of native boldness and cohesion must have brought it to the dust. "My race had one virtue, they were brave," said a typical Hawaiian, "and now they have taken that away."

I have named a French example; but the thought that haunts the stranger in Hawaii is that of Italy. The ruggedness of feature which marks out the race among Polynesians is the Italian ruggedness. Countenances of the same eloquent harshness, manners of the same vivacious cordiality, are to be found in Hawaii and among Italian fisherfolk. I know no race that carries years more handsomely, whose people, in the middle way of life, retain more charm. I recall faces, both of men and women, with a certain leonine stamp, trusty, sagacious, brave, beautiful in plainness; faces that take the heart captive. The tougher struggle of the race in these hard isles has written history there; energy enlivens the Hawaiian strength. Or did so once, and the faces are still eloquent of the lost possession. The stock that has produced a Cæsar, a Kamehameha, a Kaahumanu, retains their signature.

III

KAAHUMANU

Upolu, Samoan Islands, December, 1890.

KAMEHAMEHA THE FIRST, founder of the realm of the Eight Islands, was a man properly entitled to the style of Great. All chiefs in Polynesia are tall and portly, and Kamehameha owed his life in the battle with the Puna fishers to the vigour of his body. He was skilled in single combat; as a general he was almost invariably the victor. Yet it is not as a soldier that he remains fixed upon the memory; rather as a kindly and wise monarch, full of sense and shrewdness, like an old, plain country farmer. When he had a mind to make a present of fish, he went to the fishing himself. When famine fell on the land he remitted the tributes; cultivated a garden for his own support with his own hands, and set all his friends to do the like. These patches of land, each still known by the name of its high-born gardener, were shown to Ellis on his tour. He passed laws against cutting down young sandalwood trees and against the killing of the bird from which the feather mantles of the archipelago were made. The yellow feathers were to be plucked, he directed, and the bird dismissed again to freedom. His people were astonished. "You are old," they argued, "soon you will die; what use will it be to you?" "Let the bird go," said the King. "It will be for my children afterward." Alas that this law has not prevailed! Sandalwood and yellow feathers are things of yesterday in his dominions.

The attitude of this brave old fellow to the native religion was, for some while before his death, ambiguous. A white man (tradition says) had come to Hawaii upon a visit. King Kalakaua assures me he was an Englishman and a missionary. If

that be so, he should be easy to identify. It was this missionary's habit to go walking in the morning ere the sun was up, and, before doing so, to kindle a light and make tea. The King, who rose early himself to watch the behaviour of his people, observed the light, made inquiries, learned of and grew curious about these morning walks, threw himself at last in the missionary's path, and drew him into talk. The meeting was repeated. and the missionary began to press the King with Christianity, "If you will throw yourself from that cliff," said Kamehameha, "and come down uninjured, I will accept your religion; not unless." But the missionary was a man of parts. He wrought a deep impression on his hearer's mind, and after he had left for home Kamehameha called his chief priest, and announced that he was about to break the tabus and to change his faith. The Kahuna replied that he was the King's servant, but the step was grave, and it would be wiser to proceed by divination. Kamehameha consented. Each built a new heiau over against the other's, and when both were finished a game of what we call French and English, or the tug-of-war, was played upon the intervening space. The party of the priest prevailed; the King's men were dragged in a body into the opposite temple, and the tabus were maintained. None employed in this momentous foolery was informed of its significance; the King's misgivings were studiously concealed; but there is little doubt he continued to cherish them in secret. At his death he had another memorable word, testifying to his old preoccupation for his son's estate, implying, besides, a weakened confidence in the island deities. His sickness was heavy upon him; the time had manifestly come to offer sacrifice; the people had fled already from the dangerous vicinity and lay hid; none but priests and chiefs remained about the King. "A man to your god!" they argued; "a man to your god that you may recover!" "The man is sacred to my son the King," replied Kamehameha. So much appeared in public; but it is believed that he left secret commands upon the high chief Kalanimoku, and on Kaahumanu, the most beautiful and energetic of his wives, to do, as soon as he was dead, that which he had spared to do while living.

No time was lost. The very day of his death, May 8, 1819, the women of the court ate of forbidden food, and some of the

men sat down with them to eat. Infidelity must have been deep-seated in the circle of Kamehameha, for no portent followed this defiance of the gods, and none of the transgressors died. But the priests doubtless were informed of what was doing; the blame lay clearly on the shoulders of Kaahumanu, the most conspicuous person in the land, named by the dying Kamehameha for a conditional successor: "If Liholiho do amiss, let Kaahumanu take the kingdom and preserve it." The priests met in council of diviners, and by a natural retort it was upon Kaahumanu that they laid the fault of the King's death. This conspiracy appears to have been quite in vain. Kaahumanu sat secure. On the day of the coronation, when the young King came forth from the heiau, clad in a red robe and crowned with his English diadem, it was almost as an equal that she met and spoke to him. "Son of heaven, I name to you the possession of your father; here are the chiefs, there are the people of your father; there are your guns, here is your land. But let you and me enjoy that land together." He must have known already she was a free-eater, and there is no doubt he trembled at the thought of that impiety and its punishment; yet he consented to what seems her bold proposal. The same day he met his own mother, who signed to him privately that he should eat free. But Liholiho (the poor drunkard who died in London) was incapable of so much daring; he hung long apart from the court circle with a clique of the more superstitious, and it was not till five months later, after a drinking bout in a canoe at sea, that he was decoyed to land by stronger spirits, and was seen (perhaps scarce conscious of his acts) to eat of a dog, drink rum, and smoke tobacco with his servant women. Thus the food tabu fell finally at court. Ere it could be stamped out upon Hawaii a war must be fought, wherein the chief of the old party fell in battle, his brave wife Manono by his side, mourned even by the missionary Ellis.

The fall of one tabu involved the fall of others; the land was plunged in dissolution; morals ceased. When the missionaries came (April, 1820) all the wisdom in the kingdom was prepared to embrace the succour of some new idea.

Kaahumanu early ranged upon that side, perhaps at first upon a ground of politics. But gradually she fell more and more under the influence of the new teachers; loved them, served them;

valorously defended them in dangers, which she shared, and put away at their command her second husband. To the end of a long life she played an almost sovereign part, so that in the ephemerides of Hawaii the progresses of Kaahumanu are chronicled along with the deaths and the accessions of Kings. For two successive sovereigns and in troublous periods she held the reins of regency with a fortitude that has not been called in question, with a loyalty beyond reproach, and at last, on the 5th of June, 1832, this Duke of Wellington of a woman made the end of a saint, fifty-seven years after her marriage with the conqueror. The date of her birth, it seems, is lost. We may call her 70.

Kaahumanu was a woman of the chiefly stature and of celebrated beauty: Bingham admits she was "beautiful for a Polynesian," and her husband cherished her exceedingly. He had the indelicacy to frame and publish an especial law declaring death against the man who should approach her, and yet no penalty against herself. And in 1809, after thirty-four years of marriage and when she must have been nearing 50, an island Chastelard of the name of Kanihonui was found to be her lover and paid the penalty of life, she cynically surviving. Some twenty years later one of the missionaries had written home denouncing the misconduct of an English whaler. The whaler got word of the denunciation and, with the complicity of the English consul, sought to make a crime of it against the mission. Party spirit ran very violent in the islands, tears were shed, threats flying, and Kaahumanu called a council of the chiefs. In that day stood forth the native historian, David Malo (though his name should rather have been Nathan), and pressed the regent with historic instances. Who was to be punished? The whaler guilty of the act, the missionary whose denunciation had provoked the scandal? "Oh, you, the wife of Kamehameha," said he, "Kanihonui came and slept with you; Luheluhe declared to Kamehameha the sleeping together of you two. I ask you which of these two persons was slain by Kamehameha? Was it Luheluhe?" And she answered, "It was Kanihonui!" Shakespeare never imagined such a character; and it would require none less than he to represent her sublimities and contradictions.

After this heroine the stone in the precinct of Honaunau had

been named. Here is the reason, and the tale completes her portrait. Kamehameha was, of course, polygamous; the number of his wives rose at last to twenty-five; and out of these no less than two were the sisters of Kaahumanu. The favourite was of a jealous habit; and when it came to a sister for a rival her jealousy overflowed. She fled by night, plunged in the sea, came swimming to Honaunau, entered the precinct by the sea gate, and hid herself behind the stone. There she lay naked and refused food. The flight was discovered; as she had come swimming, none had seen her pass; the priests of the temple were bound, it seems, to silence, and Kona was filled with the messengers of the dismayed Kamehameha vainly seeking the favourite. Now Kaahumanu had a dog who was much attached to her, who had accompanied her in her long swim, and lay by her side behind the stone; and it chanced, as the messengers ran past the city of refuge, that the dog (perhaps recognising them) began to bark. "Ah, there is the dog of Kaahumanu!" said the messengers, and returned and told the King she was at the Hale o Keawe. Thence Kamehameha fetched or sent for her, and the breach in their relations was restored.

A King preferred this woman out of a kingdom; Kanihonui died for her when she was 50; even her dog adored her; even Bingham, who did not see her until 1820, thought her "beautiful for a Polynesian"; and while she was thus in person an emblem of womanly charm, she made her life illustrious with the manly virtues. There are some who give to Mary, Queen of Scots, the place of saint, and muse in their historic meditations; I recommend to them instead the wife and widow of the island conqueror. The Hawaiian was the nobler woman, with the nobler story; and no disenchanting portrait will be found to shatter an ideal.

A step beyond Hookena a wooden house with two doors stands isolated in a field of broken lava, like ploughed land. I had approached it on the night of my arrival and found it black and silent; yet even then it had inmates. A man and a woman sat there captive, and the man had a knife, brought to him in secret by his family. Not long, perhaps, after I was by, the man, silencing by threats his fellow prisoner, cut through the floor and escaped to the mountain. It was known he had a comrade

there, hunted on the same account; and their friends kept them supplied with food and ammunition. Upon the mountains, in most islands of the group, similar outlaws rove in bands or dwell alone, unsightly hermits; and but the other day an officer was wounded while attempting an arrest. Some are desperate fellows; some mournful women—mothers and wives; some stripling girls. For instance, a day or two after the man escaped the police got word of another old offender, made a forced march, and took the quarry sitting, this time with little peril to themselves. For the outlaw was a girl of 19, who had been two years under the rains in the high forest, with her mother for comrade and accomplice. How does their own poet sing?

> "In the land of distress
> My dwelling was on the mountain height,
> My talking companions were the birds,
> The decaying leaves of the Ki my clothing."

It is for no crime this law-abiding race flee to the woods; it is no fear for the gallows or the dungeon that nerves themselves to resist and their friends to aid and to applaud them. Their liability is for disease; they are lepers, and what they combine to combat is not punishment, but segregation. While China and England and France, in their tropical possessions, either attempt nothing or effect little, Hawaii has honourably faced the problem of this ancient and apparently reviving malady. Her small extent is an advantage; but the ruggedness of the physical character, the desert woods and mountains, and the habit of the native mind, oppose success. To the native mind, our medical opinions seem unfounded. We smile to hear of ghosts and gods; they smile when told to keep warm in fevers or to avoid contagion. Leprosy in particular they can not be persuaded to avoid. But no mere opinion would exalt them to resist the law and lie in forests, did not a question of the family bond embitter and exasperate the opposition.

Their family affection is strong, but unerect; it is luxuriously self-indulgent, circumscribed within the passing moment, without providence, without nobility, incapable of healthful rigour. The presence and the approval of the loved one, it matters not how purchased, there is the single demand of the Polynesian. By a

natural consequence, when death intervenes, he is consoled the more easily.

Against this undignified fervour of attachment, marital and parental, the law of segregation often beats in vain. It is no fear of the lazaretto; they know the dwellers are used well in Molokai; they receive letters from friends already there who praise the place, and, could the family be taken in a body, they would go with glee, overjoyed to draw rations from Government. But all can not become pensioners at once, a proportion of rate payers must be kept; and the leper must go alone, or with a single relative; and the native instinctively resists the separation as a weasel bites. A similar reluctance can be shown in Molokai itself. By a recent law, clean children born within the precinct are taken from their leper parents, sent to an intermediate hospital, and given a chance of life and health and liberty. I have stood by while Mr. Meyer and Mr. Hutchinson, the luna and the subluna of the lazaretto, opened the petitions of the settlement. As they sat together on the steps of the guest-house at Kalawao, letter after letter was passed between them with a sneer and flung upon the ground, till I was at last struck with their cavalier procedure, and inquired the nature of the appeals. They were all the same; all from leper parents, all pleading to have their clean children retained in that abode of sorrow, and all alleging the same reason —*aloha nui nui*—an extreme affection. Such was the extreme affection of Kaahumanu for Kanihonui, by which she indulged her wantonness in safety and he died. But love was a countenance more severe.

The scenes I am about to describe, moving as they were to witness, have thus an element of something weak and false. Sympathy may flow freely for the leper girl; it may flow for her mother with reserve; it must not betray us into injustice for the Government whose laws they had attempted to evade.

I walked in a bright sun, after a grateful rain, upon the shore beyond Hookena. The breeze was of heavenly freshness, the surf was jubilant in all the caves; it was a morning to put a man in thought of the antiquity, the health, and cleanness of the earth. And behold! when I came abreast of the little pest-house on the lava both the doors were open. In front a circle of some half a dozen women and children sat conspicuous in the usual

bright raiment; in their midst was a crouching and bowed figure, swathed in a black shawl and motionless; and as I drew more near I was aware of a continuous and high-pitched drone of song. The figure in the midst was the leper girl; the song was the improvisation of the mother, pouring out her sorrow in the island way. "That was not singing," explained the schoolmaster's wife on my return, "that was crying!" And she sketched for me the probable tenor of the lament: "Oh, my daughter! Oh, my daughter, now you are going away from me, now you are taken away from me at last," and so on without end.

The thought of the girl separated so early from her fellows—the look of her there covered from eyesight, like an untimely birth—perhaps more than all, the penetrating note of the lament—subdued my courage utterly. With the natural impulse, I began to seek some outlet for my pain. It occurred to me that after two years in the woods the family affairs might well have suffered, and in view of the transplantation, clothes, furniture, or money might be needful. I believe it was not done wisely, since it was gone about in ignorance; I daresay it flowed from a sentiment no more erect than that of Polynesians. I am sure there were many in England to whom my superfluity had proved more useful; but the next morning saw me at the pest-house, under convoy of the schoolmaster and the policeman.

The doors were again open. A fire was burning and a pot cooking on the lava, under the supervision of an old woman in a grass-green sacque. This dame, who seemed more merry than refined, hailed me, seized me, and tried to seat me in her lap; a jolly and coarse old girl from whom, in my hour of sentiment, I fled with craven shrinking; to whom, upon a retrospect, I do more justice. The two lepers, both women, sat in the midst of their visitors, even the children, to my grief, touching them freely; the elder chatting at intervals—the girl in the same black weed and bowed in the same attitude as yesterday. It was painfully plain she would conceal, if possible, her face.

Perhaps she had been beautiful; certainly, poor soul, she had been vain—a gift of equal value. Some consultation followed: I was told that nothing was required for outfit, but a gift in money would be gratefully received; and this, forgetting I was in the South Seas, I was about to make in silence. The con-

founded expression of the schoolmaster reminded me of where I was. We stood up, accordingly, side by side before the lepers; I made the necessary speech, which the schoolmaster translated sentence by sentence; the money, thus hallowed by oratory, was handed over and received: and the two women each returned a dry "Mahalo," the girl not even then exhibiting her face.

Between 9 and 10 of the same morning the schooner lay to off Hookena and a whale-boat came ashore. The village clustered on the rocks for the farewell; a grief perhaps—a performance certainly. We miss in our modern life these operatic consolations of the past. The lepers came singly and unattended, the elder first, the girl a little after, tricked out in a red dress and with a fine red feather in her hat. In this bravery, it was the more affecting to see her move apart on the rocks and crouch in her accustomed attitude. But this time I had seen her face: it was scarce horribly affected, but had a haunting look of an unfinished wood doll, at once expressionless and disproportioned; doubtless a sore spectacle in the mirror of youth. Next there appeared a woman of the middle life, of a swaggering gait, a gallant figure, and a bold, handsome face. She came, swinging her hat, rolling her eyes and shoulders, visibly working herself up; the crowd stirred and murmured on her passage; and I knew without being told this was the mother and protagonist. Close by the sea, in the midst of the spectators, she sat down, and raised immediately the notes of the lament. One after another of her friends approached her. To one after the other she reached out an arm, embraced them down, rocked a while with them embraced, and passionately kissed them in the island fashion, with the pressed face. The leper girl at last, as at some signal, rose from her seat apart, drew near, was inarmed like the rest, and with a small knot (I suppose of the most intimate) held some while in a general clasp. Through all the wail continued, rising into words and a sort of passionate declamatory recitation as each friend approached, sinking again as the pair rocked together into the tremolo drone. At length the scene was over; the performers rose; the lepers and the mother were helped in silence to their places; the whale-boat was urged between the reefs into a bursting surge, and swung next moment without on the smooth swell. Almost every countenance about me streamed with tears.

It was odd, but perhaps natural among a ceremonious, oratorical race, that the boat should have waited while a passenger publicly lamented on the beach. It was more odd still, that the mother should have been the chief, rather the only actor. She was leaving indeed; she hoped to be taken as a Kokua, or clean assistant, and thus accompany her daughter to the settlement; but she was far from sure, and it was highly possible she might return to Kona in a month. The lepers, on the other hand, took leave for ever. In so far as regarded their own isle and birthplace, and for their friends and families, it was their day of death.

> "The soldier from the war returns,
> The sailor from the main;
> But not the sick from the grey island."

Yet they went unheeded, and the chief part, and the whole stage and sympathy was for their travelling companion.

At the time I was too deeply moved to criticise; mere sympathy oppressed my spirit. It had always been a point with me to visit the station if I could; on the rocks of Hookena the design was fixed. I had seen the departure of lepers for the place of exile; I must see their arrival and that place itself.

IV

THE LAZARETTO

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

THE windward coast of Molokai is gloomy and abrupt. A wall of cliff of from two to three thousand feet in height extends the more part of the length (some forty miles) from east to west. Wood clusters on its front like ivy; and in the wet season streams descend in waterfalls and play below on the surface of the ocean. For in almost the whole of its length the cliff, without the formality of any beach, plunges in the Pacific. Bold water follows the coast; ships may almost everywhere approach within a trifling distance of the towering shore; and immediately in front of Molokai surveyors have found some of the deepest soundings of that ocean. This unusual depth of water, the continuity of the Trade, and the length of which *fetch* extends unbroken from the shores of California, magnify the sea. The swell is nursed by the steady wind, it grows in that long distance, it draws near through the deep soundings without combing, and spends itself undiminished on the cliffs of Molokai.

Toward the eastern end a river in a winding glen descends from the interior; the barrier is quite broken here, and a beach is formed and makes a place of call, Wailau. A few miles farther east, the cove of Pelekunu offers a doubtful chance of landing, and is also visited by steamers. The third and last place of approach is at the Lazaretto. A shelf of undercliff here borders the precipice, expanding toward its western end in a blunt promontory, a little more than a mile square. The lee of this precipice offers unusual facilities for landing, and in favourable states of wind and sea ships may anchor. But these facilities to seaward are more than counterbalanced by the uncompro-

mising character of the barrier behind. The *Pali* (as the precipice is called) in the extent of this strip of undercliff makes three recesses, Waihanau, Waialeia, and Waikolu—as their names imply, three gutters of the mountain. These are clothed in wood; from a distance they show like verdant niches and retreats for lovers; but the face of the rock is so precipitous that only in the first, Waihanau, is there a practicable path. The rains continually destroy it; it must be renewed continually; to ride there is impossible; to mount without frequent falls seems unexpected; and even the descent exhausts a powerful man. The existence of another path more to the westward was affirmed to me by some, denied by others. At the most, therefore, in two points, the cliff is scantly passable upward. Passage coastwise is beyond expectation to any creature without wings. To the west, the strip of undercliff simply discontinues. To the east, the wall itself thrusts forth a huge protrusion, and the way is barred except to fish and sea-birds. Here, then, is a prison fortified by nature, a place where thousands may be quartered and a pair of sentinels suffice to watch and hold the only issues.

The undercliff is in itself narrow; it is widened on one hand by the recesses of the cliff; and on the other by the expansion of the foreland; and the last contains (for a guess) two-thirds of the whole territory. It rises in the midst to a low hill enclosing a dead crater, like a quarry hole; the interior sides clothed with trees; at the foot a salt pool, unsoundable, at least unsounded. Hence the land slopes to the sea's edge and upward toward the Pali in grassy downs. A single sick pandanus breaks, or broke while I was there, that naked heath; except in man's enclosures, I can recall nowhere else one switch of timber. The foreland is grazed by some 1,500 head of stock, 700 of them horses, for the patients are continual and furious riders; the rest cows and asses. These all do excellently well. The horrid pest to which the place is sacred spares them, being man's prerogative. It was strange to see those droves of animals feeding and sporting in exuberant health by the sea margin, and to reflect upon their destiny, brought from so far, at so much cost and toil, only to be ridden to and fro upon and eaten by the defeatured and dying.

The shaven down, the scattered boulders, the cry of the wind in the grass, the frequent showers of rain, the bulk of the Pali,

the beating of the near sea, all the features and conditions strike the mind as northern, and to the Northerner the scene is in consequence grateful, like one of his native minor tunes. It is stirring to look eastward and see the huge viridescent mountain front sunder the settlement from the next habitations of clean men at Pelekunu—at its foot, in the sea, two tilted islets. It is pleasant in the early morning to ride by the roots of the Pali, when the low sun and the cool breeze are in your face, and from above, in the cliffside forest, falls a perpetual chirruping of birds. It is pleasant, above all, to wander by the margin of the sea. The heath breaks down, like Helicon, in cliffs. A narrow fringe of emerald edges the precipitous shore; close beyond the blue show the bold soundings; the wanderer stands plainly on a mere buttress of the vast cathedral front of the island, and above and below him, in the air and in the water, the precipice continues. Along the brink, rock architecture and sea music please the senses, and in that tainted place the thought of the cleanness of the antiseptic ocean is welcome to the mind.

Yet this is but one side of the scenery of the Lazaretto: and I received an impression strongly contrasted when I entered the recess of Waialeia. The sides were niched and channelled with dry tracks of torrents, grass clung on the sheer precipice, forest clustered on the smallest vantage of a shelf. The floor of the amphitheatre was piled with shattered rock, detritus of the mountain, with which in the time of the rains, the torrents had maintained a cannonade. Vigorously black themselves, these were spotted with snow-white lichen and shaded and intermingled with plants and trees of a vivid green. The day was overcast; clouds ran low about the edges of the basin; and yet the colours glowed as though immersed in sunshine. On the downs the effect is of some bleak, noble coast of Scotland or Scandinavia; here in the recess I felt myself transported to the tropics.

There are two villages, Kalaupapa, on the western shore of the promontory, Kalawao, toward the east upon the strip of undercliff; and along the road which joins them, each reaches forth scattered habitations.

Kalaupapa, the most sheltered in prevailing winds, is the customary landing-place. When the run of the sea inclines the other way, ships pass far to the eastward near the two islets,

and passengers are landed with extreme difficulty, and I was assured not without danger, on a spur of rock. Kalaupapa, being quite upon the downs, is the more bleak; a long, bare, irregular, ungardened village of unsightly houses. Here are two churches, Protestant and Catholic, and the Bishop Home for Girls. Kalawao is even beautiful; pleasant houses stand in gardens of flowers; the Pali rises behind; in front, across the sea, the eye commands the islets and the huge green face of cliff excluding Pelekunu. This is the view from the window of the lay brother, Mr. Dutton, and he assured me he found its beauty far more striking than the deformations of the sick. The passing visitor can scarce attain to such philosophy. Here is Damien's Home for Boys. Close behind is a double graveyard, where some of the dead retain courtesy titles, and figure in their epitaphs as "Mr." or as "Mrs." The inevitable twin churches complete the village. A fifth church, the church of the Mormons, exists somewhere in the settlement; but I could never find it. On the westward end of Kalawao what we may call the official quarter stretches toward the promontory. The main feature is the enclosure of the hospital and prison, where bad cases and bad characters are kept in surveillance; a green in a stockade with a few papaias and one flowering oleander, surrounded on three sides by low white houses. A little way off, enclosed in walls and hedges, stands the Guest House of Kalawao, and, beyond that again, the quarters of the doctor.

The Guest House is kept ready for the visits of members of the Board. I arrived there early in the day, opened the gate, turned my horse loose, and entered in possession of the vacant house. I wandered through its chambers, visited the bathroom and the kitchen, and at last, throwing myself upon a bed, I fell asleep. Not before the hour of dinner, Dr. Swift, returning from his duties, wakened me and introduced himself. A similar arrival may be read of in the tale of the Three Bears; and that is well called a guest house where there is no host. Singular indeed is the isolation of the visitor in the Lazaretto. No patient is suffered to approach his place of residence. His room is tidied out by a clean helper during the day and while he is abroad. He returns at night to solitary walls. For a while a bell sounds at intervals from the hospital; silence succeeds, only pointed by

the humming of the surf or the chirp of crickets. He steps to his door; perhaps a light still shines in the hospital; all else is dark. He returns and sits by his lamp and the crowding experiences besiege his memory; sights of pain in a land of disease and disfigurement, bright examples of fortitude and kindness, moral beauty, physical horror, intimately knit. He must be a man very little impressionable if he recall not these hours with an especial poignancy; he must be a man either very virtuous or very dull, if they were not hours of self-review and vain aspirations after good.

When the Hawaiian Government embraced the plan of segregation they were doubtless (as is the way of Governments) unprepared, and the constitution of the Lazaretto, as it now exists, was approached by blunder and reached by accident. There was no design to pauperise; the lepers were to work, and in whole or part be self-supporting; and when a site fell to be chosen, some extent of cultivable soil was first required. In this, as in other conditions, Kalawao was wholly fitted for the purpose. In the old days, when Molokai swarmed with population, the foreland must have been a busy and perhaps a holy place; and thirty years ago it was covered with the ruins of heiaus, but still inhabited and still in active cultivation. Terms of sale were easily agreed upon. Unhappily, the Government coquetted; the farmers were held for months under suspense; for months, in consequence, their houses were left unrepaired; their fields untilled, and the property was already much deteriorated before the purchase was confirmed and the clean inhabitants ejected from the foreland. The history of misgovernment by Board followed the common course to the customary end; *too late* was coupled as usual with *too early;* the Government had procrastinated to its loss, yet even then it was unready, and for another period of months the deserted farms lay idle. At length the first shipment of lepers landed (1865) with a small kit of blankets, tin dishes, and the like, but neither food nor money, to find the roofs fallen from the houses and the taro rotting in the ground.

They were strangers to each other, collected by common calamity, disfigured, mortally sick, banished without sin from home and friends. Few would understand the principle on which they were thus forfeited in all that makes life dear; many

must have conceived their ostracism to be grounded in malevolent caprice; all came with sorrow at heart, many with despair and rage. In the chronicle of man there is perhaps no more melancholy landing than this of the leper immigrants among the ruined houses and dead harvests of Molokai. But the spirit of our race is finely tempered and the business of life engrossing to the last. As the spider, when you have wrecked its web, begins immediately to spin fresh strands, so these exiles, widowed, orphaned, unchilded, legally dead and physically dying, struck root in their new place. By a culpable neglect in the authorities they were suffered to divide among themselves the whole territory of the settlement; fell to work with growing hope, repaired the houses, replanted the fields, and began to look about them with the pride of the proprietor. Upon this scene of reviving industry a second deportation arrived, and the first were called upon to share and subdivide their lots. They did so, not without complaint, which the authorities disregarded; a third shipment followed shortly after in the same conditions, and a further redistribution of the land was imposed upon the early settlers. Remuneration was demanded; Government demurred upon the price; the lepers were affronted, withdrew their offer, and stood upon their rights, and a new regimen arose of necessity. The two first companies continued to subsist upon their farms; but the third, and all subsequent shipments, must be fed by Government. Pauperism had begun, and the original design miscarried. To-day all are paupers; the single occasion of healthy interest and exercise subducted, and the country at large saddled with the support of many useless mouths.

The lepers, cast out from society and progressively deprived of employment, swiftly decivilised. "*Aole Kanawai ma Keia Wahi!*"—"There is no law in this place"—was their word of salutation to newcomers; cards, dancing, and debauch were the diversions; the women served as prostitutes, the children as drudges; the dying were callously uncared for; heathenism revived; *okolehau* was brewed and in their orgies the disfigured sick ran naked by the sea. This is Damien's picture; these traits were viewed through the tarnish of missionary spectacles; but they seem all true to the human character in that unnatural and gloomy situation, nor is there one that need surprise a student

of his fellow men. What may, indeed, surprise him—and what Damien, true to the clerical prevention, neglected to commemorate—is the lack of crime. Since 1865, the year of the landing, blood has been shed but once in the precinct; and the chief difficulty felt by successive rulers has been one inevitable in a colony of paupers, that of administration.

There has been but one chief luna (or overseer) from the first —Mr. Meyer, a man of much sagacity and force of character. But Mr. Meyer dwells in his own house on the top of the Pali; comes to the settlement only at fixed intervals or upon some emergency, and even then approaches it with precautions, which I could not but admire, and to which, in all likelihood, he owes his long immunity from the disease. He may thus be rather regarded as a visiting inspector, and the subluna resident among the lepers and most frequently a leper himself, as the proper ruler of Kalawao. No less than ten persons have held this post in little more than twenty years, a fact which gives a measure at once of the difficulty of the office and the brevity of leper life.

The first was a Frenchman of the name of Lepart, a capable, high-spirited man; he was calumniated to the Government, justified himself, and resigned. A British officer of the name of Walsh succeeded, soon died, and on his death-bed prayed to have the office continued to his wife. As this lady suffered from some deficiency of sight, and spoke no Hawaiian, there was conjoined with her an old ship Captain, "a rough, honest, bawling good fellow," as ignorant of Hawaiian as herself. This unpromising Ministry fell at last, not by its own weakness, but the fault of others. The Board of Health was already giving a ration of butcher's meat, so many pounds a week to every patient; and the Ministry of the Interior, alarmed at the growing expense, issued an order limiting the number of cattle to be slaughtered. The figures were inconsistent; Mrs. Walsh quite properly obeyed the last command; the ration was in consequence reduced, and the lepers, under the lead of an able half-white, took out more cattle and killed them for themselves. A ship with police was despatched from Honolulu to quell this horrid rising; the half-white was imprisoned, and Mrs. Walsh and the skipper removed. A full-blood Hawaiian, who had been Captain of the King's guard, was chosen to succeed. He was a good man, a very bad

luna; stood in fear of every one; always supposed he should be "prayed to death" and did, in fact, whether from the result of enchantments or the fear of them, die within the year. The next appointment was equally daring and successful. The ablest man in the lazaretto, the half-white who had killed the cattle, was installed as ruler—from the prison to the throne. He was one of those who must either rule or rebel, and as soon as he held the chief place and till death removed him the settlement was quiet.

Another half-white followed, the famous Billy Ragsdale, who had left a broad mark on the traditions of the colony. They tell that he sat in his porch and suitors approached him on their knees; that he sent his glove to the store or the butcher's for a token, and that Mrs. Ragsdale went to church on Sunday with two boys bearing her train and a third holding her umbrella. Mr. Meyer (I am aware) denies these scandals; he might have been the last to hear of them, had they existed, and man, though he delights in making myths, is usually inspired by some original in fact. That Ragsdale was arrogant is, besides, undoubted, for his arrogance came near plunging the settlement in war. Hawaiians readily obey a half-white, still more readily a man of chiefly caste. Now there lived in the settlement, in Ragsdale's day, a brother of Queen Emma, Prince Peter Kaiu. Of a sudden Mr. Meyer received (by a messenger coming breathless up the Pali) a curt, civil, menacing note from Prince Peter. If Ragsdale were going on in this way—the way not specified—Prince Peter would show him which had the most friends in the settlement. Some minutes later a second note came from Ragsdale, breathing wrath and consternation, but not more explicit than the first. Mr. Meyer put a bottle of claret in his pocket, hastened down the cliff, and came to the house of the Prince. A crowd of men surrounded it, the friends referred to, or their van; it seems not known if they were armed, but their looks were martial. Prince Peter himself, although incensed, proved malleable in debate, owned it was disgraceful for the two best-educated men in Kalawao to quarrel, and consented to leave his friends behind and go alone with Mr. Meyer to the luna's. Ragsdale lived in a grass house on the foreland; it was garrisoned by some score of men with guns, axes, shovels, and fish spears. Ragsdale himself was

on the watch, but the sight of two men coming empty-handed made him ashamed of his preparations and he received them civilly. A conversation followed; some misunderstandings were explained away; an apology handsomely offered by Ragsdale was handsomely accepted by the Prince; the bottle of claret was drunk in company, and the friends on either side disbanded. Thus ended the alarm of war, and the opponents continued in a serviceable alliance until death divided them.

It was in the reign of Ragsdale that Father Damien arrived, May, '73. He draws no very favourable picture of the society that paid homage to King Billy; but the reign was efficient, and save for the episode of Prince Peter, quiet. So much could not be said for that of his critic and successor, Damien himself, whose term of office served only to publish the weakness of a noble man. He was rough in his ways and he had no control; authority was relaxed, the luna's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign. Two more conclude the list: Mr. Strahan, who was still alive at the time of my visit, and Mr. Ambrose Hutchinson, who still held the reins of office.

Mr. Strahan, born of Scottish parents in Philadelphia, ran away to sea in a whaler and deserted in Tahiti. He learned carpentering, coopering, and seamanship; sailed mate in ships, made copra in the Palmyras, worked on the guano islands, and led in all ways the career of the South Sea adventurer. For two years he lived in Easter Island, the isle of nameless gods and forgotten pieties. A mysterious sickness, brought from the mainland by labour slaves, struck and prostrated the population. Mr. Strahan was seen sometimes alone to go out fishing, and he made with his own hands a barrow to convey the corpses to the grave, and crutches on which the native clergyman might accompany the funerals. "That was my best time," said the old gentleman, regretfully. At last, when he was mate of a schooner, he chanced one day to be shaving, as I have received the story, in the cabin. "Good God, Strahan!" cried the Captain, "you have cut off a piece of your ear." He had cut off a piece of his ear and did not know it; the plague, long latent in his blood, was now declared, and the wanderer found a home in Kalawao. As a luna he did well, reducing at once the previous discontents. He claims to have introduced coffee shops, sewing-machines, musical instru-

ments—"I wanted to put some life in the thing," says he—and the system of medals by which the drawing of double rations was at length prevented. Some of his claims are called in question; it is said he must certainly be under illusion as to the sewing-machines and the musical instruments; but all agree as to the efficiency of his administration. His worst trouble arose by accident, and depicts well the jealous suspicion and the vain and passing agitations of a pauperised society. From a chance boat he purchased a load of native food which (as it had not been made expressly for the settlement) was packed in bundles larger than the regulation size. These he set his assistants to break up and weigh out afresh. Word of it got abroad; it was rumoured that Strahan was secretly diminishing the rations; and he was suddenly surrounded as he rode by some fifty or a hundred horsemen menacing his life. "I sat right in my saddle like this. Says I: 'You may kill me; I'll be the sooner through with this leprosy. Why don't you do it?" I says: 'Barking dogs don't bite.' I was a hard old coon," added the ex-luna. In the progress of the disease blindness at last unfitted him for further duty, and he now dwells in a cottage by the hospital, delighting to receive visitors, to recall his varied experiences, and to recite his poetry. "It's dogg'rel, that's what it is," he says. "I'm not an educated man, but the idea's there. You see," he adds, "I've got nothing to do but to sit here and think." The surroundings of his later life have lent a colour to these musings, and he awaits death in his clean cottage, sightless; after so many joyous and so many rude adventures, so much ploughing the sea, so much frequentation of fair islands, one subject inspires and occupies his verse; he will speak to you gladly of old comrades or old days of pleasure and peril; but when he takes his pen it is to treat, with womanly tenderness, of the child that is a leper.

One incident remains—that of the murder. The Kapiolani Home was founded in Oahu for clean children born within the precinct, and Mr. Meyer was instructed to obtain the consent of the parents. It was given (to their honour be it said) by all, and the condition made, that one of the parents should accompany each child upon a visit of inspection, was naturally granted. There was an old leper in the settlement, a widower, with a leper

son and two clean daughters, children. He was himself too far advanced to be allowed beyond the precinct, and he asked and obtained leave for his son to accompany the children in his place. The steamer came late, about 6 at night, and the children and their friends were bundled on board with extreme, perhaps indecent, haste. The Harbour Master came breathing hurry, to a shed after the baggage, and found the old man sitting in despair upon his children's trunk. He bid him rise; was unanswered, possibly unheard; and roughly plucked the trunk from below the sitter. In a moment, and for the only time in the story of the lazaretto, savage instinct woke; a knife was drawn, the Harbour Master was slain, and before the pitiable homicide could be disarmed two more were wounded. Even justice feared to approach the settlement; the trial was held at a safe distance, on the island of Lanai, and the criminal sentenced to ten years in prison. Outside, the tale was used to infamous purpose, and, whether from political intrigue or in the wantonness of sentimentalism, magnified as a case of inhumanity to lepers.

The murder stands alone, as I have said, in the criminal annals of Kalawao. Brewing *okolehau* or potato spirit is the common offense, and occurs, or is discovered, about once in the two years; there have been besides a burglary or two, and occasional assaults, always about women. For even here, in the anteroom of the grave and among so marred a company, the ancient forces of humanity prevail. And from Ragsdale and Prince Peter, when the collision of their vanities embroiled the foreland, the partisans who gathered at their cry, filled with the ineradicable human readiness to shed blood upon a public difference; the horsemen who surrounded Strahan, calling for his life; Strahan himself, when he sat in the saddle and defied them; and the men who brawled, and the poor pair for whom they quarrelled—all were lepers, maimed, defeatured, seated by an open grave. Yet upon this sheaf of anecdotes the influence of pauperism is plainly to be traced, while they might all be told, all understood, and leprosy not mentioned. Our normal forces, our whole limbs, even that expectation of days which we collate from actuarial tables —it seems there is nothing of which we may not be deprived, and still retain the gusto of existence. But perhaps mankind have scarce yet learned how mechanical, how involuntary, how

fatal, or (if the reader pleases) how divine, is their immixture in the interests and the affairs of life.

Such is the story, such the Newgate calendar, of this scarce paralleled society, where all are lepers, stripped of their lands and families, prisoners without offense, sick unto death, already dead in law, and denied that chief regulator and moderator of men's lives, a daily task; where so many have besides been caught like bandits, lurking armed in woods, resisting to the blood, hauled in with violence; scarce sooner taken than tamed. They claimed to be outside the law; it seems they were men that did not want it, and without judges and police could do better than ourselves surrounded with protection and restraint.

V

THE LAZARETTO OF TO-DAY

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

THE ideas of deformity and living decay have been burdensome to my imagination since the nightmares of childhood; and when I at last beheld, lying athwart the sunrise, the leper promontory and the bare town of Kalaupapa, when the first boat set forth laden with patients; when it was my turn to follow in the second, seated by two Sisters on the way to their brave employment; when we drew near the landing-stairs and saw them thronged with the dishonoured images of God, horror and cowardice worked in the marrow of my bones.

The coming of the Sisters had perhaps attracted an unusual attendance. To many of those who "meddle with cold iron" in the form of pens, any design of writing appears excuse sufficient for the most gross intrusion—perhaps, less fortunate, I have never attained to this philosophy—shame seized upon me to be there, among the many suffering and few helpers, useless and a spy; and I made my escape out of the throng and set forth on foot for Kalawao. It was still quite early morning, as I went with my bundles up the road. The air was cool, the level sunbeams struck overhead upon the Pali, the birds were piping in the cliffside woods. I met many lepers riding hard, as though belated, toward the landing-place; others sat in their doorways, and with those I exchanged salutations, with these I sometimes stopped and fell in talk. Some half-way over, Mr. Hutchinson met and mounted me; and I came at last to the Guest-House, and threw myself on the bed to sleep, tired indeed in mind and body, but at peace. It was not merely that the plunge was made, and I had steeled my heart against painful surroundings; but already

in the course of that morning walk, some of the worst of the painfulness had disappeared.

To the porch of a house in the outskirts of Kalaupapa I was summoned by a woman. She knew English, she was comely in face and person, of engaging manners, spoke with an affectionate gentleness, and regarded me with undissembled sympathy. In the course of our talk it leaked out she supposed me to be the new white leper, and when I had corrected the mistake a singular change appeared immediately in her face and manner. She had thought I was a leper, doomed, like herself, to spend my few last days in that seclusion, and when she found that I was clean and free, and might look forward to the average life of man, her feeling was regret. In view of my own horrified thoughts of that disease and of the place I was then visiting, in view of the mountain outlaws, and of that scene on the beach of Hookena so recently inscribed upon my memory, it was hard to understand her attitude. Yet I am persuaded such is (on the whole) the attitude of the lazaretto. Horror, sorrow, all idea of resistance, all bitterness of regret have passed from the spirits of these sufferers, and the sick colony smiles upon its bed of death.

Nothing in the story of Molokai appears more culpable than that series of neglects by which the exiles were progressively pauperised: and, perhaps, nothing was more fortunate. Rations and no work are the attractions of the lazaretto. Even he who has lain in the bush, and been long hunted, and perhaps taken at last in combat, savagely defending freedom, is soon emasculated in that pauper atmosphere; and the wildest settle down contented to their life of parasites. I heard two men discussing an escape. One was an official. "Ah," said he, referring to the fugitive, "he had not been long here!" And such I believe to be the fact, at least with natives; if they seek to escape at all, it is while they are new-caught. Yet more significant is the case of the clean Kokuas. These, usually connections of the sick allowed to accompany their wives, husbands, or children, are the working-bees of the sad hive, the labourers, butchers, storekeepers, nurses, and grave-diggers in that place of malady and folded hands. The surroundings, the few toilers looked upon by so many as delivered from all touch of need—the frequency of death, the brevity of prospect, the consequent estima-

tion of the moment—might relax the fibre even of ardent and industrious races. In the Polynesian Kokuas the result appears to be unmingled envy of a better state. They are peris at the gates of a paradise of rations. Dr. Swift had once in his hand a lancet charged with the virus of leprosy. "Come here," he cried, in a somewhat appalling pleasantry, to one of the Kokuas, "come here and I will make a leper of you." The man advanced, rolling up his sleeve as he came. *Paris valait bien une messe;* and, in the thought of this gentleman, rations are worth leprosy.

Within the precinct, to be leprous is the rule. The disease no longer awakens pity, nor do its deformities move shame in the patient or disgust in the beholder. Late one afternoon, as I rode from Kalaupapa, I saw in front of me, on a downward slope that leads to Kalawao, a group of natives, returning from some junket. They wore their many-coloured Sunday's best, bright wreaths of flowers hung (in the Hawaiian fashion) from their necks; the trade-wind brought me strains of song and laughter; and I saw them gambol by the way, and the men and women chase and change places with each other as they came. They made from a distance an engaging picture; I had near forgotten in what distressful country my road lay, and I was amazed to see (as they approached) that out of that small company two were unhumanly defaced. The girl at Hookena, a leper at large among the clean, held down her head. I was glad to find she would soon walk with face erect among her fellows, and perhaps be attended as a beauty. Yet more, she may even appear adorned and with applause upon a public stage; for plays and historical tableaux are among the chief diversions of the lazaretto. And one thing is sure, the most disgraced of that unhappy crew may expect the consolations of love; love laughs at leprosy; and marriage is in use to the last stage of decay and the last gasp of life.

On the whole, the spectacle of life in this marred and moribund community, with its idleness, its furnished table, its horse-riding, music, and gallantries, under the shadow of death, confounds the expectations of the visitor. He can not observe with candour but he must see it is not only good for the world but best for the lepers themselves to be thus set apart. The place is a huge hospital, but a hospital under extraordinary conditions in which

the disease, although both ugly and incurable, is of a slow advance; in which the patients are rarely in pain, often capable of violent exertion, all bent on pleasure, and all, within the limits of the precinct, free. From his abnormal state another norm arises, and not the patients only, but their doctors and helpers, half forget the habits of a healthy world. I have been present while the lay brother, Mr. Dutton, dressed the sores of his boy charges; he introduced them as they came with jesting comments on each case; and his pleasantries, which might have scattered a dinner party at home, were given and received with kindly smiles. "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." Chance had so arranged my life that I have been often constrained to visit infirmaries; in my case, the experience has been in vain; I have never crossed the doors of one without a contraction of the heart; and while I viewed the hospital at Kalawao, with Dr. Swift, or stood by as Mr. Dutton dressed his patients, I took in my breath like a groom. None the less, and even as I winced, I felt that I was making, I must not say much of little, but more than needful of a great deal; admired and envied in vain the nonchalance of my guides; and recognised with gratitude that the lees of life, even in that place, were not without alleviation and resource.

The case of the children is by far the most sad; and yet, thanks to Damien and that great Hawaiian lady, the kind Mrs. Bishop, and to the kind Sisters, their hardship has been minimised. Even the boys in the still rude boys' home at Kalawao, appeared cheerful and youthful; they interchange diversions in the boys' way; are one week all for football, and the next the devotees of marbles or of kites; have fiddles, drums, guitars, and penny whistles; some can touch the organ, and all combine in concerts. As for the girls in the Bishop Home, of the many beautiful things I have been privileged to see in life, they, and what has been done for them, are not the least beautiful. When I came there first the Sisters and the majority of the boarders were gone up the hill upon a weekly treat guava hunting, and only Mother Mary Anne and the specially sick were left at home. I was told things which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes think at night, and which I spare the reader, I was shown the sufferers then at home; one, I remember, white with pain, the tears stand-

ing in her eyes. But, thank God, pain is not the rule in this revolting malady; and the general impression of the home was one of cheerfulness, cleanliness, and comfort. The dormitories were airy, the beds neatly made; at every bedhead was a trophy of Christmas cards, pictures, and photographs, some framed with shells, and all arranged with care and taste. In many of the beds, besides, a doll lay pillowed. I was told that, in that artificial life, the oldest and the youngest were equally concerned with these infantile playthings, and the dressmaking in particular was found an inexhaustible resource. Plays of their own arrangement were a favourite evening pastime. They had a croquet set, and it was my single useful employment, during my stay in the lazaretto, to help them with that game.

I know not if the interest in croquet survived my departure, but it was lively while I stayed; and the last time I passed there, on my way to the steamer's boat and freedom, the children crowded to the fence and hailed and summoned me with cries of welcome. I wonder I found the heart to refuse the invitation.

I used to have an easy conscience when returning from these croquet parties. Should any reader desire to share the rare sensation, boy's toys, music, and musical instruments will be welcome at Kalawao, and such trifles as old Christmas cards and bright-coloured remnants will serve to make beautiful the rooms, the dolls, and the maimed actresses of the Bishop Home. So much we may all do at a long range, and without risk or suffering. Nearer help is yet conceivable upon the part of some. And if a man be musical, cheerful, conversable, nothing of a rigorist, not burdened with a family, and smit with some incurable, perhaps some disfiguring complaint, it might cost him a few deep breaths at the beginning, but I know not where and how else he were so well employed, as ministering to the brief gaiety of these afflicted.

VI

THE FREE ISLAND

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

I WONDER (I have just said) that I could refuse the invitation of these stricken children, but in truth, when the day came, my heart panted for deliverance. Before the "Mokolii" was yet announced I was already in the saddle, and the first boat carried me on board. It was near conveying me back again as well. Some flaw was in the wording of my pass, which allowed me specifically enough to enter the settlement, but said nothing of my leaving it; the steamer had been fined once before, and I was at first refused a passage. I had not known till then the eagerness of my impatience to be gone; it gave me persuasion; the Captain relented, and it was not long before I was tossing at sea, eating untainted food, drinking clear sea air, and beholding the headland of the lazaretto slip behind upon the starboard quarter.

The name of the whole large island of Molokai is sullied in the public mind, but Kalaupapa, Kalawao, and Walkolu, which make up the leper territory, form an inconsiderable fraction of its surface, and the rest is a free country of clean folk. Even the promontory itself has not yet been thirty years dedicated to sickness; its sad associations are still young, and in the legends of the race these melancholy scenes are peopled with warriors and fair dames. Just beyond Walkolu stood the fort of Haupu, of whose siege and fall readers may find the hyperbolical story in a recent volume; it was in these profound waters, where no ship may anchor, that the elastic Kana waded unembarrassed, and the Lady Hina, from the battlements of her prison, looked across the sea of Kalawao.

Our first place of call on the free island was the cleft of Pele-

kunu. Dinner—which we ate upon the hatch, and which may have been good or bad, I know not, to me it was nectar and ambrosia—dinner was scarce over ere we were close under the cliffs, passed between them through a rent, and lay tossing in the jaws of a fiord full of spray and clamour. A few houses stood along the beach; the mountain soared behind, a mountain so impracticable that to cross the island takes a hard day's travel. The starboard surf-boat was lowered, it pulled for the shore; right overhead, lads were running and leaping already on the ledges of the hill; the boat drew in; a man stood rocking in the bows; on the nearest vantage there stood over against him one of the lads of the shore; and these too, letter by letter, and watching the chances of the surf, exchanged the mails of Pelekunu. The scene rolled with the rolling of the ship; it passed amid so huge a clamour of the seas that as regards its human actors it might be said to pass in silence; it took but a breath or two of time, and it left (when we were forth again upon blue waters) no more than a roaring in my ears, and in the eyes of my mind a medley of tossing mountains, dancing boats, and bursting surges.

Beyond Pelekunu a vast face of mountain—three thousand feet, they said—plunges in the sea, from summit to base one unanimous, unbroken barrier to defy a cat, yet all green with contiguous forest, thick as a beast's fur, and growing, like fur, in swaths of divergent ply. This perpendicular bush in the time of the rains is all shot through with the silver of cascades. Even in the dry season, when I passed, the slot of them was like downward comb marks, and an attenuated gray mare's tail hung here and there, and dissipated as it fell. Island fellow passengers sought to point out to me a path about half-way up, by which men scramble, seeking the eggs of sea-birds that nest populously in that hanging forest. I had never seen before, nor have I seen since, scenery so formidable as the island front of Molokai from Pelekunu to Wailau.

For Wailau we had a passenger, two pigs, and three sheep, besides the mails. Here a green valley runs back deep and tortuous among the mountains, the bed of a small stream; and about its mouth a single row of houses lines the beach, their windows flanking westward down the coast. Impassable surf broke at

the very door-steps; and far to seaward the sound of its dissolution hung already in our ears. Communication with the shore was beyond hope. We kept away again, bearing along with us the passenger, who had enjoyed the advantage to behold his destination from the deck, and had now before him a fair choice, either to land on the lee coast and laboriously pass the mountains, or to begin his voyage again in the coming week, to meet perhaps a second disappointment.

We came ashore about sundown at Pukoo; a capital horse, which (had it been mine) I would not have lent to an apostle, was placed at my service; and the Captain and I rode till it was black night along the leeward coast. It was cool, and threatened rain, and the twilight was soon obscured by overhanging clouds. We rode fast on a good highway, and saw indistinctly flitting by us a succession of cane-brakes and taro patches, frequent churches—always in pairs, the Protestant and Catholic—and rare inhabited houses, piercing the darkness with their lights. About 8 of the night, the sound of a mill advised us of our destination; we turned aside from the highway, and came to a house where a prodigious number of men with strong Irish speech sat in a dark verandah; within was a long table, where I was soon taking tea with a proportion of ladies; and in the middle region, in a pleasant parlour, grown girls and laughing children flourished as plenty (I thought) as mice. They were all of that class of Irish whom I can not tell, save for a trifling variance of brogue, from my own folk of Scotland; persons of thoughtful, careful speech, observant, subhumorously, and with those fine, plain manners which turn the laugh on class distinctions.

About half-past 8 of the next day, the Captain being long since gone to his ship, I took my leave of the McUrstens in a fine rain which speedily cleared off. My guide was one Apaka, a stout, short-whiskered native, mounted on a white punch that seemed to be his near connection. Maui behind us towered into clouds and the shadow of clouds. The bare opposite island of Lanai—the reef far out, enclosing a dirty, shoal lagoon—a range of fish-ponds, large as docks, and the slope of the sandy beach on which we mostly rode, occupied the left hand. On the right the mountain rose in steeps of red clay and sprouts of disintegrated rock, sparsely dotted with the white-flowering cow-thistle. Here and

there along the foreshore stood a lone pandanus, and once a trinity of dishevelled palms. In all the first part of that journey, I recall but three houses and a single church. Plenty of horses, kine, and sullen-looking bulls were there; but not a human countenance. "Where are the people?" I asked. "*Pau Kanaka make.*" "Done; people dead," replied Apaka, with the singular childish giggle which the traveller soon learns to be a mark of Polynesian sensibility. "No people? No houses?" I would cry, at the turn of every bay; and back would come the antiphon: "*Pau Kanaka make.*"

We rode all the time by the side of the great fish-ponds, the labour (you would say) of generations. The riches and the agriculture of Molokai awoke of yore the envy of neighbouring kings. Only last century a battle was fought upon this island in which it has been computed that thousands were engaged; and he who made the computation, though he lived long after, has seen and counted, when the wind blew aside the sands, the multitude of bones and skulls. There remains the evidence of the churches, not yet old and already standing in a desert, the monuments of vanished congregations. *Pau Kanaka make.* A sense of survival attended me upon my ride, and the nervous laughter of Apaka sounded in my ears not quite unpleasantly. The place of the dead is clean; there is a poetry in empty lands.

A greener track received us; smooth, shoreside grass was shaded with groves and islets of acacias; the hills behind, from the red colour of the soil and the singularity of the formation, had the air of a bare Scottish moorland in the bleak end of autumn; and the resemblance set a higher value on the warmth of the sun and the brightness of the sea. I wakened suddenly to remember Kalaupapa and my playmates of two days before. Could I have forgotten? was I happy again? had the shadow, the sorrow, and the obligation faded already?

The thought was still in my mind when the green track conducted us into Kaunakakai; a church among the acacias, a grove of cocoa palms, a pier in the lagoon, a few scattered houses, and a schoolhouse where we paused to gossip, the brown schoolboys observing us through the windows and exulting in the interruption. Thence we must mount into that iron desert of the foothills, which we had skirted all the morning. Clouds of dust

accompanied our march; rock and red clay, rock and red clay, cow thistles and cow thistles, and no other growing thing, surrounded us; all the while the sea and Lanai, and the desert western end of Molokai, spread wider and paler below us as we went. The horses, in the course of the ascent, began to snort and labour; the coat of the white punch was strangely altered into one of many hues, and his rider began to flail him with the bridle end. Next, we must descend into a narrow vale of rocks, where were candlenut trees and prickly pears in flower; it was deadly hot and dry in the valley, and Apaka's horse complained aloud. One more abrupt ascent, and we found we had climbed at last into the zone of rains and the sea wind. Downs spread about us clothed with grass and diversified with trees and cattle. The roots of the glens which here (on the backbone of the isle) lie near together, were all thronged with candlenuts shining like beeches in the spring; their slopes dotted with lehua, a small tree growing something like the cork, and bearing a red flower. Here and there were houses widely scattered, and chief among these the house of Mr. Meyer presides in a paradise of flowers and Monterey cypress, the doors standing open on trellised verandahs, the sweet Trade making a vital stir in all the chambers. Here he begins to grow old among his sons and fair daughters; and some 2,000 feet below—a leap of half a minute—the lepers ride by the sea margin, and the boys of Kalawao play on their instruments and the girls of the Bishop Home arrange their bedside trophies.

For the whole slope of the isle and the channeling of watercourses run to the south; and to the north, a little beyond Meyer's door, the world abruptly stops. At the edge of the Pali, the lehua trees are grown upon by a strong creeper, in whose embrace many stand dead; a yellowish moss like sheep's wool flutters from their boughs; they go over the edge, which is sheer and sudden like a battlement, in open order, leaning from the wind; and become immediately massed upon the face in thickets. The base can not be seen; not many hundred feet below the wood comes to a profile, and stands relieved against the sea and the singular flat perspective of the promontory, blacker and bleaker to look down upon from this high station; the black cliffs bounding it, the white breakers creaming beyond, and beyond again

the green belt of soundings shading swiftly into the profoundest blue of ocean. A strong sun threw out the details; Kalaupapa, the home, the churches, the houses drawn up in line like bathing-machines, all distinct and bright like toys.

Here, where it began, only some 2,000 feet higher, I bring to an end this visiting of Molokai. The whole length and breadth of the once busy isle I have either coasted by or ridden. And where are the people? where are the houses? where is the smoke of the fires? I see again Apaka riding by me on the leeward beach; I hear again the sound of his painful laughter and the words of his refrain: "*Pau Kanaka make.*"

NOTE FOR "THE MERRY MEN"

I AM given to understand that days of prefaces are now quite over, and those who still care to read such things—or even write them—a despised minority. A preface then is like the top of a high mountain, seemingly a spot of much publicity, truly as private as a chamber; where a person of defective ear may stand up in the view of several counties and sing without reproof. Or we may say again that what a man writes there is singly for himself, like those loving legends and beloved names that we engrave on the sea-sand before the return of the flood.

Nothing is more agreeable to the writer than to let his pen move ad libitum and without destination; careless where he shall pass by or whither, if anywhere, he shall arrive. I question if it be equally pleasing to a reader; but in a preface I am safe from their intrusion and may run on, and gratify myself—and to some extent gratify my publisher, who is bewailing the thinness of the volume—like the singer on the mountain top, without offence.

The stories here got together are somewhat of a scratch lot. Three of them seem to me very good and in the absence of the public, I may even go to the length of saying that I very much admire them; these three are "Will o' the Mill", "Thrawn Janet", and "Markheim." "Thrawn Janet" has two defects; it is true only historically, true for a hill parish in Scotland in old days, not true for mankind and the world. Poor Mr. Soukis's faults we may equally recognise as virtues; and feel that by his conversion, he was merely coarsened; and this, although the story carries me away every time I read it, leaves a painful feeling on the mind. I hope I should admire "Will o' the Mill" and "Markheim" as much if they had been written by someone else; but I am glad no one else wrote them.

One is in a middle state; some persons of good taste finding

it pizzicato and affected to the last degree; others finding in it much geniality and good nature.

This Eileen Amos, first under that name, and more recently under its true name, Eileen Eanaid, has done me yeoman's service. First it was the backbone of "The Merry Men," then it made a tolerable figure in "Kidnapped"; and now (its last appearance) it is to supply the present volume with a preface.

The author sees in his work something very different from the reader; the two parts are incompatible; that unhappy man who has written and re-written every word with inky fingers, and then passed through the prolonged disgust of proof sheets, has lost all touch with his own literature. They are presumably the books he would like to read, since they are those he has been pleased to write; yet he can never read them. To him they speak only of disappointment and defeat, and are the monuments of failure. I have long had a desire to read *Treasure Island*, which cannot be gratified; I might read the *Rig Veda* in the original—never *Treasure Island;* and think of the sad case of Mr. Meredith who can never read *Rhoda Fleming*, Mr. Anstey who can never read *A Fallen Idol*, or Mr. Lang who is debarred from the *Letters to Dead Authors!*

Yet there is an intimate pleasure, hard to describe, and quite peculiar to the writer of imaginative work. It is in some sense the fulfilment of his life; old childish day-dreams here have taken shape,—poignant and vague aspirations.

NOTE TO "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE"

AN account of how a story arose in the writer's mind, from and towards what points the course of invention travelled, what facts were utilised, what were easy and what hard, and how the finished work looks in the eyes of its begetter, has always seemed to me excellent reading for the curious. Placed in front, I should be inclined to judge it an impertinence; placed as a rear guard to the volume, it may serve a useful purpose on occasion. The story may be read, and it may lack yet half an hour of your accustomed bedtime; or you may have bought the volume to beguile the tedium of a journey, and have come to the last page some way short of your expected destination; at such time no one would care to embark on matter entirely new, and yet he might be ready enough to dwell a little longer from a new standpoint on the same train of thought which he has been following so long. The magician after he has prepared his sleight of hand will sometimes afford a second, and a fresh, pleasure by explaining the method of his dexterity. As some such afterpiece, for an empty moment, it is hoped this note may be regarded.

It was the case of Marquis of Tallibardine that first struck me; the situation of a younger brother succeeding in this underhand, irregular fashion, and under an implied contract of seniority, to his elder's place and future, struck me as so full of bitterness, and the mental relations of a family thus circumstanced so fruitful of misjudgment and domestic animosity, it took my fancy then as a drama in a nutshell, to be solved between four persons and within four walls; with my new incident and with my new aim, I saw myself, and rejoiced to be, committed to great spaces and voyages, and a long evolution of time. But in the matter of the characters involved, I determined to adhere to

the original four actors. With four characters—two brothers, a father, and a heroine (all nameless but in a determined relation) I was to carry the reader to and fro in space over a good half of the world, and sustain his interest in time through the extent of a generation.

* * * * * * *

Surely, beyond the worsted lace of his gentility, and a trick of Celtic boastfulness, my poor chevalier, eminently proud of his degradation, unaffectedly unconscious of his genuine merit, is a creature utterly distinct, in the essential part of him, from the brute whom Thackeray disinterred out of the Newgate Calendar and set re-existing, for the time of the duration of the English language.

The need of a confident for Mr. Henry led to the introduction of Mackellar, for it was only to a servant that a man such as I conceived Mr. Henry, could unbosom; and no sooner had he begun to take on lineament, than I perceived the uses of the character, and was at once tempted to intrust to him the part of a spokesman. Nothing more pleases me than for one of my puppets to display himself in his own language; in no other way than this of the dramatic monologue, are humorous and incongruous traits so persuasively presented. The narration, put in the mouth of the land steward, would supply, as if by the way and accidentally, a certain subdued element of comedy, much to be desired, and scarce otherwise, except by violence, to be introduced. Besides which, the device enabled me to view my heroine from the outside, which was doubly desirable. First, and generally, because I am always afraid of my women, which are not admired in my home circle; second, and particularly, because I should be thus enabled to pass over without realisation an ugly and delicate business—the master's courtship of his brother's wife. Accordingly, and perfectly satisfied with myself, I hastily wrote and re-wrote the first half of my story down to the end of the duel, through the eyes and in the words of the good Ephraim. Cowardice is always punished; I had no sooner got this length, I had no sooner learned to appreciate the advantages of my method, than I was brought face to face with its defects and fell into a panic fear of the conclusion. How, with a narrator like Mackel-

lar, should I transact the melodrama in the wilderness? How, with his style, so full of disabilities, attack a passage which must be either altogether seizing or altogether silly and absurd? The first half was already in type, when I made up my mind to have it thus done, and recommence the tale in the third person. Friends advised, one this way, one that; my publishers were afraid of the delay; indolence had doubtless a voice; I had besides a natural love for the documentary method in narration; and I ended by committing myself to the impersonation of Mackellar, and suffering the publication to proceed.

I was doubtless right and wrong; the book has suffered and has gained in consequence; gained in relief and verisimilitude, suffered in fire, force and (as one of my critics has well said) in "large dramatic rhythm." The same astute and kindly judge complains of "the dredging machine of Mr. Mackellar's memory, shooting out the facts bucketful by bucketful"; and I understand the ground of his complaint, although my sense is otherwise. The realism I love is that of method; not only that all in a story may possibly have come to pass, but that all might naturally be recorded—a realism that justifies the book itself as well as the fable it commemorates.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

ADDITIONAL POEMS

I

DEDICATION[1]

HERE, from the forelands of the tideless sea,
Behold and take my offering unadorned.
In the Pacific air it sprang; it grew
Among the silence of the Alpine air;
In Scottish heather blossomed; and at last
By that unshapen sapphire, in whose face
Spain, Italy, France Algiers, and Tunis view
Their introverted mountains, came to fruit.
Back now, my Booklet! on the diving ship,
And posting on the rails, to home return—
Home, and the friends whose honouring name you bear.

II

TO A LITTLE GIRL[2]

ALL on a day of gold and blue,
Hearken the children calling you!
All on a day of blue and gold,
Here for your baby hands to hold,
Flowers and fruit and fancy bread
Under the breathing trees are spread.
Here are kind paths for little feet:
Follow them darling!

[1]On the fly-leaf of the copy of *The Silverado Squatters*, sent to Virgil Williams and Dora Norton Williams, to whom it was dedicated, written at Hyères, where, as he says in his diary, he spent the happiest years of his life.

[2]Written on the fly-leaf of *The Child's Garden of Verses*.

III

THE faces and the forms of yore,
Again recall, again recast;
Let your fine fingers raise once more
The curtains of the quiet past;
And there, beside the English fires
That sung and sparkled long ago,
The sires of your departed sires,
The mothers of our mothers show.

IV

THE CONSECRATION OF BRAILLE

To MRS. A. BAKER

I WAS a barren tree before,
I blew a quenchèd coal,
I could not, on their midnight shore,
The lonely blind console.

A moment, lend your hand, I bring
My sheaf for you to bind,
And you can teach my words to sing
In the darkness of the blind.

Vailima, December, 1893.

V

AULD REEKIE

WHEN chitterin' cauld the day s'all daw',
Loud may your bonny bugles blaw
And loud your drums may beat.
Hie owre the land at evenfa'
Your lamps may glitter raw by raw,
Along the gowsty street.

I gang nae mair where ance I gaed,
By Brunston, Fairmileheid, or Braid;
  But far frae Kirk and Tron.
O still ayont the muckle sea,
Still are ye dear, and dear to me,
  Auld Reekie, still and on!

VI

BURLESQUE SONNET

TO ÆNEAS WILLIAM MACKINTOSH

Thee, Mackintosh, artificer of light,
  Thee, the lone smoker hails! the student, thee;
  Thee, oft upon the ungovernable sea,
The seaman, conscious of approaching night;
Thou, with industrious fingers, hast outright
  Mastered that art, of other arts the key,
  That bids thick night before the morning flee,
And lingering day retains for mortal sight.

O Promethean workman, thee I hail,
  Thee hallowed, thee unparalleled, thee bold
  To affront the reign of sleep and darkness old,
    Thee William, thee Æneas, thee I sing;
Thee by the glimmering taper clear and pale,
    Of light, and light's purveyance, hail, the king.

VII

THE FINE PACIFIC ISLANDS

(HEARD IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE AT ROTHERHITHE)

The jolly English Yellowboy
  Is a 'ansome coin when new,
The Yankee Double-eagle
  Is large enough for two.

O, these may do for seaport towns,
For cities these may do;
But the dibbs that takes the Hielands
Are the dollars of Peru:
O, the fine Pacific Hielands,
O, the dollars of Peru!

It's there we buy the cocoanuts
Mast 'eaded in the blue;
It's there we trap the lasses
All waiting for the crew;
It's there we buy the trader's rum
What bores a seaman through. . . .
In the fine Pacific Hielands
With the dollars of Peru:
In the fine Pacific Hielands
With the dollars of Peru!

Now, messmates, when my watch is up,
And I am quite broached to,
I'll give a tip to 'Evving
Of the 'an'some thing to do:
Let 'em just refit this sailor-man
And launch him off anew
To cruise among the Hielands
With the dollars of Peru:
In the fine Pacific Hielands
With the dollars of Peru!

Tahiti, August, 1889.

VIII

STUDENT SONG

They say that at the core of it
This life is all regret;
But we've scarce yet learned the lore of it,
We're only youngsters yet.

We only ask some more of it, some more of it,
  We only ask some more of it
  —The less we're like to get!

Though ill may be the close of it,
  It's fair enough at morn;
And the manner to dispose of it
Is just to pluck the rose of it
  When first the rose is born.
Is first to pluck the rose of it, the rose of it,
      the rose of it,
  Is just to pluck the rose of it,
  The de'il may take the thorn!

The opinions of the old of it
  Depict a doleful land;
For the guide-books that are sold of it,
The ill that we are told of it,
  Would make Columbus stand.
But come let's take a hold of it, a hold of it,
      a hold of it,
  But come let's take a hold of it
  With Alexander's hand.

When sages call the roll of it
  How sad their looks appear!
But there's fire in every coal of it
And hope is in the soul of it
  And never a word of fear.
So love we then the whole of it, the whole of it,
      the whole of it,
  So love we then the whole of it
  For as long as we are here.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS

Through an oversight, the following seven letters which first appeared in the Swanston Edition were omitted from their proper place in this edition.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS

TO SIDNEY COLVIN

(*Chalet am Stein, Davos-Platz, March, 1882.*)

My dear Colvin,—Herewith *Moral Emblems*. The elephant by Fanny—the rest by me.

I would have sent it long ago. But I must explain. I brought home with me from my bad times in America two strains of unsoundness of mind, the first, a perpetual fear that I can do no more work—the second, a perpetual fear that my friends have quarrelled with me.[1] This last long silence of yours drove me into really believing it, and I dared not write to you.

Well, it's ancient history now, and here are the emblems. A second series is in the press.

Silverado is still unfinished; but I think I have done well on the whole, as you say. I shall be home, I hope, sometime in May, perhaps before; it depends on Fanny's health, which is still far from good and often alarms me. I shall then see your collections. I shall not put pen to paper till I settle somewhere else; Hazlitt had better simmer a while. I have to see Ireland too, who has most kindly written to me and invited me to see his collections.

Symonds grows much on me: in many ways, what you would least expect, a very sound man, and very wise in a wise way. It is curious how F. and I always turn to him for advice: we have learned that his advice is good.—Yours ever,

R. L. S.

[1] I struggle as hard as I know how against both, but a judicious postcard would sometimes save me the expense of the second.

TO SIDNEY COLVIN

(*Chalet am Stein, Davos-Platz, Spring, 1882.*)

DEAR COLVIN,—About Keats—well yes, I wonder; I see all your difficulties and yet, I have the strongest kind of feeling that critical biography is your real vein. The Landor was one nail; another, I think, would be good for you and the public. Indeed I would do the Keats. He *is* worth doing; it is a brave and a sad little story, and the critical part lies deep in the very vitals of art. All summed, I would do him; remember it is but a small order alongside of Landor; and £100, and kudos, and a good word for the poor great lad, who will otherwise fall among the molluscs. Up, heart! give me a John Keats! Houghton, though he has done it with grace, has scarce done it with grip.

I have put you into *Talk and Talkers* sure enough. God knows, I hope I shall offend nobody; I do begin to quake mightily over that paper. I have a *Gossip on Romance* about done; it puts some real criticism in a light way, I think. It is destined for Longman who (dead secret) is bringing out a new Mag. (6d.) in the Autumn. Dead Secret: all his letters are three deep with masks and passwords, and I swear on a skull daily. F. has reread Treasure Id., against which she protested; and now she thinks the end about as good as the beginning; only some six chapters situate about the midst of the tale to be rewritten. This sounds hopefuller. My new long story, *The Adventures of John Delafield*, is largely planned.

R. L. S.

TO R. A. M. STEVENSON

(*Chalet am Stein, Davos-Platz, April, 1882.*)

MY DEAR BOB,—Yours received. I have received a communication by same mail from my mother, clamouring for news, which I must answer as soon as I've done this. Of course, I shall paint your game in lively colours.

I hope to get away from here—let me not speak of it ungratefully—from here—by Thursday at latest. I am indeed much better; but a slip of the foot may still cast me back. I must

walk circumspectly yet awhile. But O to be able to out and get wet, and not spit blood next day!

Yes, I remember the *enfantement* of the Arabian Nights; the first idea of all was the handsome cabs, which I communicated to you in St. Leonard's Terrace drawing-room. That same afternoon the Prince de Galles and the Suicide Club were invented; and several more now forgotten. I must try to start 'em again.

Lloyd I believe is to be a printer—in the meantime he confines himself to being an expense. He is a first-rate lad for all that. He is now interrupting me about twice to the line, which does not condooce to clarity, I'm afraid.

Fanny is still far from well, quite far from well. My faith is in the Pirate.

I enclose all my artistic works; they are woodcuts—I cut them with a knife out of blocks of wood: I am a wood-engraver; I aaaam a wooooood engraaaaver. Lloyd then prints 'em: are they not fun? I doat on them; in my next venture, I am going to have colour printing; it will be very laborious, six blocks to cut for each picter, but the result would be pyramidal.

If I get through the summer, I settle in Autumn in le pays de France; I believe in the Brittany and become a *Snoozer*. You will come and snooze a while won't you, and try and get Louisa to join.

Pepys was a decent fellow; singularly like Charles Baxter, by the way, in every character of mind and taste, and not unlike him in face. I did not mean I had been too just to him but not just enough to bigger swells. I would rather have *known* Pepys than the whole jing-bang; I doat on him as a card to know.

We shall be pretty poor at the start, of course, but I guess we can haul through. Only intending visitors to the Brittannic Castle must not look for nightingales' tongues. When next you see the form of the jeune et beau pray give him my love, when I come to Weybridge, I'll hope to see him.

Ever your affectionately,

R. L. Stevenson, 1er Roi de Béotie.

Pour copie conforme,

Le sécrétaire Royale, W. P. Bannatyne.

TO SIR WALTER SIMPSON

Bonallie Towers, Branksome Park, Bournemouth
(first week of November, 1884).

My dear Simpson,—At last, after divers adventures here we are: not Pommery and Greno as you see, "but jist plain auld Bonellie, no very faur frae Jenniper Green," as I might say if I were writing to Charles. I hope now to receive a good bundle from you ere long; and I will try to be both prompt and practical in response. I hope to hear your boy is better: ah, that's where it bites, I know, that is where the childless man rejoices; although, to confess fully, my whole philosophy of life renounces these renunciations; I am persuaded we gain nothing in the least comparable to what we lose, by holding back the hand from any province of life; the intrigue, the imbroglio, such as it is, was made for the plunger and not for the teetotaller. And anyway I hope your news is good.

I have nearly finished Lawson's most lively pamphlet. It is very clear and interesting. For myself, I am in our house—a home of our own, in a most lovely situation, among forest trees, where I hope you will come and see us and find me in a repaired and more comfortable condition—greatly pleased with it—rather hard-up, verging on the dead-broke—and full tilt at hammering up some New Arabians for the pot.

I wonder what you do without regular habits of work. I am capable of only two theories of existence: the industrious worker's, the spreester's; all between seems blank to me. We grow too old, and I, at least, am too much deteriorated, for the last; and the first becomes a bed-rock necessary. My father is in a gloomy state and has the yellow flag at the peak, or the fore, or wherever it should be; and he has just emptied some melancholy vials on me; I am also, by way of change, spitting blood. This somewhat clouds the termination of my note.—Yours ever affectionately,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

TO SIDNEY COLVIN

(*Skerryvore, Bournemouth, June, 1886.*)

My dear Colvin,—I am in bed again—bloodie jackery and be damned to it. Lloyd is better, I think; and money matters better; only my rascal carcase, and the muddy and oily lees of what was once my immortal soul are in a poor and pitiful condition.

Litany

Damn the political situation
" you
" me
and
" Gladstone.

I am a kind of dam home ruler, worse luck to it. I would support almost anything but that bill. How am I to vote? Great Caesar's Ghost!—Ever yours,

R. L. S.

O! the Travelling Companion won't do; I am back on it entirely: it is a foul, gross, bitter, ugly daub, with lots of stuff in it, and no urbanity and no glee and no true tragedy—to the crows with it, a carrion tale! I will do no more carrion, I have done too much in this carrion epoch; I will now be clean; and by clean, I don't mean any folly about purity, but such things as a healthy man with his bowels open shall find fit to see and speak about without a pang of nausea.—I am, yours,

A Repentant Dankist.

The lakeists, the drainists, the brookists, and the riverites; let me be a brookist, *faute de mieux.*

I did enjoy myself in town, and was a thousandfold the better of it.

TO SIR WALTER SIMPSON

British Museum (*July, 1887.*)

My dear Simpson,—This is a long time I have not acknowledged the Art of Golf, though I read it through within thirty-six hours of its arrival. I have been ill and out of heart, and ill again

and again ill, till I am weary of it, and glad indeed to try the pitch-farthing hazard of a trip to Colorado or New Mexico. There we go, if I prove fit for the start, on August 20th.

Meanwhile, the Art of Golf. A lot of it is very funny, and I liked the fun very well; but what interested me most was the more serious part, because it turns all the while on a branch of psychology that no one has treated and that interests me much: the psychology of athletics. I had every reason to be interested in it, because I am abnormal: I have no memory in athletics. I have forgotten how to ride and how to skate; and I should not be the least surprised if I had forgotten how to swim.

I find I can write no more: it is the first I have tried since I was ill; and I am too weak.—Yours ever,

R. L. S.

TO SIDNEY COLVIN

Vailima (*August, 1892*).

My dear Colvin,—You will have no letter at all this month and it is really not my fault. I have been saving my hand as much as possible for Davy Balfour; only this morning I was getting on first rate with him, when about half-past nine there came a prick in the middle of the ball of my thumb, and I had to take to the left hand and two words a minute. I fear I slightly exaggerate the speed of my left hand; about a word and a half in the minute—which is dispiriting to the last degree. Your last letter with the four excellent reviews and the good news about *The Wrecker* was particularly welcome. I have already written to Charles Baxter about the volume form appearance of *The Beach of Falesá*. In spite of bad thumbs and other interruptions I hope to send to Baxter by this mail the whole first part (a good deal more than half) of David Balfour ready for press. This is pretty satisfactory, and I think ought to put us beyond the reach of financial catastrophe for the year.

A cousin of mine, Graham Balfour, arrived along with your last. It was rather a lark. Fanny, Belle, and I stayed down at the hotel two nights expecting the steamer, and we had seven horses down daily for the party and the baggage. These were on one occasion bossed by Austin, age eleven. "I'm afraid I can-

not do that now," said he in answer to some communication, "as I am taking charge of the men here." In the course of the forenoon he took "his" men to get their lunch, and had his own by himself at the Chinese restaurant. What a day for a boy. The steamer came in at last on Saturday morning after breakfast. We three were out at the place of anchorage in the hotel boat as she came up, spotting rather anxiously for our guest, whom none of us had ever seen. We chose out some rather awful cads and tried to make up our mind to them; they were the least offensive yet observed among an awful crew of cabin passengers; but when the Simon Pure appeared at last upon the scene he was as nice a young fellow as you would want. Followed a time of giddy glory—one crowded hour of glorious life—when I figured about the deck with attendant shemales in the character of *the* local celebrity, was introduced to the least unpresentable of the ruffians on board, dogged about the deck by a diminutive Hebrew with a Kodak, the click of which kept time to my progress like a pair of castanets, and filled up in the Captain's room on iced champagne at 8.30 of God's morning. The Captain in question, Cap. Morse, is a great South Sea character, like the side of a house and the green-room of a music-hall, but with all the saving qualities of the seaman. The celebrity was a great success with this untutored observer. He was kind enough to announce that he expected (rather with awe) a much more "thoughtful" person; and I think I pleased him much with my parting salutation, "Well, Captain, I suppose you and I are the two most notorious men in the Pacific." I think it will enable you to see the Captain if I tell you that he recited to us in cold blood the words of a new comic song; doubtless a tribute to my literary character. I had often heard of Captain Morse and always had detested all that I was told, and detested the man in confidence, just as you are doing; but really he has a wonderful charm of strength, loyalty, and simplicity. The whole celebrity business was particularly characteristic; the Captain has certainly never read a word of mine; and as for the Jew with the Kodak, he had never heard of me till he came on board. There was a third admirer who sent messages in to the Captain's cabin asking if the Lion would accept a gift of Webster's *Unabridged.* I went out to him and signified a manly willingness to accept a gift of anything.

He stood and bowed before me, his eyes danced with excitement. "Mr. Stevenson," he said and his voice trembled, "your name is very well known to me. I have been in the publishing line in Canada and I have handled many of your works for the trade."

"Come," I said, "here's genuine appreciation."

From this gaudy scene we descended into the hotel boat with our new second cousin, got to horse and returned to Vailima, passing shot of Kodak once more on the Nulivae bridge, where the little Jew was posted with his little Jew wife, each about three feet six in stature and as vulgar as a lodging house clock.

We were just writing this when another passenger from the ship arrived up here at Vailima. This is a nice quiet simple blue-eyed little boy of Pennsylvania Quaker folk. Threatened with consumption of my sort, he has been sent here by his doctor on the strength of my case. I am sure if the case be really parallel he could not have been better done by. As we had a roast pig for dinner we kept him for that meal; and the rain coming on just when the moon should have risen kept him again for the night. So you see it is now to-morrow.

Graham Balfour the new cousin and Lloyd are away with Clark the Missionary on a school inspecting *malaga*, really perhaps the prettiest little bit of opera in real life that can be seen, and made all the prettier by the actors being children. I have come to a collapse this morning on D. B.: wrote a chapter one way, half re-copied it in another, and now stand halting between the two like Buridan's donkey. These sorts of cruces always are to me the most insoluble, and I should not wonder if D. B. stuck there for a week or two. This is a bother, for I understand McClure talks of beginning serial publication in December. If this could be managed, what with D. B., the apparent success of *The Wrecker*, *Falesá*, and some little pickings from *Across the Plains*—not to mention, as quite hopeless, *The History of Samoa* —this should be rather a profitable year, as it must be owned it has been rather a busy one. The trouble is, if I miss the December publication, it may take the devil and all of a time to start another syndicate. I am really tempted to curse my conscientiousness. If I hadn't re-copied Davie he would now be done and dead and buried; and here I am stuck about the middle, with an immediate publication threatened and the fear before

me of having after all to scamp the essential business of the end. At the same time, though I love my Davy, I am a little anxious to get on again on *The Young Chevalier*. I have in nearly all my works been trying one racket: to get out the facts of life as clean and naked and sharp as I could manage it. In this other book I want to try and megilp them together in an atmosphere of sentiment, and I wonder whether twenty-five years of life spent in trying this one thing will not make it impossible for me to succeed in the other. However it is the only way to attempt a love story. You can't tell any of the facts, and the only chance is to paint an atmosphere.

It is a very warm morning—the parrot is asleep on the door (she heard her name, and immediately awakened)—and my brains are completely addled by having come to grief over Davy.

Hurray! a subject discovered! The parrot is a little white cockatoo of the small variety. It belongs to Belle, whom it guards like a watch dog. It chanced that when she was sick some months ago I came over and administered some medicine. Unnecessary to say, Belle bleated, whereupon the parrot bounded upon me and buried his neb in my backside. From that day on the little wretch attacked me on every possible occasion, usually from the rear, though she would also follow me along the verandah and as I went downstairs attack my face. This was far from funny. I am a person of average courage, but I don't think I was ever more cordially afraid of anything than of this miserable atomy, and the deuce of it was that I could not but admire her appalling courage and there was no means of punishing such a thread-paper creature without destroying it entirely. Act II. On Graham's arrival I gave him my room and came out to Lloyd's in the lower floor of Belle's—I beg your pardon—the *parrot's*—house. The first morning I was to wake Belle early so that breakfast should be seen to for our guest. It was a mighty pretty dawn, the birds were singing extraordinary strong, all was peace, and there was the damned parrot hanging to the knob of Belle's door. Courage, my heart! On I went and Cockie buried her bill in the joint of my thumb. I believe that Job would have killed that bird; but I was more happily inspired—I caught it up and flung it over the verandah as far as I could throw. I must say it was violently done, and I looked with

some anxiety to see in what state of preservation it would alight. Down it came however on its two feet, uttered a few oaths in a very modified tone of voice, and set forth on the return journey to its mansion. Its wings being cut and its gait in walking having been a circumstance apparently not thoroughly calculated by its maker, it took about twenty-five minutes to get home again. Now here is this remarkable point—that bird has never bitten me since. When I have early breakfast she and the cat come down and join me, and she sits on the back of my chair. When I am at work with the door shut she sits outside and demolishes the door with that same beak which was so recently reddened with my heart's blood—and in the evening she does her business all over my clothes in the most friendly manner in the world. I ought to add a word about the parrot and the cat. Three cats were brought by Belle from Sydney. This one alone remains faithful and domestic. One of the funniest things I have ever seen was Polly and Maud over a piece of bacon. Polly stood on one leg, held the bacon in the other, regarded Maudie with a secret and sinister look and very slowly and quietly—far too quietly for the word I have to use—gnashed her bill at her. Maudie came up quite close; there she stuck—she was afraid to come nearer, to go away she was ashamed; and she assisted at the final and very deliberate consumption of the bacon, making about as poor a figure as a cat can make.

Next day.—Date totally unknown, or rather it is now known but is reserved because it would certainly prove inconsistent with dates previously given. I went down about two o'clock in company with a couple of chance visitors to Apia. It was smoking hot, not a sign of any wind and the sun scorching your face. I found the great Haggard in hourly expectation of Lady Jersey, surrounded by crowds of very indifferent assistants, and I must honestly say—the only time I ever saw him so—cross. He directed my attention to all the new paint, his own handiwork he said, and made me visit the bathroom which he has just fixed up. I think I never saw a man more miserable and happy at the same time. Had some hock and a seltzer, went down town, met Fanny and Belle, and so home in time for a magnificent dinner of prawns and an eel cooked in oil, both from our own river.

This morning the overseer—the new overseer Mr. Austin

Strong—went down in charge of the pack-horses and a squad of men, himself riding a white horse with extreme dignity and what seemed to onlookers a perhaps somewhat theatrical air of command. He returned triumphantly, all his commissions apparently executed with success, bringing us a mail—not your mail, Colonial ways—and the news of Lady Jersey's arrival and reception among flying flags and banging guns.

As soon as I had concluded my flattering description of Polly she bit one of my toes to the blood. But put not your trust in shemales, though to say the truth she looks more like a Russian colonel.

Aug. 15th.—On the Saturday night Fanny and I went down to Haggard's to dine and be introduced to Lady Jersey. She is there with her daughter Lady Margaret and her brother Captain Leigh, a very nice kind of glass-in-his-eye kind of fellow. It is to be presumed I made a good impression; for the meeting has had a most extraordinary sequel. Fanny and I slept in Haggard's billiard room, which happens to be Lloyd's bungalow. In the morning she and I breakfasted in the back parts with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and it was then arranged that the Captain should go with us to Malie on the Tuesday under a false name; so that Government House at Sydney might by no possibility be connected with a rebel camp. On Sunday afternoon up comes Haggard in a state of huge excitement: Lady J. insists on going too, in the character of my cousin; I write her a letter under the name of Miss Amelia Balfour, proposing the excursion; and this morning up comes a copy of verses from Amelia. I wrote to Mataafa announcing that I should bring two cousins instead of one, that the second was a lady, unused to Samoan manners, and it would be a good thing if she could sleep in another house with Ralala. Sent a copy of this to Amelia, and at the same time made all arrangements, dating my letter 1745. We shall go on ahead on the Malie Road; she is to follow with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and overtake us at the ford of the Gasi-gasi, whence Haggard will return and the rest of us pursue our way to the rebeldom.

This lark is certainly huge. It is all nonsense that it can be concealed; Miss Amelia Balfour will be at once identified with the Queen of Sydney, as they call her; and I would not in the

least wonder if the visit proved the signal of war. With this I have no concern, and the thing wholly suits my book and fits my predilections for Samoa. What a pity the mail leaves, and I must leave this adventure to be continued in our next! But I need scarcely say that all this is deadly private—I expect it all to come out, not without explosion; only it must not be through me or you. We had a visit yesterday from a person by the name of Count Nerli, who is said to be a good painter. Altogether the aristocracy clusters thick about us. In which radiant light, as the mail must now be really put up, I leave myself until next month,—
Yours ever,

R. L. S.

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